

ROMAN PORTRAITS,

A POEM.



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J. Singleton sculp

ROBERT JEPHSON ESQ.

ROMAN PORTRAITS,

A POEM,

IN HEROICK VERSE;

WITH

HISTORICAL REMARKS AND ILLUSTRATIONS:

By ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

ΤΗΝ ΜΕΝ ΟΥΝ ΥΠΟΘΕΣΙΝ ΟΤΙ ΚΑΛΗΝ ΕΙΛΗΦΑ, ΚΑΙ ΜΕΓΑΛΟΠΡΕΠΗ, ΚΑΙ ΠΟΛΛΟΙΣ ΩΦΕΛΙΜΟΝ, ΟΥ ΜΑ-
ΚΡΩΝ ΟΙΜΑΙ ΔΕΗΣΕΙΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ, ΤΟΙΣ ΓΕ ΔΗ ΜΗ ΠΑΝΤΑΠΑΣΙΝ ΑΠΕΙΡΩΣ ΕΧΟΥΣΙ ΤΗΣ ΚΟΙΝΗΣ ΙΣΤΟΡΙΑΣ.

DION. HAL.

SEMPER AD EVENTUM FESTINAT, ET IN MEDIAS RES,
NON SECUS AC NOTAS, AUDITOREM RAPIT; ET QUÆ
DESPERAT TRACTATA NITESCERE POSSE, RELINQUIT. HOR.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED BY HENRY BALDWIN,

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TO
EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

THIS short address to you is not intended as a formal Dedication; but having long wished for some fair opportunity of doing myself credit by publickly subscribing myself your friend, none seems likely to occur more favourable than the present.

From our school-days to this hour, we have lived in a state of uninterrupted intimacy and kindness: natives of the same country, educated under the same masters, and pursuing similar studies, though we have not taken exactly the same path, both have been zealous in the cause of letters. Your labours have furnished instruction to the readers,

a

and

and mine perhaps in a small degree may contribute to their entertainment; nor can I be insensible to the honour you have done me, when I reflect, that the best commentator on our greatest poet has condescended more than once to be my editor. Without your kind care and encouragement the following Work would not probably have been made publick; to your protection therefore it is inscribed, with every assurance of esteem and cordiality, by

Your obliged and faithful friend,

DUBLIN CASTLE,
May 26, 1794.

ROBERT JEPHSON.

P R E F A C E.

BY various accidental causes, particularly the residence of the author and editor in different kingdoms, the appearance of this work has been delayed much longer than was at first intended ; but as time always affords opportunity for correction and improvement, I find upon the whole no reason to regret that the expedition of the press did not keep pace with my wish to see the task which I had undertaken more speedily completed. By this delay I had also the advantage of several judicious observations suggested by the vigilant sagacity of my editor ; which produced at least considerable additions to the matter contained in the text and annotations. His patience, indeed, I have always found unwearied, like his friendship ; and it gives me sincere pleasure to think, that, being now disengaged from any further kind attention to my fame, he will have more uninterrupted leisure to

pursue other subjects, in which the publick may be much more interested.

Whatever deficiency may be found in the execution of the following poem, some small merit may perhaps be allowed to the novelty of the design ; to which I know nothing similar in our language, unless the ingenious and learned Mr. Hayley's History of Historians, in verse, may be considered in some sort as its precursor.

It would have been no very difficult task to have swelled the size of this volume to a much larger bulk, by multiplying citations from the ancient authors where the original materials of which it is composed may be found ; but though some were necessary, I thought too many might be tedious, and of no utility. Such as are inserted, were chosen rather for their brevity, than for any other reason of preference.

In some modern productions it has been the fashion to make new discoveries in the ancient history

tory of Rome, and to assign new motives and qualities to several of the principal agents ; but the present seems to me to be too late a period for such investigations : they contribute less perhaps to establish right opinions, than to shake the credit of all history, and to leave the mind suspended between assent and incredulity. In every material point, (the story of the sufferings of Regulus excepted, for which Polybius must be consulted,) I find all the best writers concur ; and I could not presume to advance any bold paradoxes, when I was convinced that I should want authorities, or sufficient ingenuity, to support them. A French writer of the present century, M. de St. Foix, in his account of the streets of Paris, asserts roundly, that our kings, Edward the third and Henry the fifth, were cowards ; and I think, adds, were defeated at Cressy and Agincourt. He meant no doubt by a violation of truth to flatter the vanity of one nation, and to mortify that of another ; but I could not be induced

duced by the love of novelty to affirm that Sylla was not cruel, or that Julius Cæsar was unmerciful.

I cannot forbear to flatter myself, that the reader will not be disappointed, should he not find in this book what the author never intended it should contain. It does not come within the province of poetry to attempt deep political disquisitions, or the adjustment of points which have frustrated the conjectures of the critick, and the antiquary's persevering researches. As to the policy of the Romans, the penetration of Montesquieu has left little for future investigation; and there are even in our own language details of the events sufficiently copious and satisfactory. But to understand the history of Rome, it is not enough to read her historians; we must also acquaint ourselves with their characters: otherwise we may pay the same deference to the misrepresentations of Dion, and the prodigies of Plutarch, as to the authenticity of Sallust, Tully, and Tacitus.

What

What is to be found here, is not intended for the master, but the student; it is meant rather to incite, than to satisfy. My purpose will be answered, and my ambition gratified, should it awaken in the young mind a laudable desire of more knowledge, and revive not unpleasingly in the breast of more mature scholars the recollection of those admirable writers, and illustrious characters, who claimed their attention in their early studies; the reverence for whom seems to increase, like the magnitude of mountains, in proportion to our distance from them. A great object approached too nearly can be but partially examined; at a due removal from it we discover all its sublimity.

I may presume it will not be necessary to make any apology for opinions expressed in several notes, where modern politicks and recent events are assimilated with ancient. Mine have been dictated by real admiration of, and reverence for, the most excellent constitution, and the happiest form of government, that ever regulated human affections

and conduct. During the short prevalence of French superiority,* which was attended with the dispersion of the most noxious and abominable principles, it seemed to me next to a tacit approbation, not to endeavour to expose them. To hazard the demolition of the august fabrick of the British Constitution, in attempting to remove some trifling abuses which may adhere to its surface, would be like the wisdom of pulling down St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey, because a few swallows happened to plaister up their nests against the corners of the windows. Minute inspection is requisite to discover them; and how pitiful must be the genius which can overlook the grandeur of the whole, to dwell upon such blemishes!

A superficial similitude between the Roman republick and France in her revolutionary disorder, occurred so frequently, that not to perceive it would have been blindness, and not to have sometimes expatiated upon it, pusillanimity.

* Nov. 1792.

There

There is one remark not made in the notes to this poem, which ought to have a place somewhere. The infidels of France, when exalted into the seats of legislation, began with a policy directly opposite to the practice of every other state pre-existent to them. They commenced by taking off from human appetites all restraint from religion; and of course they dissolved with the ancient form of government, every bond upon conscience, and every obligation to virtue. The consequences have been correspondent. Let me not be suspected to be a favourer or friend of the old constitution of France, for I think nothing could make it appear tolerable, but the anarchy by which it was succeeded; yet even this they attempt impudently to varnish over by false names, and perverted examples. Alas, good Brutus! we have heard thy virtuous spirit, thy mild genius, appealed to, for the sanctification of every crime which can stain the black catalogue of human villainy. France has made thee the patron, the tutelary God of atheists and regicides;

b

and

and thy fair name is invoked to reconcile the world to oppression and cruelty, to robbery, parricide, treachery, and massacre. Cæsar would have fallen by some other hand, could'st thou but have foreseen that such disgrace was reserved for thy memory.

In June, 1793, look at the picture of French democracy, as displayed in the masterly colouring of Mr. Pitt, before the House of Commons of England:

“ What (says that great statesman) could be the
“ effect of any negociation for peace in the present
“ moment? It is not merely to the character of
“ Marat, with whom we have to treat, that I object;
“ it is not to the horror of those crimes which have
“ stained their legislators, crimes in every stage
“ rising above each other in point of enormity; but
“ I object to the consequence of that character, to
“ the effect of those crimes. They are such as ren-
“ der negociation useless, and must entirely deprive
“ of

“of stability any peace which could be concluded
“under such circumstances. Where is our secu-
“rity for the performance of a treaty, where we
“have neither the good faith of a nation, nor the
“responsibility of a monarch? The moment that
“the mob of Paris becomes under the influence of
“a new leader, the most mature deliberations are
“reversed, the most solemn engagements are re-
“tracted, or free will is altogether controuled. In
“every one of the stages of their repeated revolutions
“we have said, ‘now we have seen the worst,
‘the measure of iniquity is full, we shall no longer
‘be shocked or astonished by the contemplation
‘of added crimes, and increasing enormities:’ the
“next mail convinced us of our credulity,
“and by presenting us with fresh crimes, and enor-
“mities still more dreadful, excited impressions of
“new astonishment and accumulated horror. All
“the crimes which disgrace history, have occur-
“red in one country in a space so short, and with
“circumstances so highly aggravated, as to out-run
b 2 “thought,

“thought, and exceed imagination. Should we
“treat with Marat, before we had finished the ne-
“gociation, he might again be descended to the
“dregs of the people from whence he sprung, and
“have given place to a still more desperate villain.
“A band of leaders has swayed the mob in constant
“succession, all resembling in guilt, but rising
“above one another in point of enormity, each
“striving to improve upon the crimes of his prede-
“cessor, and swell the black catalogue with new
“modes and higher gradations of wickedness:

*Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*”

Lord Mornington's speech in the same assembly,
on the 21st of January, 1794, will always remain
as a monument of that nobleman's great abilities
and eloquence, and as a faithful report of God's
dreadful visitation of a vast kingdom, which has re-
peatedly dared to blaspheme his name, and abjure
his worship. Our countrymen may there see the
rebellious

rebellious subjects of the late most christian king crowding into a period of less than one short *lustrum*, more impiety, oppression, cruelty, rapine and massacre, than can be found in the aggregated enormities of all the rest of Europe for a series of centuries.

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!

Your Dionysius, your Pisander, Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, Domitian, Caracalla, and Commodus, must retire to the back-ground of the picture, and yield an abominable pre-eminence to our more flagitious neighbours. The crimes of these tyrants were chiefly the offspring of frenzy, the guilt of the Gauls is deliberation and system.

France has been for four years with little intermission deluged with such torrents of native blood, that in some measure they have diverted our attention from concerns less affecting; and the pernicious effects of her guilt and frenzy spreading to every country in Europe, we have not even the melancholy consolation to reflect that the consequences

quences of her wickedness are confined to its authors: yet what friend to genius but must read with affliction the tardy measure of the Convention decreeing, *for the first time*, in 1793, an imprisonment of two years against the *future* despoilers of the monuments of the arts dependant on the national property? What devastation must not have preceded it! We have seen their churches defaced, the noblest statues and monuments of their kings and heroes pounded in pieces, and the God of the universe proscribed from their constitution, by acts of state and decrees of their legislators. Not even the grave has been sacred. Like the Pyrennean wolves described by Thomson,

On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrowded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mixed with foul shades and frightened ghosts, they howl.

They want no Huns or Visigoths, no Scythians,
or Saracens, to cast them back to the ages of darkness and barbarity; for they renew upon themselves

selves the ancient fury of the Atilas, the Gensericks, and the Omars. To the accumulated horrors of their condition is superadded the internal war of religion against atheism, while men who fight for their faith, freedom, and property, by these monsters, audacious in their language as their actions, are called villains, enthusiasts, and madmen. How long the Ruler of all things may be pleased to suffer them to insult his providence, and to afflict his creatures, we cannot presume to conjecture; but of this we may be certain; though divine vengeance may wink, it will not sleep for ever: the bolt is but held back, to come down with double wrath, when it descends to crush them.

As to the merit of this work, I am too well acquainted with the disqualifications an author lies under, to presume at offering any leading sentiment to the judgment which the publick may be pleased to form upon it. I will only venture to affirm, that it was no very easy matter to give an air of discrimination

crimination to so many different characters of men, who, being of the same country, living under the same laws and customs, and mostly educated in the same manner, must have among them some strong and common features of resemblance. Without departing from the authority of ancient historians and biographers, who seem to me to be the best, if not the only guides on such subjects, I have endeavoured to produce this variety; but with what success the reader must determine. We often find indeed much discrepancy of opinion in the accounts given by contemporary writers of the great statesmen and generals who lived at the same time; but by discovering to what party each writer adhered, or what principles he espoused, we generally have sufficient grounds for abatement of praise or censure. In this manner we must endeavour to reconcile Tully's adulation of CÆSAR in the Senate, and the private sentiments which he expressed of him in the closet. As Cicero always speaks from reflection, he frequently writes from feeling;

so

so that we can sometimes form a better judgment of the state of his mind at the moment, than of the subject on which his familiar pen is employed.

Tacitus with his usual brevity asserts his impartiality sufficiently, when he tells us that he writes of men "*nec beneficio, nec injuriâ cognitos;*" and after all, this is the best security for truth : through the mists of resentment or interest, she is always seen obscurely.

There will be found in the following poem a few rhymes which modern custom, more perhaps than reason, has brought into a sort of disuse ; I mean, where the terminating word of one line in a couplet chimes only with the last sound of a polysyllable in the next ; as *are* and *similar*, &c. but I must acquaint the critick, that this is not the effect of necessity, but choice. We have not improved upon the rich and various versification of Dryden ; and to produce authorities from his practice would be to transcribe little less than a third part of his poetry. Pope, who is supposed to be rather more

exact, is somewhat more sparing; but he frequently indulges himself in this practice, and always, if I am not mistaken, with evident satisfaction. It recurs perhaps too often in the elder poet, and more judiciously in his admirer; for a mode of versifying adopted for variety loses its effect by too much repetition. Rhymes strictly correct are perhaps indispensable in very short compositions, or in such as Mr. Addison in his preface to the *Georgicks* calls, with simplicity enough, "a copy of verses;" but not even in these should I wish to see a vigorous expression weakened, or a thought maimed, for any compensation the ear could receive from the most exact consonance. *Licentia sumpta pudenter* can never appear objectionable; and this a good taste only can regulate. Rhymes, which almost constitute the essence of French poetry, in ours are but an adjunct; and yet to what shifts, what poor expedients, to what identity of sounds and terminations, are not the best versifiers of France often reduced? Take the piece in disorder from

the frame, and the poetical texture will be no more discernible: we shall not find, as in Ennius, *disjecti membra poetæ*.

One short argument upon this point appears to me to be irrefragable. He is always considered as a good reciter of rhymes, who in his recitation hardly suffers the hearer to perceive them. Why it should be requisite for the poet to produce what it is a merit in the reader to conceal, I know not. It is something almost superfluous; like the present fashion in dress, of wearing fine lace-ruffles under the sleeve of a coat which very nearly covers them. The late Mr. Quin, whom I have heard recite, though not upon the stage, and Garrick, who was consummate in the science of enunciation, would have turned away with disgust or pity from the repeater of verses who let them know that they were such, by the mere rattling of the metrical faggot.*

* He faggotted his notions, as they fell,
And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well. DRYDEN.

If this licence be not in a certain degree allowable, I may at least observe that it is mostly reprehended by the fastidious, and best admitted by more liberal scholars. Swift, who was a poet as he was a parson, rather from resolution than choice, is particularly rigid about rhymes, and sometimes remonstrates with Pope upon his negligence; but much as the latter feared or respected him, I do not recollect that the nightingale paid much attention to the admonitions of the raven. A great wit sometimes makes but a subordinate poet. Swift, I think, was both.

This mode of arguing, I am sensible, might be pushed much beyond my meaning, to the entire suppression of rhymes, and to the preference of the blank song upon every occasion. But not so; I acknowledge that they give a great grace to every species of poetical composition, except the Dramatick, Epick, and mock Heroick, in which last the effect is much heightened by misplaced pomp, and
ludicrous

ludicrous dignity. All I mean to contend for is this; that very precise rhyme being not always easily found, the judicious critick will not endeavour to make that more hard which is in itself sufficiently difficult, and will suffer any other beauty in a couplet to atone for some deficiency in the exactness of consonance. Let it be a pilaster, but not the prop of the building.

What may be the reception of this poem, however anxious I may be concerning it, I cannot foresee. Every purchaser of a book buys at the same time his right to judge of and to censure it; praise too in general comes but unwillingly, and not to be pleased is considered by many as a mark of superior discernment. If however it meets with half the approbation from the publick, which it received in the manuscript, I shall have reason to be contented. It would still be a higher gratification to me, if I could flatter myself that the form of the present work might suggest an idea to some author of better

better endowments than I possess, and with more inclination, to produce to the world the prominent events and distinguished characters of England, with superior splendour. How abundant are the materials! How important the revolutions! How diversified the characters! How many sovereigns eminent for great virtues, vices, and achievements! What changes in religion and government! What wars and factions! Many of her statesmen and poets may vie with the outspread names which adorn the annals, and consecrate the muses, of Greece and Italy. I should not wish to see such a work brought lower than the accession of the House of Hanover; because, though I think that auspicious event established the felicity and freedom of Great Britain, and that her ascendancy never appeared more conspicuously than at the present period, I apprehend it to be very difficult, if not almost impossible, in the display of transactions and characters so recent, to preserve candour and total exemption from party prejudice. We have seen
controversy

controversy spring up, and not without acrimony, even from the ashes of queens Elizabeth and Mary.

In my childhood, I remember well, the first impressions which I received with any permanency of parts of the English history, were from the historical plays of Shakspeare. There is no young mind so unmusical, as not to be sensible to the harmony of numbers; and there is little doubt but that such a summary as is here recommended, if executed with brilliancy, would not only be the best vehicle to communicate early knowledge, but to rouse young faculties to the further pursuit of such subjects:

Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat.

Even verses merely descriptive, which are certainly the most fugitive, dwell long upon the recollection; when facts, character, and colouring, are all blended in the same piece, the picture never vanishes. Old age seldom forgets the songs of its youth.

youth. There is a sort of mechanical reason for this, which though palpable enough when mentioned, may not perhaps occur immediately: in retaining a sentiment or proposition conveyed in verse, especially rhymes, we have a double advantage; the memory is assisted by the ear, and the ear by the memory. We know the thought must be contained within a certain number of metrical feet; and if we are at a loss to recover the one, by pondering a little upon the other, we become masters of both with accuracy. It is not the superior merit of the poetry which preserves so many of our ancient popular ballads, but the tune and the jingle.

As to myself, the shades of night are closing too fast around me, to allow of my attempting a theme so arduous; but I may hope to retain for a considerable time faculties sufficient to make me sensible of, and pleased with, the successful labours of my contemporaries.

It

It may be remarked, nor do I wish to shelter myself from the observation, that whatever little credit may be conferred by my approbation, has not been withheld in the notes to this poem from those of my countrymen of Ireland, who occurred to me as having distinguished themselves by works of genius or the cultivation of letters. Well would it be, if a spirit of this kind were more prevalent among us: much talent, which now lies smothered under the despondency of neglect, might by such encouragement be roused into exertion. The gentlemen of Ireland are jealous of the national honour, and abundantly ready at the hazard of their lives to assert it. For such a purpose, the pen is a better weapon than the sword or the pistol. One book of merit would produce more deference from the neighbouring nations than twenty combats *. That
Scotland

* It appears hardly credible, yet is true, that Dr. Edward Ryan, author of "The History of the Effects of Religion on Mankind," (a work abounding with erudition, entertainment, and instruction,) was obliged lately to publish it in London, the booksellers of Dublin not being will-
d ing

Scotland should have to boast of at least ten eminent writers for one who appears among us, (when too the course of study and the discipline in our University are excellent,) must be ascribed to the truly patriotick attention with which the gentlemen of North Britain cherish and expand every bud of genius which puts forth its promise in their native region. This local partiality may be, and sometimes is, carried rather too far; but the principle

ing to hazard the expence, where they knew there would be so few readers or purchasers of a book which required some little time and attention in the perusal. His ALMA MATER, indeed, honourably distinguished him; but his fame and his patron came from another country.

During the administration of lord Townshend in Ireland, the printer of the well-known poem addressed to Mr. G. E. Howard, with Notes by Alderman Faulkner, being asked by Mr. Courtenay, whether there was not a great demand for that publication, "Nothing, fir, in the memory of man (answered with pure simplicity the worthy printer) ever sold like it, except WATSON'S ALMANACK."

Mr. Monck Mason is known and respected among his countrymen as a member of parliament, a commissioner of the revenue, and a privy counsellor; but it is doubtful whether he is known in Ireland even by one in twenty of his acquaintance as one of the learned and ingenious band who have illustrated Shakspeare; yet by that distinction is his name more likely to be transmitted to posterity.

generates a great increase of excellent publications, much improvement in science, and fresh incitement to those distinguished authors, whose works, while they reflect honour on their country, contribute to the entertainment and instruction of mankind.

It is lamentable to find in such a nation as this, in many apparent respects so adapted to the encouragement of true politeness, how much its great mistress and teacher, Literature, is neglected. There are indeed in our capital some well-chosen and ample libraries; but they are very few, and very private. The collection of books is generally the least costly article in the household inventory. The contents of the cellar are often more valuable than the *Ψυχὴς ἀλφειῶν* for the whole family. In Great-Britain, the gentry, however dissipated, seldom entirely neglect those studies in which they have been initiated in their early years; and no conversation engages or interests them more than the

discussion of works of genius, whether of their own day, or of antiquity. A person distinguished by any publication of merit ranks among them in the first class of society, and there is an emulation to protect, encourage, and produce him. "For my own part, (says lord Chesterfield in a letter to his son,) I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe." This judicious sentiment is very general among the nobility of England. But there seems to be in this kingdom (though with very considerable exceptions) too much of a kind of Vandalish pride in disowning scholarship. A gentleman here who knows much more of a new book than the title, (pamphlet and novel excepted,) may sometimes as well conceal his knowledge; for his communication will be drowned in claret, which has a better relish than such dry aliment; or he will leave an impression with his company that he is a pedant or a coxcomb. Yet it is but justice to
those

those very persons to acknowledge, that in their collective capacity they shew great liberality of sentiment. Though as stewards of the publick purse, they jealously examine all grants of publick money, there is no instance of an objection being offered in either house of parliament to provisions made for writers of merit, nay even for their families, when they are left without other support than the bounty of the nation.

The general neglect of letters is not however a hopeless deficiency; for no people have naturally brighter intellects than the Irish, nor better dispositions. It proceeds not from dulness or insensibility, but from inattention. If study could be made more the fashion, we should see the generality of our countrymen not less polished in their understandings, than they are well formed in their persons, and sociable in their tempers. Many of our ladies at this time, without pedantry or the affectation of science, would make a distinguished figure

figure in the first literary circles. Ireland has not lost all female talent with Mrs. Greville. That there is no want of native genius and science at this hour, we can produce some bright examples. We have the unrivalled and all-accomplished Burke; the learned and excellent editor of Shakspeare; the author of the best comedy produced in this century; and the best translator of a great Roman historian, who, till the appearance of Mr. Murphy's version, seemed to set our language at defiance: but alas! they have migrated to a more congenial region. When books become more our occupation, or amusement, all that is wanted will follow. The face of most things among us is daily altering, and improving; the mind in its turn will become undoubtedly the principal object of cultivation.

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LIST OF THE ENGRAVINGS,

AND

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THEM.

1. **T**HE Author's Portrait, engraved by J. Singleton,
from a drawing by — Stoker; to face the title-page.
2. THE VOTIVE SHIELD, commemorating the CONTINENCE of
P. C. SCIPIO AFRICANUS, THE ELDER, in restoring a beau-
tiful female captive to ALLUCIUS, a prince of Celtiberia, to
whom she was betrothed: found by some fishermen in the
Rhone, near Avignon, in the year 1656, and not long since
in the cabinet of the late King of France, but now pro-
bably battered to pieces by his Murderers.—Engraved by
F. Bartolozzi, R. A. To face - - - p. 47.
3. Two BUSTS, found in the tomb of the Scipio family, disco-
vered at Rome near Porta Capena, (now the gate of St. Se-
bastian,) in 1780; supposed to be the Busts of SCIPIO
AFRICANUS THE ELDER, and Q. ENNIUS. Engraved by
E. Harding, Jun. from a drawing by Carlo Labruzzi. p. 48.
4. C. MARIUS, from an ancient *basso rilievo*. Engraved by W.
Evans. - - - - - p. 55.
5. L. C. SYLLA, from an ancient *basso rilievo*. Engraved by
W. Evans. - - - - - p. 63.
6. CICERO, from a painting by Rubens, done at Rome, from an
ancient statue, in 1638. Engraved by E. Harding, Jun. p. 85.
7. POMPEY, from Rossi's Ancient Statues. Engraved by
E. Harding, Jun. - - - - - p. 97.
8. JULIUS CÆSAR, from a painting by Rubens, done at Rome,
from an ancient statue, in 1638. Engraved by E. Harding,
Jun. - - - - - p. 131.
9. MARCUS BRUTUS, from a coin in Dr. Hunter's Museum.
Engraved by R. Clamp. - - - - - p. 144.
10. M. Æ. LEPIDUS, from a coin in Dr. Hunter's Museum.
Engraved by R. Clamp. - - - - - p. 152.

c

11. M. ANTONY,

11. M. ANTONY, from an ancient gem. Engraved by R.
Clamp. - - - - - p. 156.
12. CLEOPATRA; the face from an ancient gem, the head-dress,
&c. from a coin in Dr. Hunter's Museum. Engraved by
E. Harding, Jun. - - - - - p. 158.
13. OCTAVIA, from Museum Florentinum. Engraved by E.
Harding, Jun. - - - - - p. 163.
14. AUGUSTUS, from a coin in Dr. Hunter's Museum. En-
graved by R. Clamp. - - - - - p. 169.
15. M. AGRIPPA, from Museum Florentinum. Engraved by
E. Harding, Jun. - - - - - p. 177.
16. VIRGIL, from Museum Capitolinum*. Engraved by E.
Harding, Jun. - - - - - p. 194.
17. HORACE, from *Veterum Poetarum*, &c. *Imagines*, à I. P. Bel-
lorio. Engraved by E. Harding, Jun. - - - p. 210.
18. OVID, from the same work. Engraved by R. Clamp. - p. 216.
19. AUGUSTUS, attended by his Courtiers, and giving a crown
to some person, whose figure is wanting; from an Ancient
Painting in fresco, of the same size, found in 1737, among
the ruins of Augustus's palace on the Palatine Mount, (now
Orti Farnesiani,) and formerly in the possession of Dr. Mead.
Engraved by R. Clamp, from a drawing by Camillo Pa-
derna. - - - - - p. 222.
20. MÆCENAS, from a gem in the collection of Philip Baron de
Stosch. Engraved by E. Harding, Jun. - - - p. 235.

The portraits of CATO THE YOUNGER, TIBULLUS, CATILINE, &c. are necessarily omitted, no genuine ancient representation of those persons having been hitherto discovered.

* The engraved portrait of VIRGIL, which is given in Heyne's excellent edition of that author, published at Leipsick, in 1788, and is said to be taken from the same archetype, is not faithful to the original.

E R R A T A.

Pag.

5. n. 6. r.—*cum nulla*.
16. ver. 226. for *stroke*, r. *shock*.⁸
40. n. 6. l. 11. after *intrigues*, a comma, instead of a colon.
47. ver. 665. add this note:
 Tibi quoque inter multa egregia non in ultimis laudum hoc fuerit,
 Annibalem, cui tot de Romanis ducibus victoriam dii dedissent,
 tibi cessisse. LIV. l. xxx. c. 30.
- Ibid. ver. 673. His foes revered him, &c. Add this note:
 Nihilo minor fama apud hostes Scipionis erat, quam apud cives
 sociosque. LIV. l. xxvi. c. 20.
48. ver. 682. So his soft manners, &c. Add this note:
 Fuit enim Scipio veris non tantum virtutibus mirabilis, sed arte quo-
 que quâdam ab juventâ in ostentationem earum compositus. LIV. l.
 xxvi. c. 19.
50. l. 5. for 621. r. 609.
61. ver. 870. for *the*, r. *Rome's*.
72. n. 4. for *Hannibal*, r. *Annibal*.
96. n. 4. After *Note*, r. [A]
110. ver. 1554. for *ages*, r. *sages*.
115. n. 5. for *Epist. r. de Brevit. Vit.* c. xiv.
129. n. 7. for *Epist. r. de Consol. ad Marc.* c. xx.
157. n. 5. l. 3. for κα'κ, r. κακ.
- l. 4. for αφηλικισ-ερον, r. αφηλικε-ερον.
- l. 5. for 33, r. 34.
201. ver. 2441, for *green*, r. *fresh*.
215. ver. 2551, for *suck'd*, r. *cull'd*.
256. l. 7. from the bottom, for *ingenious*, r. *ingenuous*.
258. l. 9. from the bottom, for *THE universe*, r. *THEIR universe*.



ROMAN PORTRAITS.

BRIGHT source of life, intelligence, and song,
Rolling unseen the harmonious worlds along,
By thy benignant will to man was given
To rule his earth, and hope thy future heaven:
Unlike the camp-born tyrant,^{*} who on high 5
Hung his vile law to snare the straining eye,^{*}
Thou by renew'd examples, broad and clear,
As empires rise, decline, and disappear,

^{*} Versiculi, imperante mox eo [Caligulâ], divulgati, apud hybernas legiones procreatum indicant:

In castris natus, patriis nutritus in armis,
Jam designati principis omen erat.

SUET. in Cal. c. 8.

^{*} —flagitante populo Romano proposuit quidem legem; sed et minutissimis literis, et angustissimo loco: uti ne cui describere liceret.

SUET. in Cal. c. 41.

B

Shew'st

Shew'st to the creatures of thy breath below
What thou permit'st, and they were form'd to know.
And since the social system was begun, 11
Whether the many rul'd, the few, or one,
Though mighty names, though many a towering state
Conspicuous far, at length have bow'd to fate,
None yet from time's immeasurable womb 15
Has sprung more great than all-subduing Rome.
Kings, consuls, tribunes, and dictators past,
In abject slavery she sunk at last.

Long ere the Goth had sack'd her strong-bas'd towers,
And dulness roosted in Ausonian bowers, 20
Wisdom's griev'd eye foresaw her empire doom'd,
When her own walls her ancient worth entomb'd.

Sons of proud Albion, studious mark her course;
Wind with the gradual deluge to its source;
See ere the modest boundaries were pass'd, 25
By virtue reverenc'd, as by judgment traced,
How, by her native springs alone supplied,
Flow'd through the land her power's majestick tide.

Ere

Ere vile Orontes to old Tyber's wave³
 Convey'd the supple parasite and slave, 30
 And Ind's and Asia's reeking streams by turns
 Pour'd on th'unebbing sea their gorgeous urns,
 No shore with rank fertility was crown'd,
 Unwater'd none, nor by wild torrents drown'd.
 Think not, though tawdry superstition reigns, 35
 Where bold idolatry once aw'd the plains;
 Though the pale semivir's ambiguous throat
 Now pipes where Maro rais'd the immortal note;
 And heaven's pure light, by bigot monks explor'd,
 Shines less divine than pagan Tully's word;⁴ 40
 Though all her prouder monuments are gone,
 Vanish'd her triumphs, and her gods o'erthrown,

³ Jampridem Syrus in Tiberim defluxit Orontes. Juv. Sat. iii.

⁴ Cicero's villa near Arpinum is now possessed by a convent of monks, and called the villa of St. Dominick; upon which Dr. Middleton makes the following spirited observation: "What a pleasure must it give to these Dominican inquisitors, to trample on the ruins of a man, whose writings, by spreading the light of reason and liberty through the world, have been one great instrument of obstructing their unwearied pains to enslave it."

Life of Cicero.

The warning Muse for unimportant ends
 To youth a useless retrospect commends.
 While the keen eye each latent spring detects, 45
 And sees like causes generate like effects,
 In fair array the instructive lessons rise :
 So taught, 'tis easy virtue to be wise.
 In your own fame Rome's glories you may see ;
 To shun her fall, detest her luxury. 50

And thou, lov'd isle, where first in careless youth
 I pluck'd crude berries from the stem of truth,
 Which yet not quite dispers'd by vagrant wind,
 Left one fair seed to enrich the opening mind,—
 Since, by thine own internal vigour freed, 55
 Honour and wealth to bonds and sloth succeed ;
 Thy patriots, soldiers for the publick good,⁵
 And civil arms unstain'd with civil blood ;

⁵ The spirit and alacrity with which the volunteers of Ireland took up arms in the year 1778, are unexampled, but by the wisdom and moderation with which they laid them down after the constitution and commerce of their country were secured.

Since

Since now thy fulgent orb, no more depress'd,
Vies with thy sister's beam, and gilds the west; 60
Nor ambient Neptune with upbraiding roar
Unfurls his billows round thy useless shore;
While mild Favonius wafts thy swelling sails,
And jocund Ceres loves thy plenteous vales;
At least suspend ambition's anxious toil, 65
To greet the muses in their favourite soil:
Fame's full meridian is but half attain'd,
Till science grace what native virtue gain'd.

Vain were the attempt in reason's sober verse
The cloudy Roman origin to pierce, 70
Or midst discordant fictions to decree
Which wanders least from probability:
No petty states of Greece or Rome, but trace
Their first great founder from celestial race;⁶
And earth's worst dregs (says vanity) arise 75
From fond commixture with the unconscious skies.

⁶ Nulla gens tam vilis reperiatur, quæ sui generis auctorem non faciat Deum, aut Deo editum. QUINT. CURT. l. i.

Enough

Enough for us, that, spread through every clime,
 In prose expanded, or adorn'd by rhyme,
 Theme and delight of each succeeding age
 To us descends the eventful Latian page: 80
 A copious mine, where letter'd avarice gains
 New hoards of knowledge from exhaustless veins.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE ROMANS.

Far from the native bed where first it rose,
 With the ting'd stream the blended mineral flows;
 So in the current of Rome's distant race 85
 The founder in the progeny we trace.
 Behold how like the kindred features are,
 Habits, and faults, and virtues, similar:
 The same proud spirit to subdue the strong,
 To yield no right, and to endure no wrong; 90
 The

⁷ In the whole Roman story, except in their early wars with the Gauls, there is not perhaps a single instance in which the Romans were not the aggressors. They not only, without the shadow of right, deprived kings and states of their revenues and territories, but their triumphs were additional

The same ambition's unremitting care,
 Temperance in peace, and fortitude in war;
 To let no people but themselves be free,
 And guard, like life, their own lov'd liberty;⁸
 As if the common boon of equal heaven, 95
 For all design'd, to them alone was given!
 To bring all duties to one centre home,—
 Unbounded fondness for their parent Rome.
 Each wild excess which nature shrinks to hear,
 Assum'd too oft a patriot character;⁹ 100

tional insults of the most unfeeling barbarity. A queen led in chains was a favourite embellishment in these ostentatious processions. The consideration of their insolence and inhumanity while a republick, abates much of our commiseration for the calamities they endured under the despotism of the emperors. They but suffered under them what they had before inflicted upon the rest of mankind. "I know not (says Dr. Johnson) why any but a school-boy in his declamation should whine over the commonwealth of Rome, which grew great only by the misery of the rest of mankind." Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

⁸ Il fuit plus que la mort la honte d'être esclave.

CINNA, par Corneille.

⁹ C'est gloire de passer pour un cœur abattu,

Quand la brutalité fait la haute vertu. HORACE, par Corneille.

Disguis'd

Disguis'd beneath that all-atoning name,
Revenge was justice, and oppression fame.
Within its precincts every virtue lies,
And swells to vice beyond its boundaries.
So, in a Christian state the worst of men, 105
Had been at Rome the worthiest citizen.
Remus, who mock'd his brother's new-trac'd town,
His ruffian fury to the dust struck down;
Cemented thus with parricidal blood,
Behold the first rude walls of humble mud; 110
Thus, in the infant settlement was given
Earnest of violence, 'gainst man and heaven.
At length, the towering fabrick pierc'd the skies,
And with the grandeur, see the guilt arise;
Her bold aggression stretch'd to every clime, 115
And each new conquest was an added crime. *

The

* It is hardly necessary perhaps to point out to the reader the exact similarity between the conduct, language, and policy, of the Roman commonwealth, and the audacious ambition and hypocrisy of the present French republick. The former indeed had established her superiority better

The waste she caus'd, the woes which never ceas'd,
With specious names she varnish'd and increas'd;
Rome's ruth'less sword, and her fallacious tongue,
Inflicts the ruin, and imputes the wrong; 120
While plunder'd nations, suppliant in vain,
Bore every evil, and heard Rome complain.
Sententious, yet ne'er innocently great,
The dread and scourge of every harmless state,
When her long triumphs her own Cæsars clos'd,
And on her neck their iron yoke impos'd, 126

better than France has yet done, before she presumed to offer what she miscalled liberty to foreign malcontents, or a new form of government to nations not desirous of her interference.—There will probably be ere long another resemblance: the tyranny of atheistical clubs will terminate in the dominion of a military despot; the harrassed people flying from the oppression of a mob of task-masters to the iron shelter of some uncontrollable usurper. Kingdoms now go to war with France on the same principle that individuals endeavour to destroy highwaymen and house-breakers; not from the hope of acquiring any thing, but to prevent the mischief which such villains meditate. That desperate people have already avowed hostilities against all religion, principle, morality, and order, indeed against human nature at large; and virtue, no less than good policy, must put arms into the hands of all *civilized* nations to oppose them.

C

Alone

Alone she mourn'd her once unrivall'd weal,
 Nor claim'd the pity she could never feel.
 What were the virtues of the Roman school?
 Deep systems to oppress, destroy, and rule; 130
 Ambition, pride, and tyranny, combin'd,
 To raise themselves, and plunder all mankind.*

NUMA POMPILIUS.

No objects Numa to the muse supplies,
 But temples, priests, and pious mysteries. 134
 He check'd Bellona's rage; and dove-ey'd peace
 Saw superstition rise, and slaughter cease.

* This is no morose character of the Romans considered as a people. Sallust says, "*Mihi multa agitant, constabat, paucorum civium egregiam virtutem cuncta patravisse.*" It is true of such men as Cincinnatus, Camillus, Fabricius, the Decii, the Scipios, and some others. The victories of Pompey too added territories and glory to Rome. Marius, Sylla, and Cæsar, conquered for themselves, and brought inexpressible miseries upon their country. Let the reader consult Montesquieu's admirable volume, particularly the sixth chapter: he will there see the Roman policy in its true colours; a system, profound, invariable, and completely iniquitous.

For sacred ends, was sacred truth forgot,
 And hence the fiction of the Egerian grot ;³
 That Numa's holy visions might persuade, 139
 To the meek king descends the inspiring maid :⁴
 None, to believe or to obey, repine,
 When human wisdom speaks by aid divine.
 Credulity, an easy yielding soil,
 Brought up new plants of faith with slender toil ;
 A tale once told, the weak enquir'd no more, 145
 But fools believ'd what craft impos'd before.
 The pagan creed, with motley legends full,
 Amus'd the enlighten'd, and amaz'd the dull ;
 A monstrous fable clumsily devis'd, 149
 Procession, pageants, pomp, and noise disguis'd ;
 While sound and show the pleas'd attention kept,
 The senses only wak'd, and reason slept.

³ —simulat sibi cum dea Egeria congressus nocturnos esse.

Liv. l. i. c. xix.

⁴ Omnium primum, rem ad multitudinem imperitam, et illis seculis rudem, efficacissimam, deorum metum injiciendum ratus est.

Liv. *ut sup.*

Wisdom with joy the kind delusion saw,
 And turn'd the vulgar blindness into awe;
 So, by an engine which herself disdain'd, 155
 Dominion o'er the publick mind she gain'd:
 As serv'd her cause she play'd the mummary o'er,
 And left the crowd to wonder and adore.

Salian and Fecial Flamens thus began, 159
 And Vestals, sacred from the embrace of man;⁵
 Their task to quench the flame of love's desire,
 And unextinguish'd keep pale Vesta's fire.
 Sad institution! which austerely draws
 The female heart from nature's genial laws;
 Strangles heaven's bounty, and converts to woe 165
 The plenteous source whence joy and life should flow:
 As if the tree, whose pregnant boughs might yield
 The richest honours of Pomona's field,
 Should turn, perverted by the spoiler's hand,
 To the vile office of a smoky brand. 170

⁵ —virginesque Vestæ legit;—virginitate aliisque ceremoniis venerabiles ac sanctas fecit. Liv. l. i. c. xx.

Inhuman law ! where reason must confess
The sanction, not the breach, was wickedness.⁶
The maid, thus torn from the best joys of life,
Denied to charm, a mistress, or a wife,
To bless the sweetness of her infant's smile, 175
Or the fond clasps which matron cares beguile,
If mutual passion fired her to impart
The illicit rapture of her glowing heart,

⁶ That a state of celibacy should be acceptable to the abundant Giver of all things, seems to be one of the most unaccountable notions that ever proceeded from the visions of enthusiasm ; and the horrible penalties annexed to a violation of chastity in the persons of those unhappy females set apart for certain purposes of religion, shew very strongly both the absurdity and wickedness of the institution. A Vestal's being buried alive for a breach of her vows or a neglect of her duty, is frequently mentioned by Livy and other ancient writers, with the indifference of any ordinary ceremony. The bigotry of modern Rome, called Christian, adopted this Order from the heathen superstition of the ancients ; and both must have been conscious (though perhaps frail Nuns are not literally buried alive) that such ordinances were directly repugnant to the most general and irresistible impulse of human nature, and in itself innocent, else they would not have attempted to counteract it by restraints so unnatural.

Grim death, and priests more grim, with Stygian
gloom 179

Plung'd the warm breathing creature in the tomb.
By such preposterous punishment they strove
To avert the wrath her crime provok'd above.
Had thunder crush'd the holy murderers round,
Had earthquakes swallow'd the devoted ground,
The righteous doom true sanctity had pleas'd; 185
So truth had been reveal'd, and heav'n appeas'd.
Go on, insensate law-makers! proceed;
Frame statutes worse than the transgressor's deed;
Wrest from Jove's hand the slow-avenging rod,
And doubly die the sanguinary code; 190
Ordain, coerce, prohibit at your will;
Nature shall brave them all, and triumph still.

Though no fierce combat on the ensanguin'd plain,
Or added soil distinguish'd Numa's reign,
A fairer palm his bloodless annals boast; 195
Rome gain'd in virtue what in fame she lost.
Not viol tun'd, or melting song, so finds
The magick way to fierce untutor'd minds,

Not

Not on the thirsty glebe ambrosial rain
So opes its bosom for the teeming grain, 200
As sweet religion's heaven-descended dew
Their mild effects o'er social life diffuse;
Then holier shrines in mortal breasts are rear'd,
And truth is sacred when a God's rever'd.
Let hope and fear compact the moral chain, 205
A stronger power than man may man restrain;
These are the springs invisible above,
The human will to good or ill to move:
All virtue else in the tempestuous mind,
Is weak, as Bibulus to Cæsar join'd: 210
Who, without these the passions would command,
But holds a tyger in a flowery band.

* Bibulus was Cæsar's colleague in the consulship, and at first made some attempts to control him, but was soon obliged to desist, and to pass in entire insignificance the remainder of his nominal magistracy. This year of Rome was called the consulship of Julius and Cæsar.

LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

Man's love of life beyond even life extends,
 Begins with breath, nor leaves him when it ends :
 Pleas'd with renew'd existence, he believes 215
 A second being in his heirs revives.
 Yet see relentless Brutus, plac'd on high,
 Devote his sons to death, and view them die.
 Their youth, their conscious shame for the offence,
 Turn advocates more strong than innocence ; 220
 And soft compassion had their doom delay'd,
 But oh ! the inexorable father sway'd.
 Not instantaneous were the sufferers' pains ;⁷
 The licitor's scourge first tore their spouting veins ;
 Then stooping mangled to the bloody block, 225
 Their forfeit necks receiv'd the severing stroke.

⁷ Exuit patrem ut consulem ageret, orbusque vivere quam publicæ vindictæ deesse maluit. Val. Max. l. v. c. viii.

⁸ —παντα τα περι την τιμωριαν εθη και νομιμα φυλατλων, οσα τοις κακουργοις αποκειλαι παθειν, εν αγορα, παντων ορωντων, αιχιθεντας τα σωματα πληγαις αυτης, απασι τοις γινομενοις παρων, τοτε συνεχωρησε της αυχενας τοις πελεκεσιν αποκοπηναι. Dion. Hal. l. v.

Unmov'd

Unmov'd he sat ;⁹ while tears and groans confess'd
 The heaving pangs of every other breast.
 O heart of triple brass ! can love of fame
 Extinguish nature, to exalt a name ? 230
 Serenely could thine eye a sight behold,
 Which chills the stranger's vital tide, when told ?
 What praise, alas ! can fortitude receive,
 Which none would imitate, nor all believe ?
 Take then, inhuman ! thy ambition's lot ; 235
 Thy pride's remember'd, and their crime forgot.
 Amazement fill'd the throng ;—the general ire
 Was lost in horror at the obdurate sire ;
 While justice, pausing, trembled to divide
 The patriot's title with the parricide. 240
 Preposterous scene ! Consul rever'd and curst ;
 Faithful to Rome, to nature's laws unjust !

⁹ Ὑπὲρ ἀπάντα δὲ τὰ παραδοξὰ καὶ θαυμαστὰ τῷ ἀνδρὶ, τὸ ἀτενὲς τῆς οὐσίας καὶ
 τὸ ἀτέγκτον πν'---μονος ἕτε ἀνακλαυσάμενος ὡφθῇ τοῦ μοροῦ τῶν παιδῶν, καὶ
 ἀπομωχῶς αὐτοῦ τῆς καθέξουσας τοῦ οἴκου ἐρημίας. DION. HAL. l. v.

Posterity the dread award repeals;
 More for the traitors than the judge she feels;
 Averts with shuddering awe th'astonish'd gaze, 245
 And gives, at best, but wonder for thy praise.
 Had any voice but thine pronounc'd their doom,
 No pitying sigh had grac'd their guilty tomb:
 Had other eyes at their sad fate look'd on,
 The tears of Rome had fall'n for thee alone; 250
 But in thy children's vital blood array'd,—
 Stern justice turns a monster, so display'd.
 Virtues o'erstrain'd, like strings in musick, fly,
 Or, jarring, spoil sweet nature's harmony;
 And actions, where humanity must frown, 255
 Excite but horror, not deserve renown.⁹

TRIBUNES.

⁹ We find from Virgil, that even the hard-hearted Romans were divided in their opinion upon this most extraordinary transaction:

“ ——— utcunque ferent ea facta minores,—” Virg. *Æn.* vi.

Manlius, however, presents another example of still more extravagant and unnatural rigour, when he condemns his son, a gallant young conqueror, to death, for a slight deviation from discipline. This barbarian,
I
after

TRIBUNES. CORIOLANUS.

Ere time's slow current in his gradual course
 Had purg'd the foulness of Rome's natal source,
 Who could expect in her young state to see
 High birth assum'd, and pride of family? 260
 To see the outlaw's, ruffian's, robber's brood,
 Puff'd with pre-eminence of noble blood?

after exhorting the young man in an unfeeling declamation to bear his fate with magnanimity, ordered his head to be struck off, and looked on at the execution of the sentence. It is reasonable to suppose that the power of life and death given by the Roman laws to parents over their children, might, in some degree, have weakened the ties of natural affection, and substituted in their place ideas of severity, which led to excesses otherwise unaccountable. Parents had it in their option either to bring up a new-born child, or to suffer it to perish: thus, what would among us be considered as the most extreme proof of inhumanity, was then looked upon as a matter of indifference. The whole youth of Rome were in a state of actual slavery; with this difference only, that their masters were their fathers. Among Catiline's conspirators was A. Fulvius, "senatoris filius; quem retractum ex itinere parens necari jussit." This parental order is mentioned by Sallust, whose words I have just now quoted. This is the state, from which declaimers are fond of taking their images of liberty.

Yet, with the names of different orders known,
 Were the first seeds of fierce dissension sown.
 Soon was the mean original forgot, 265
 The clay-built city, and the straw-roof'd cot:
 The new patrician now survey'd with scorn
 The poor plebeian, as his vassal born;
 With ostentatious pageantry display'd
 The saucy ensigns of his proud parade. 270
 Thus, in the world's great garden, still we see,
 The weed of quickest growth is vanity.
 But yet more hateful, by a baser vice,
 To this he join'd insatiate avarice; 274
 And made the power which wealth bestows to bless,
 To poverty the source of wretchedness.
 Not long the spark of discord smother'd lay,¹
 Firy and fierce it flam'd to open day;
 The outrag'd sullen peasant soon began
 To poize his strength, and feel himself a man; 280

¹ Civitas secum ipsa discors intestino inter patres plebemque flagrabat odio, maxime propter nexos ob æs alienum. LIV. l. ii. c. 23.

His well-brac'd arm and massy club deny'd
 The vain distinctions of usurping pride;
 Till in the pompous magistrate he saw
 The insult only, and forgot the awe.
 Power which to full maturity would grow, 285
 To save the substance, should conceal the show.
 They met, as hostile elements, to jar,
 With all the rancour of intestine war;
 Petition and respect no more were heard,
 The tribune's *veto* made the people fear'd;² 290
 Sacred his person too, with every fence
 Stern law could frame, to shield his insolence:
 So, with that sturdy magistrate to lead,
 Bold innovation rais'd its towering head,³
 Till liberty's high spirit, in excess, 295
 Foam'd with the dregs of foul licentiousness:

² Agi deinde de concordia cæptum, concessumque in conditiones, ut plebi sui magistratus essent sacrosancti, quibus auxilii latio adversus consules esset; neve cui patrum capere eum magistratum liceret. LIV. l. ii. c. 33.

Εκ τούτων κατέστη τοις Ρωμαίοις εθος, τα των δεμαρχων σωματα ιερα ειναι, και μεχρι τς καθ' ημας χρονu διαμενει. DION. HAL. l. vi.

³ — καθ' συνιτεταρακτο πας ο πολιτικος κοσμος. *Ibid.*

Like

Like Scylla, by her barking offspring torn,
Rome felt their rage, and felt it but to mourn.

Chas'd by the rabble from the factious town,
Nor shelter'd by his name's deserv'd renown, 300
See Coriolanus to his foes repair,
Excite their fury, and conduct the war.⁴

Dire as a comet in th'eventful hour,
O'er his black brow the frowns of Até lour;
The suppliant deputations sent from home, 305
Return unheeded, or rebuk'd, to Rome :

For abject now, as insolent before,
The people's boasted triumph soon was o'er ;
But breathing vengeance in his ireful mood,
Deaf to their prayers the surly exile stood. 310

At length, the matron train his mother leads ;
Nature's soft murmur in his bosom pleads :
His weeping wife, in all her modest charms,
An infant child, with helpless outstretch'd arms,

⁴ *Damnatus absens in Volscos abiit, minitans patriæ, hostilesque jam
tum spiritus gerens. Liv. l. ii. c. 35.*

Touch'd

Touch'd every spring where social pity lay, 315
 And bade the husband, sire, and son, obey:
 O'ercome by these, the Volscian host retires,
 While he, a victim to their rage, expires.⁵

Thus ever, when opposing duties meet, 319
 And adverse interests make one breast their seat,
 By both distracted, and to neither true,
 Passion precedes, and ruin must ensue.

Never had Rome a braver soldier bred;
 Her martial files to victory he led;
 And thrice his brows the oaken garland wore, 325
 While many an honest scar his bosom bore:
 But much unskilful in the arts of peace,
 His merits with the shouts of battle cease;
 He scorn'd the forum, (fraud and strife's abode,)
 War his delight, and Mars his favourite God. 330
 Sincere and dauntless, his aspiring soul
 Form'd to command, but ill endur'd control;

⁵ Νικας, ω μητερ, ηκ ευτυχη νικην ητε σεαυτη, ητ' εμοι---περισσονται αυτου οι
 δρασυτατοι, και συναραττοντες τοις λιδοις, αποκτινυσουσιν. DION. HAL. l. viii.

Rash, angry thoughts, which prudences should conceal,
His pride would dictate, and his tongue reveal;
This knew his crafty foes, who watch'd to raise 335
The kindling spark, and fann'd it to a blaze;
Then all their lurking malice could desire,
Burst out impetuous from his boundless ire.
So falls the unsuspecting lion, led 339
Where first with art the treacherous toils lie spread.
All virtues but discretion he possess'd;
Yet wanting that, in vain he own'd the rest:
That cautious humble guide experience finds
Scorn'd or neglected by heroick minds;
And yet no safer pilot can be near, 345
Through life's rough tide man's dangerous course
to steer.

DECENVIRS. ROMAN LAWS.

GLADIATORS.

Rome's wars or treaties with each petty state
Were dull to read, and tedious to relate;
But as the wily fowler with his nets,
Brood after brood, the feathery game besets, 350
Or as th'encroaching gradual tide flows on,
One region first, and then the next to drown,
So, by her arts, or arms, at last obtain'd,
The sovereign rule o'er every power she gain'd.⁶

Matchless in war, and by examples great, 355
Laws still were wanting to confirm the state.
By no establish'd, well-known rule confin'd,
Decision varied with the judge's mind;

⁶ The books of Maccabees, though treating of times much subsequent to this period, express very well the estimation in which the Romans were held by all nations. See the eighth chapter of the first book.

Wisdom and weakness in their turns appear'd,
 And Themis was obey'd, but not rever'd. 360
 But now with ancient written science fraught,
 More certain codes from polish'd Greece were
 sought:⁷

On this pretence, the fierce Decemvir's hand,
 Three years supreme, oppress'd the groaning land,
 Till with a ravisher's polluting arms 365
 His lustful fury seiz'd Virginia's charms.⁸
 To bid her name in spotless honour rest,
 See the sad sire transfix his daughter's breast.
 " Appius! (he cries) by the dear blood thus shed,
 " To sure destruction I devote thy head.⁹ 370

⁷ Allatas à Græcia leges decem principes lecti, jubente populo, conscripserant: ordinataque erat in duodecim tabulis tota justitia.

FLOR. l. i. c. 24.

⁸ Appius eo insolentiæ elatus est, ut ingenuam virginem stupro destinaret. FLOR. *ut sup.*

⁹ Pectus deinde puellæ transfigit, respectansque ad tribunal, " te (inquit) Appi, tuumque caput sanguine hoc consecro."

LIV. l. iii. c. 48.

" To

“ To thee and thy posterity remain
“ The crime and danger, though to me the pain:
“ Around her grave unfading wreaths shall bloom;
“ Thine be the father’s curse, and murderer’s doom!
“ Vein of my heart! with this unwilling wound, 375
“ I send thee, yet unspotted, to the ground.”

Wildly, aloft the reeking knife he bears,
Hot vengeance burning up his furious tears.
Oh, piteous spectacle! the sweetest maid
Of all the virgin train, in death thus laid! 380
No matron eye that saw her, but approv’d;
No youthful, manly heart, but sigh’d, and lov’d.
Pale her soft cheek, and clos’d her beamy eyes,
On the cold ground a welt’ring corse she lies.
A soul more form’d, all joys to share, and give, 385
Earth cou’d not lose, nor opening heaven receive.
Fir’d at the sight, the outrageous people rise,
Till the crush’d tyrant for the virgin dies.

Thus Rome again preserv’d, again might date
Her second freedom from a woman’s fate. 390

Ingloriously the shameful period pass'd,
 While abject slavery the soul debas'd ;
 No enterprize of gallant note begun,
 No ally succour'd, and no field was won :
 Like an ungenial frost, the tyrant's power 395
 Had blighted every virtue's opening flower.

Though less unpolish'd than the nations round,
 What barbarous licence in her code is found ?
 The sire, absolv'd from nature's tenderest tye,
 Might doom to death his helpless progeny ;¹ 400
 And rights more cruel o'er the prostrate slave
 To each hard master the prescription gave :
 Torture and stripes, for every slight offence,
 Or unprovok'd, the tyrant might dispense ;

¹ Jus autem potestatis quod in liberos habemus proprium est civium Romanorum ; nulli enim alii sunt homines, qui talem in liberos habent potestatem, qualem nos habemus. JUSTIN. Inst. l. i.

Quidquid peperisset, decreverunt tollere. TER. Andr. Aët. I. sc. iii.

Quo defunctus est die, [Germanicus,] lapidata sunt templa,---partus conjugum expositi. SUET. in Calig. 5.

Numerum liberorum finire, aut quenquam ex agnatis necare, [apud Germanos] flagitium habetur. TAC. GERM. xix.

And,

And, if a deed of blacker die was done,² 405
 They slaughter'd hundreds, for the crime of one.³
 Yet mark how gravely Livy's page assents⁴
 To the mild tenor of Rome's punishments:
 Reversing thus the purpose laws should seek, 409
 The strong they strengthen'd, and oppress'd the weak.
 Inhuman too their sports. Their eyes were fed
 With grim delight, when gladiators bled;
 The mangled wretches learn'd with grace to die,
 So to enhance the unnatural luxury.

² Ceterum cum, vetere ex more, familiam omnem quæ sub eodem tecto mansitaverat, ad supplicium agi oporteret, concursu plebis quæ tot innoxios protegebat, usque ad seditionem ventum est.

TAC. ANNAL. l. xiv. c. 42.

³ So late as the time of the emperor Adrian, the following restrictions with regard to slaves were considered as innovations:

Servos a dominis occidi vetuit, eosque jussit damnari per judices, si digni essent.

Si dominus in domo interemptus esset, non de omnibus servis quæstionem haberi, sed de his qui per vicinitatem poterant sentire, præcepit.

ÆL. SPART. ADR. CÆS.

⁴ Primum ultimumque illud [Metii Suffetii] supplicium apud Romanos exempli parum memoris legum humanarum fuit. In aliis gloriari licet nulli gentium mitiores placuisse pœnas. LIV. l. i. c. 28.

As gluttons praise the hospitable lord, 415
 When costly viands heap his plenteous board,
 Who then most multiply'd the dreadful sight,
 Was most esteem'd the people's favourite :

So wolves and pards, endow'd with human sense,
 Might better shew their savage preference. 420

And near five cent'ries was Rome's vigour grown
 Ere yet these sanguinary sights were known.⁵

Thus closely link'd the strange advance we see
 Of new refinement, and new cruelty :

Some gaudy shew, a rustick daub'd with lees, 425

And Thespis' cart, in earlier times could please ;

No more delight the unletter'd Roman sought

Than wonder, or vacuity of thought :

And better so, than with new sense to drain

Preposterous pleasure from the source of pain. 430

Conscious themselves how deep impressions lie,
 From shews repeated to the gazing eye,

⁵ Barbari moris auctores M. et D. Junii Bruti, nescio qua pietate defuncti patris cineres honoraturi, gladiatorium munus ediderunt, magno favore civitatis. A. U. C. 490. Frein. Sup. Liv. l. xvi. c. 42.

Nor willing to pervert the female mould,
 From soft to fierce, from innocent to bold,
 Augustus bade the women not appear 435
 At sights within the ghastly theatre.⁶—
 Familiar thus with spectacles of blood,
 Their hearts were dauntless, but were seldom good;⁷
 Proud, warlike, and inflexibly severe,
 No note of pity touch'd their callous ear; 440
 But still dispos'd new pleasure to receive
 From pains which nature prompts us to relieve,
 The clarion's martial sound their bosom warms,
 Responsive only to the din of arms.
 Rome, like Achilles as a maid disguis'd, 445
 All ornament, but shining steel, despis'd.
 In such a state we wonder not to find
 A Nero and Domitian waste mankind.

⁶ —edixeritque mulieres ante horam quintam venirent in theatrum, non placere. SUET. in Aug. 44.

Jungendus est his P. Sempronius sophus, qui conjugem repudii notâ affectit, nihil aliud quam se ignorante ludos ausam spectare.

VAL. MAX. l. vi. c. 3.

⁷ Εἰσθεις δ' οὐν αιματος και φωνων αναπιμπλασθαι, προπεϊεστερον και ταις αλλαις σφαγαις εχρησατο. DION. CASS. l. lx. 13.

ROMAN SOLDIERS

First received pay at the siege of Veii.

Aspiring Rome bold Veii harrass'd most,
 And many a field was won, and many lost; 450
 Till patient of a ten years' siege she fell,⁸
 Nor left e'en walls, where once she tower'd to tell.⁹
 Ere this, unpaid but by the hopes of spoil,
 The Roman warrior bore the battle's toil;
 But while abroad the conqu'ring sword he wields,
 Untill'd and barren lay his little fields; 456
 Hence, one sharp conflict o'er, he left the plain,
 And rich with plunder, sought his home again:
 No long continued object was pursued
 With patient, persevering fortitude. 460

⁸ Veientium quanta res fuerit, indicat decennis obsidio.

FLOR. l. i. c. 12.

⁹ Rapti funditus deletique Veientes. *Ibid.*

But

But now the Senate, wiser grown, require
A general tax to pay the soldier's hire;¹
Who, unrepining thus, consents to bear
The lengthen'd service of the varying year.
And but for this, her conquests had not reach'd 465
Beyond where fertile Italy lay stretch'd;
Carthage unrivall'd had usurp'd the main,
And Eastern Kings enjoy'd their gorgeous reign;
The German in his wilds untam'd had stray'd,
Nor Britain tribute to bold Julius paid: 470
But imp'd by this, her eagle's wing could soar
To nobler heights, and stoop at every shore;
Mountains and seas were then securely pass'd,
When space and seasons were by gold effac'd.

¹ Tunc primum hiematum sub pelliis, taxata stipendio hiberna.

FLOR. l. i. c. 12.

PLEBEIANS ADMITTED TO THE CONSULSHIP.*

As oft great fires from sparks minute begin, 475
 So, great events from a slight origin.³
 What object to grave wisdom's eye appears
 More unimportant, than a woman's tears?
 The favourite type of many a sportive bard;
 How oft to April's transient showers compar'd? 480
 Yet these soft arms resistless have been found
 By breasts, which keener weapons fail'd to wound:
 To souls repulsive of assault and force
 Silent and sure they steal their melting course;
 Their subtle progress noiselessly begin, 485
 And scarce perceiv'd without, till felt within.
 'Gainst swords or darts, prepar'd with shields we fight;
 'Gainst beauty's tears, our safety is our flight.

* For the beginning of this transaction see Livy, l. vi. c. 34. The whole passage is too long to be inserted.

³ Parva (ut plerumque solet) rem ingentem moliundi causa intervenit. Liv. *ut sup.*

The robes of honour by plebeians worn,
 From Rome's reluctant lords by force were torn; 490
 Commotion ever follow'd the demand,
 And civil discord rent the jarring land:
 Resolv'd to keep, and eager to acquire,
 These strongly guard what fiercely those desire;
 When with the Great their proud pretensions fail'd,
 Then clamour, menace, and revolt prevail'd; 496
 Illustrious ancestry one Order pleads;
 The other, right, from more illustrious deeds.
 Sacred the consul's toga still remain'd,
 As yet by the inferior tribes unstain'd;
 But by a woman's tears at last was gain'd.*

Two daughters sprung from Fabius, Hymen led,
 Pleas'd, to a noble, and plebeian bed;
 The elder shar'd Sulpicius' lofty state,
 And wealthy Stolo was the younger's mate: 505

* Enfin les larmes d'une femme emporterent ce que l'éloquence, les brigues, et les cabales des tribuns n'avoient pu obtenir.

Vertot. REV. ROM. l. vii.

The warrior-tribune's ensigns grac'd the one ;⁵
By no distinction was the other known,
But riches, and obscurity of worth,
Unblazon'd by high titles or high birth.
It chanc'd, the humbler wife, as yet content, 510
To visit her proud sister's mansion went;
There, while her thrifty hands the loom employs,
Alarm'd, she hears an unaccustom'd noise ;
The rattling rods, which on the tribune wait,
Proclaim'd his pompous entrance at the gate. 515
Her simple mind some danger near believ'd,
Not by her conscious sister unperceiv'd.
" Fabia, (she cried) these sounds are new to thee,
" By custom long familiariz'd to me ;
" These are my husband's train, who walk before,
" And wait the tribune's entrance at his door.
" Such sounds your quiet dwelling ne'er molest,
" More humble doubtless, tho' perhaps more bless'd:

⁵ Military tribunes, more in number (which fluctuated) than the consuls, had among them the same power.

" Some

“ Some discontent must every station share,
“ Nor is our dignity exempt from care. 525
“ But come, dismiss this low, plebeian fear,
“ My lord’s rude lictors never enter here;
“ In the same house I keep a separate home,
“ Where, uninvited, not ev’n he may come.”
Deep sinks the taunt.—Nor joy, nor wonted rest, 530
Find harbour in the insulted Fabia’s breast.
To her scorn’d home, dejected, she returns;
Now pines with envy, now with anger burns;
Health’s vermeil hue her fading cheeks forsook,
And Niobe seem’d pictur’d in her look. 535
Her sire, and doating husband, long in vain
Tried to explore the secret source of pain;
Each grasps her hand, repeats his tender fears,
Entreats to know:—she answers but with tears.
With streaming eyes at last the cause she tells, 540
And her patrician sister’s scorn reveals:
“ But never shall this bosom comfort know,
“ Never these ceaseless streams forbear to flow,
“ Till

“ Till Rome’s proud lords hear shouting Rome
proclaim

“ Your right, like their’s, to every rank the same ;

“ And that ennobled dame be forc’d to see

“ Her spirit quell’d, and state surpass’d by me.”

Thus spoke she weeping. By her grief impress’d,

The ambitious project swell’d her husband’s breast :

Invoking every sacred Power, he swears 550

The insult to avenge, and dry her tears.

To aid the purpose labouring in his mind

With his own strength confederate force he join’d.

Old Fabius too, by grey experience wise,

Maturer counsels to their youth supplies ; 555

One common interest all their hopes inspir’d,

One vow engag’d them, and one ardour fir’d.

Besides, the scent of mischief lur’d along

(The scum of towns) a numerous noisy throng;

Bellowers, unfit to govern or obey, 560

Who little heed the cause, but love the fray ;

Wholesome

Wholesome restraint they call the chain of slaves,
Their reason in their roar, and rhet'rick in their
staves.

In vain to check their rage the nobles try'd ;
" Let us be consuls," still the people cry'd. 565
Increasing zeal increasing numbers found ;
The forum rent, return'd no second sound.
At length, the weary chiefs, o'erpower'd, retreat,
Desert their tower, and own the full defeat.
Of like success though like endeavours fail'd, 570
In pride's contention female pride prevail'd :
Fabia retorts her scoffing sister's scorn,
And, smiling, sees her humbled in her turn.
Years after years had eloquence, in vain,
And art and force this honour toil'd to gain; 575
But Fortune, still averse, reserv'd the prize
To prove the matchless power of woman's eyes.⁵

ROMAN

⁵ I have willingly adopted this sisterly quarrel, as the cause of an important change in the internal policy of Rome; first, because it has a complexion

ROMAN LEGION.

Some God, propitious to the Roman name,
 (Vegetius cries) inspir'd the legion's frame.⁷
 More ponderous arms than other soldiers wore,
 With ease, from custom, the main body bore.

complexion peculiarly suited to familiar poetry, and therefore mixing agreeably with other subjects of a darker hue; and next, because I am pleased to have any opportunity of paying every possible tribute to the importance of that sex, to whose sweetness and unostentatious virtues men are obliged for all that can soften the cares of life, or perhaps make them supportable; but I believe, at the same time, that the event was only hastened, and not produced, by the occurrence which I have related. The cause lay deeper: the general diffusion of wealth, from which importance is inseparable, sufficiently accounts for it. Though the French author I have quoted above, with the *quondam* gallantry of his countrymen, gives more weight to the tears of a lady than to state intrigues: Livy, with more circumspection, only says, this female pique was *among* the causes which opened the consulship to plebeians: "*parva causa intervenit,*" is his expression.

⁷ Non tantum humano consilio, sed etiam Divinitatis instinctu legiones a Romanis arbitror constitutas.

VEGET. *de Re Mil.* l. ii. c. 21.

Light

Light nimble troops were posted on the flanks,
 With horse to charge the foes' disorder'd ranks;⁸
 Slingers and archers too, who sent from far
 Their lead and arrows to provoke the war. 585
 Machines for every siege were in its train,
 With tools to encamp, and fortify the plain.
 Thus in each separate legion's form we see
 Compris'd an army's just epitome.⁹ 589
 Not Macedon's firm phalanx could compare
 With this proud boast and master-work of war:
 Thence were Rome's thunders on the nations hurl'd;
 With this strong engine she subdued the world.¹
 But when by this the subject earth was spoil'd,
 The faithless engine on herself recoil'd; 595

⁸ Nel' assalir son pronti, e nel ritirarsi;
 E combatton fuggendo erranti e sparsi. TASSO, can. i.

⁹ Universa quæ in quoque belli genere necessaria esse creduntur, secum legio debet ubique portare, ut in quovis loco fixerit castra, armatam faciet civitatem. VEGET. de Re Mil. l. ii. c. 25.

¹ ΠΕΝΤΑΧΙΣ ΜΕΝ ΧΙΛΙΟΙΣ ΚΑΙ ΔΥΑΚΟΣΙΟΙΣ ΠΕΖΗΣ, ΙΠΠΕΙΣ ΔΕ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΙΟΙΣ ΕΧΟΥ ΕΚΑΣΤΟΥ.
 POLYB. l. ii.

Not long employ'd to serve the parent state,
It humbled her, to make her tyrants great;^a
A sad exchange was all her pride could boast,
Mankind subdued, and her own freedom lost.
'Tis vain to talk of liberty in states, 600
Where the fierce soldier's arm predominates;
Prompt to obey the stern commander's word,
He finds the law's sole comment in his sword;
With floods and fire his character accords,
The best of servants, but the worst of lords. 605

^a When Marius and Sylla, Cæsar, Anthony, Augustus and all the subsequent emperors, enslaved Rome, by having the legions at their devotion.

HANNIBAL.

HANNIBAL.

A. U. C. 534.

Thus far, where'er assailing or assail'd,
 The event was certain, and Rome's arms prevail'd.
 But see at last great Hannibal appear;
 See her proud genius taught at last to fear. 609
 Thy towers, Saguntum, by his skill o'erthrown,³
 Had fill'd th' admiring world with his renown:
 A dreadful prelude thy sad ruins yield
 Of Thrasimene, and Cannæ's direr field.
 While yet a child, led by his warlike sire,⁴
 'Gainst Rome the infant's lips denounc'd his ire; 615
 His little hands outstretch'd, the altar bore
 Eternal record of the oath he swore;

³ Saguntum fœderatam civitatem vi expugnavit. COR. NEP. in Han.

— λαβομένου της δεξίας προσαγαγειν αυτου προς τον βωμον, και κελευειν
 αιψαμένου των ιερων ομνυναι μηδεποτε Ρωμαίοις ευνοησειν. POLYB. I. iii.

⁴ Pater Amilcar (inquit Annibal) Antioche, parvum admodum me,
 cum sacrificaret, altaribus admotum jurejurando adegit, nunquam ami-
 cum fore populi Romani. LIV. I. xxxv. c. 19.

And, deeply crimson'd with Patrician blood,⁵
 The promise of his tongue his sword made good.
 No dangers his intrepid soul could daunt;⁶ 620
 Sagacious, hardy, cool, and vigilant.
 Mankind in wonder of his daring lost,
 He pour'd on Italy a mingled host.
 On the huge peak, whose giant ribs command⁷
 The teeming soil of soft Ausonia's land, 625
 He stops well pleas'd, to scent the sharpen'd breeze
 From fuming rills, and undulating trees,
 Whose fruits not yet were warm in infant down,
 In rugged rinds, or husks of cruder brown.

⁵ Documenta cladis, cruentus aliquandiu Aufidus. FLOR. l. ii. c. 6.

⁶ Plurimum audaciæ ad pericula capessenda, plurimum consilii inter ipsa pericula erat. Nullo labore aut corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat. Caloris et frigoris patientia par: cibi potionisque, desiderio naturali, non voluptate, modus finitus: vigiliarum somnique nec die nec nocte discriminata tempora, &c. LIV. l. xxi. c. 4.

⁷ Prægressus signa Annibal, in promontorio quodam, unde longe ac late prospectus erat, consistere jussis militibus Italiam ostentat, &c.

LIV. l. xxi. c. 35.

— αμα δε η του της Ρωμης αυτης τοπον υποδεικνυντων, επι ποσων ευθαρσεις εποινσε τοις ανθρωποις. POLYB. l. iii.

The vacant steer he views, with wicker'd food 630
Well pent and plenteous, by no toil renew'd;
Neat hamlets, sheds, small fanes of rustick mould,
And gaudier shrines, but built with hostile gold.

With grim delight his cruel eyes survey
The sturdy hinds, his battle's future prey; 635
Now health's cold gale contented they respire,
And hope an early sun, the poor man's fire.

The gay light tenants of the snow-top'd groves
Flit by unmark'd, to cheer their drooping loves:
Not so the raven's croak, the eagle's scream; 640
Soft to his iron sense their bodings seem.

" My birds, (he cries) your friends, your feeders know;

" Behold my labouring Africans below :

" To Jove if prostrate Italy be dear,

" Let one perpetual winter chill the year; 645

" For, lo, I come, and as I come prepare

" Havock, and waste, and all the woes of war." ⁸

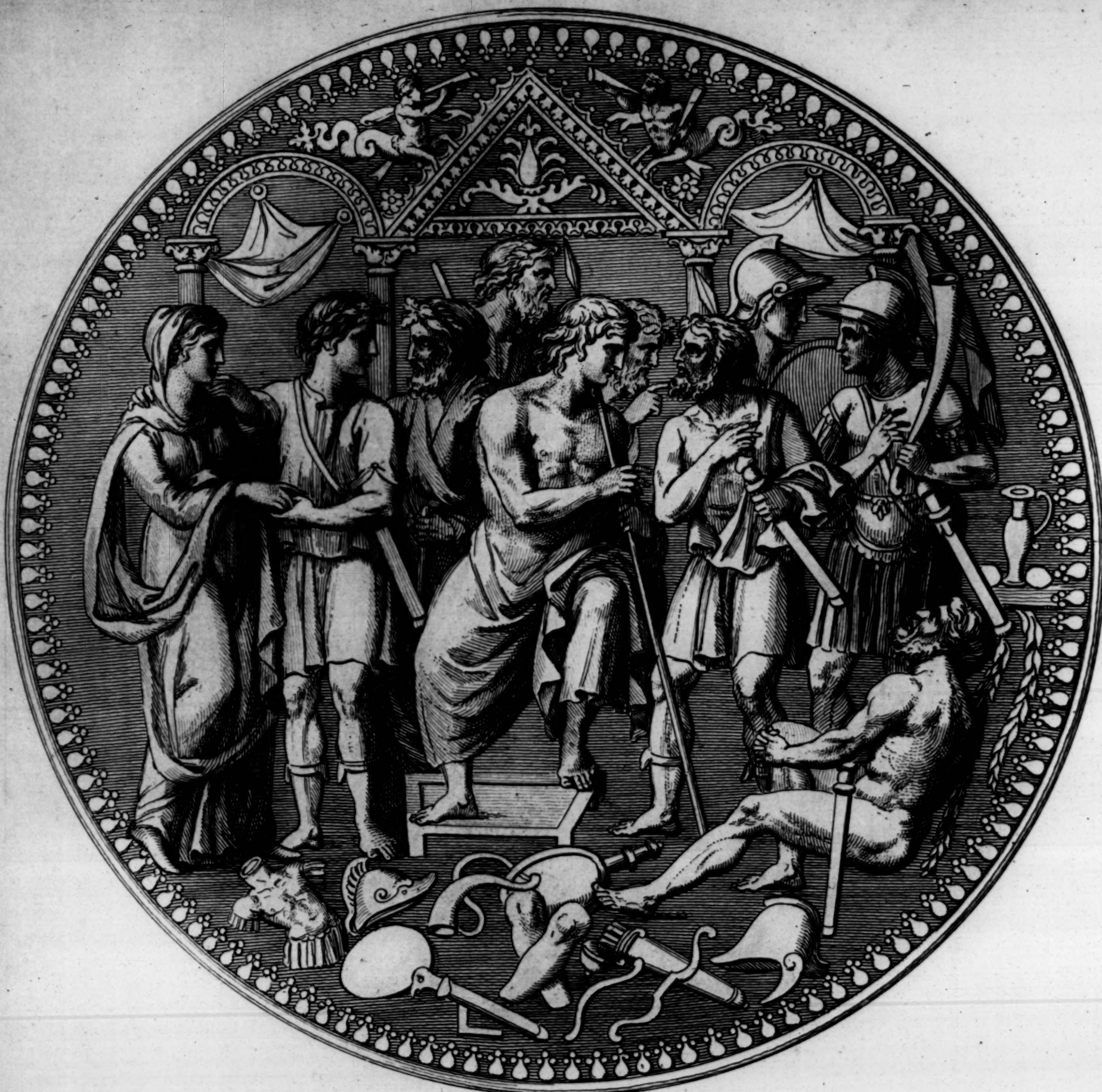
⁸ Quamdiu in Italia fuit, nemo ei in acie restitit, nemo adversus eum post Cannensem pugnam in campo castra posuit. COR. NEP. in Han.

Rome still resists, like her own Alpine oak,
 Shorn by the axe, or lightning's sulph'rous stroke;
 Still the proud top unbending meets the skies, 650
 And still the earth-bound root the storm defies.
 How oft, alas! his course of glory run,
 Do clouds obscure the hero's setting sun!
 His means, his strength, all but his courage drain'd,
 And hate, immortal hate, which still remain'd; 655
 Driven out by base ingratitude from home,⁹
 And hunted by th' ungenerous fears of Rome;
 The matchless chief, with age and care declin'd,
 No shelter in Bythinia's court could find; 659
 There, dauntless as he liv'd, the envenom'd bowl
 Freed from her bonds of flesh his struggling soul;
 And unpropitious even in death to Rome,
 His dust upbraids her from the silent tomb.¹

P. C. SCIPIO

⁹ Bona ejus publicarunt, domum a fundamentis disjecerunt, ipsum exulem judicarunt. COR. NEP. in Han.

¹ Liberemus (inquit) diuturnâ curâ populum Romanum, quando mortem senis expectare longum censent. Nec magnam nec memorabilem



F. Bartoluzzi. R.A. sculp.

CLYPEUS VOTIVUS

Antiquus ex argento puro, pondo librarum XXI. diametri 2 ped. cum 2 unc. repertus in Rhodano prope Avenionem anno 1656: exhibens Scipionis Africani superioris memorandam actionem, quâ captam in expugnatione Carthagini novæ eximiâ formâ virginem Allucio Celtiberorum principi, cui desponsata erat, intactam gratis reddidit.

Polyb. X. 19. Liv. XXVI. 50. A Gell. VI. 8. Dion. Fragm. Peiresc. LVIII.

P. C. SCIPIO AFRICANUS. A. U. C. 544.

Young Scipio most by grateful Rome was priz'd,
By vanquish'd Hannibal immortaliz'd. 665

Her armies by the African o'erthrown,
Her means exhausted, and her pride beat down,
From woes on woes despondency ensued,
His gallant spirit only unsubdued :

His ardour breath'd an animating strain, 670
Till up she sprung, and grasp'd her arms again.

Of every virtue, every art possess'd,²
His foes rever'd him, and his country bless'd :
An eagle with the mildness of the dove, 674
His valour claim'd esteem, his goodness love ;
And manly beauty, beaming from his face,
To inborn dignity gave outward grace.

lem ex inermi proditoque Flaminius victoriam feret. Mores quidem populi Romani quantum mutaverint, vel hic dies argumento erit. Horum patres Pyrrho regi hosti armato, exercitum in Italia habenti, ut à veneno caveret, prædixerunt. Hi legatum consularem qui auctor esset Prusiæ per scelus occidendi hospitis, miserunt. LIV. l. xxxix. c. 51.

² Scipio Africanus superior, quem dii immortales nasci voluerunt, ut esset in quo se virtus per omnes numeros hominibus efficaciter ostenderet,—VAL. MAX. l. vi. c. 9.

Nor blaz'd his glory in the field alone,
 A harder conquest o'er himself he won :
 In the wild hour of passion's lawless reign,
 Rejecting joys bought by another's pain, 675
 Fond of the fair,⁵ in blooming beauty's pride
 To her true lord he gave the captive bride.
 If some smooth lawn its verdant mantle spreads,
 Nigh to where mountains lift their craggy heads,
 There the pleas'd eye directs its willing ray, 680
 Fatigu'd too long by nature's rude display :
 So his soft manners our regards engage,
 Midst the stern heroes of that warlike age.
 Nor think, the Great from their high place descend,
 Who choose the Muse's favourite for a friend, 685
 When mighty Scipio, Rome well pleas'd could see,
 With Ennius join'd, in kindest amity ;⁶

Could

⁵ Scipio's well-known continence, in the instance here alluded to, at the age of seven and twenty, was the more meritorious, as Polybius, his contemporary, informs us that he was naturally extremely amorous :
 "—συνειδοτες, ΦΙΛΟΓΥΝΗΝ οντα τον Πουπλιον,—." POLYB. x. 19.

⁶ Prior Africanus Q. Ennii statuam sepulchro imponi suo jussit ; clarumque illud nomen, immo vero spoliū ex tertia orbis parte raptum, in cinere supremo cum poetæ titulo legi. PLIN. Hist. Nat. l. vii. c. 30.
 L'intime liaison de Scipion avec le poëte Ennius, avec qui il voulut
 avoir

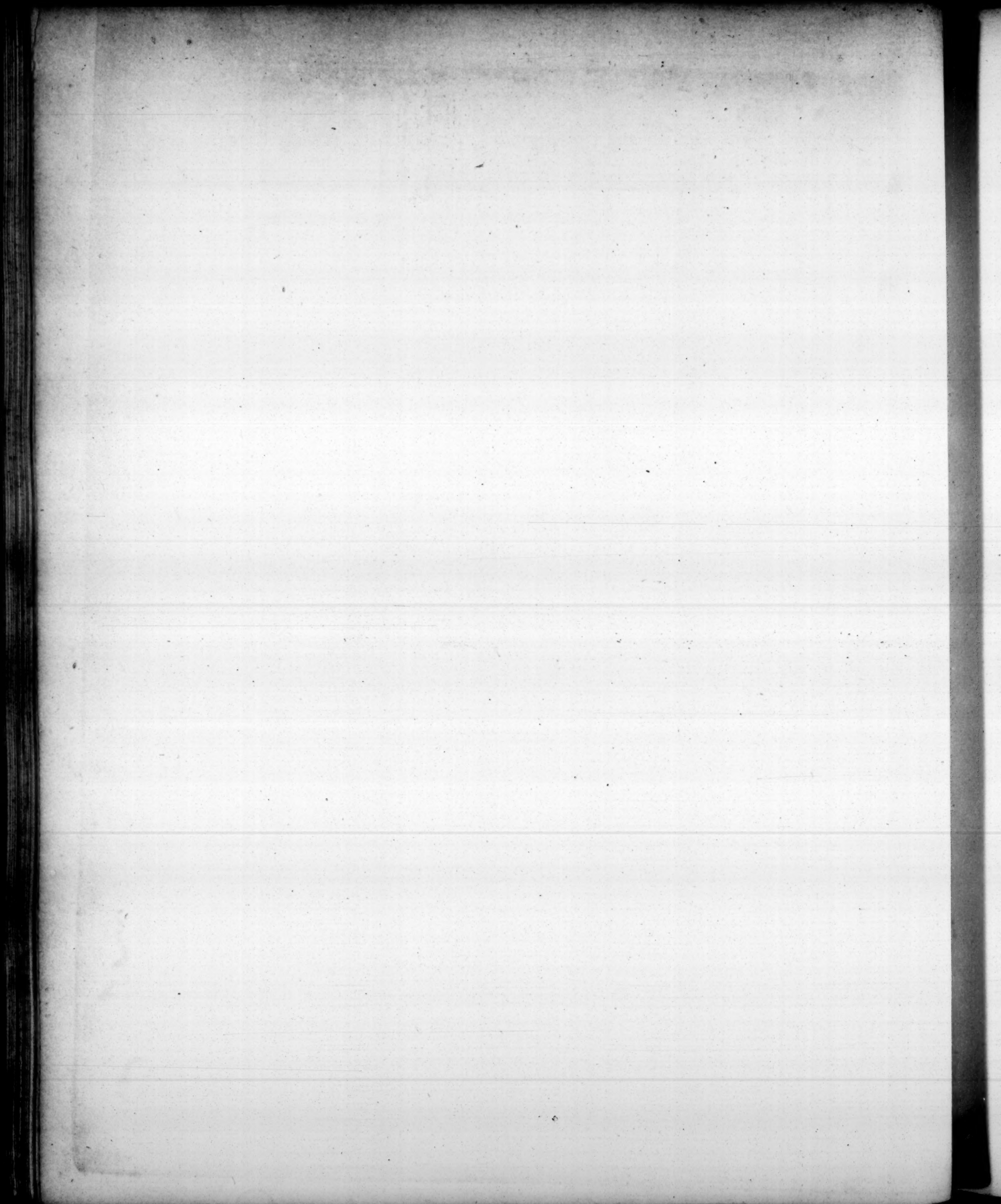


Carlo Labruzzi. del.

E. Harding Jun. Sc.

Two BUSTS, found in the Tomb of the Family of Scipio, discovered at Rome, near Porta Capena, in 1780; supposed to be the Busts of
P. C. SCIPIO AFRICANUS, THE ELDER,
and Q. ENNIUS.

*Romæ extra portam Capenam in Scipionum monumento
tres statuæ sunt; quarum duæ P. et I. Scipionum dicuntur
esse, tertia poetæ Q. Ennii. Liv. XXXVIII. 56.*



Could hear him wish their friendship might survive,
 When fate's last mandate bade them cease to live ;
 That not ev'n death their union might o'ercome, 690
 But blend their ashes in one common tomb.⁷

A hundred conquerors the world have torn ;
 Where were two Homers, or two Maros born ?⁸

Genius

avoir un tombeau commun, fait juger qu'il ne manquoit pas de goût pour les belles lettres. HIST. ROM. par Rollin. vol. vii.

⁷ Ennius emeruit, Calabris in montibus ortus,
 Contiguus poni, Scipio magne, tibi. OVID. de Arte Aman. l. iii.

⁸ Voltaire says, and he says truly, that the superiority of one nation over another may be better estimated by the superiority of its authors, particularly poets, than by its conquests, or extent of territory. Invention, wit, wisdom, and learning, are certainly preferable to bodily strength, constitutional courage, and the science of destruction. How would the glory of kingdoms fade, and their reputation wither, were they to remain with the fame of their military achievements, and to be deprived of their writers? Were the names of Homer and Demosthenes blotted out from the nativities of Greece; Virgil, Ovid, Cicero, and Livy, from those of Rome; Ariosto and Tasso from Italy; take from Spain her Lopez de Vega, Calderon, and Cervantes; Corneille, Racine, Moliere, and Boileau, from France; and—my pen shrinks while I write it—dismantle England of her Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, and what a mournful chasm would be left in the intellectual world! How would our present veneration for the countries which

H

produced

Genius is form'd from Nature's choicest clay,
While warriors are the ware of every day. 695

CHANGE OF ROMAN MANNERS AFTER THE
DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE.

A. U. C. 621.

Now other maxims, different spirits rise,
Gold's sordid thirst, and factious jealousies.
As watchful centinels alert are found,
Who fear the strict centurion's nightly round,—
While Hannibal the commonwealth oppress'd, 700
No latent power lay slumb'ring in the breast;
No hour in sloth or luxury was lost,
And every virtue rous'd up to its post:

produced these immortal names subside in a moment! They are the true luminaries of the world, and mental darkness in proportion would be the consequence of their extinction. The Goths and Tartars were as great destroyers of mankind as the Romans, but they owe the celebrity of their conquests to the genius of other nations.

There is no advantage upon which Ireland ought to value herself so much as her having given birth to such men as Southerne, Steele, Swift, Berkeley, Goldsmith, Burke, and Sheridan.—The barrenness of Scotland is covered by the fertile eloquence of her historians and moralists.

But with that mighty rival overthrown,
 Rome's awful monitor, the foe, was gone; 705
 When, proudly eminent, no more she fear'd,
 Then vigilance with danger disappear'd:
 As if too long buoy'd up, the publick mind
 Sunk to the languid level of mankind;
 All the forc'd qualities by habit taught, 710
 Gave way to appetites which Nature brought.*
 From pain, and peril, and unceasing toil,
 The springs of life spontaneously recoil;
 And man, soft man, from strong constraint set free,
 Seeks of himself his own felicity. 715
 Too long had Rome roll'd up the cumb'rous stone;
 It touch'd the top, and tumbled headlong down:
 As if her spirit in her armour lay,
 Fatigu'd, at once she cast them both away.

* *Potentiaë Romanorum prior Scipio viam aperuerat, luxuriæ posterior aperuit. Quippe remoto Carthaginis metu, sublatâque imperii emulâ, non gradu, sed præcipiti cursu, a virtute descitum, ad vitia transcursum; vetus disciplina deserta, nova inducta, in somnum a vigiliis, ab armis ad voluptates, a negotiis in otium conversa civitas. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. i.*

Plain dress, plain roofs, plain fare no more could
 please, 720

And down, not labour, gave their slumbers ease;
 Asiatick looms the Latian web depose,
 And the rough virtues by which first they rose.
 Now flow'ry chaplets shed their fragrant store 724
 Round the tann'd brow the helmet crush'd before;
 Relaxing baths, and precious ointments, lave
 The languid limbs once brac'd in Tyber's wave;
 For beechen bowls wax'd bright for homely use,
 From gold engrav'd they quaff'd the racy juice:¹
 Fastidious of rich wine, and high-sauc'd meat,² 730
 Musick and dance prolong'd the varying treat;
 All rare and exquisite alone was good,
 While earth and sea were ransack'd for their food:

¹ Καὶ βαθυ κισσυρίου κεκλυσμένου ἀδεί καρῶ, —. THEOC. Idyl. i.

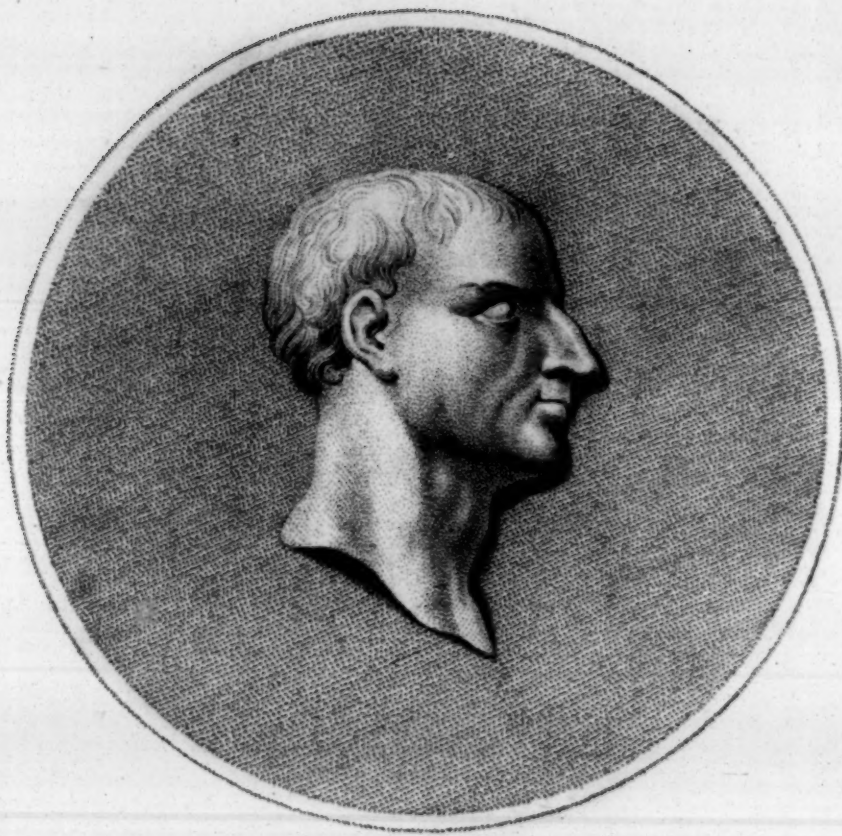
² Non auro, tectisve modus; mensasque priores
 Aspernata fames. LUCAN, l. i.

In each refinement of profusion skill'd,
Ears, eyes, and appetite, at once were fill'd. 735
Then Ostentation sought the admiring guest,
Not to partake, but to extol the feast;
Deceit, and Fraud, and Vanity stood by,
Wiles in each word, in every look a lie.
No coarse-clad merit at that gaudy board 740
Found glad admittance from its selfish lord;
For though like Tully the plain Roman talk'd,
What ear would listen?—for the Roman walk'd:
But if a chariot roll'd him o'er the road,
Or sweating slaves convey'd the living load, 745
O then, what eloquence in all he said!
What wisdom ev'n in silence he display'd!
The host himself on his proud entrance waits,
And reconducts him through his sculptur'd gates;
Or while his viands cram the glutton's throat, 750
Secures his cost, and claims the venal vote.

Thus chang'd the great,—while each inferior tribe
With hand outstretch'd expects the welcome bribe;
Keen

Keen as the noiseless glider through the brook
Devours the morsel on the tempting hook. 755
Noxious, like sultry Æthiopia's blast,
Through every rank the dire contagion pass'd;
Then wildly grasping with Briarean hands
The rich dominion of remoter lands,
For hard-fought combats, and a scanty prize, 760
Lo, feeble foes, and gaudy victories.
The hardy few, who saw and mourn'd the cause
Of pride's increase, and violated laws,
By mockery silenc'd, or in tumult slain,
Confirm'd the vices they oppos'd in vain. 765
Rome's boasted virtues blazon'd high by fame,
And still suppos'd by children who declaim,
(Though sometimes graver senators will join
To call the example glorious and divine,)
'Tis own'd, if truth her sage historians tell, 770
With Carthage fallen these ancient virtues fell.
Some manly qualities remain'd, 'tis true,
Extoll'd by many, but possess'd by few ;

In



MARIUS.

In council wise, and skilful in the field,
Pride and ambition to the last she held ; 775
But temperance, justice, faith, and candour lost,
To conquer without right was all her boast ;
Turning each new acquirement to a curse,
While all that should improve but made her worse.
If still prescription pleads the world's esteem, 780
Her greatness, not her morals, be the theme.

C. M A R I U S.

A. U. C. 649.

See, nurs'd by Furies, and for havock bred,
Where frowning Marius lifts his rugged head;
His stature tall, with giant strength endued,
Cruel by nature, and of manners rude ; 785
To these were join'd, as if for terror meant,
A thund'ring voice, and visage truculent.
A living column seem'd he in the wars,
Hewn from a quarry by the sword of Mars ;
Though

Though at Arpinum a Plebeian born,³ 790
 By him seven times the consul's robe was worn.
 Through every function of the camp he pass'd,
 Till merit rais'd him to command at last.
 Conscious of mean descent, he feign'd to scorn⁴
 The lazy greatness of the nobly born, 795
 Who doze, and yawn, and retrospective see
 Their sloth excus'd by vigorous ancestry.
 While these, proud symbols in their halls display'd,
 His cottage kindred shew'd the plough or spade:
 For still he deem'd it true substantial fame, 800
 Not to inherit, but create a name;
 Disdain'd the borrow'd splendor could be shed
 By glory beaming from another's head:
 As well his health or beauty might he claim,
 To prop a weak, or grace a homely frame. 805

³ Is natus, et omnem pueritiam Arpini altus,—. SAL. Bel. Jug.

⁴ Contemnunt novitatem meam, ego illorum ignaviam. Quanquam ego naturam unam, et communem omnium existumo, sed fortissimum quemque generosissimum. SAL. Bel. Jug.

“ What

" What men were once, (he cries) I little care;
 " What's pass'd, is pass'd; I value what they are.
 " The dwarf, from Hector or Alcides sprung,
 " Must still be feeble, though his sire was strong;
 " And Helen's daughter, with a Gorgon's face,
 " Would charm no hero by her mother's grace." 811
 Yet all his toil the nobles to deride,⁵
 Sprung less from principle than envious pride;

⁵ At Marius, antea jam infestus nobilitati, tum vero multus atque ferox instare: singulos modo, modo universos lædere. SAL. Bel. Jug.

Notwithstanding his mean birth, coarse education, military life, and ferocious nature, Marius is always described by the Roman writers, particularly by Tully, as a person of consummate art, great pride, and unbounded ambition. On many occasions he owed his success at home as much to the dexterity of his management as to the splendour of his name and the fame of his achievements. In his speeches, or those ascribed to him by Sallust, may be found the substance of almost all those arguments and reflections which have been ever since so frequently employed to raise the consequence of the people, and to depreciate the nobility.

Though persons of slender pretensions to ancestry are most frequently apt to boast of it, yet we sometimes find instances of the same weakness in men of high birth and unquestionable understanding. It was well said by Lord Chesterfield of Lionel Duke of Dorset, that his grace was as proud of his family as if his grandfather had been a blacksmith.

For though weak mortals should not boast of aught,
 What good man e'er his ancestors forgot? 815
 If bright the track their actions leave behind,
 Fair emulation fires the offspring's mind;
 But if foul deeds and shame their course disgrace,
 He quits the path, and runs a nobler race. 819
 High birth, like riches, men too much may prize,
 But those alone who have it not, despise.

Foremost in fight for ever was he found,
 Shar'd the coarse soldier's fare, his bed the ground,
 And lov'd the battle's shock, and the shrill trum-
 pet's sound.

Great his achievements, his ambition great, 825
 He sav'd, adorn'd, and then destroy'd the state.
 Damn'd in Rome's annals to eternal fame,
 Her genius trembled at his dreadful name;
 In ill unrivall'd, had not Sylla stood
 More hideous and defil'd with native blood.* 830

* Nihil illâ victoriâ fuisset crudelius, nisi mox Sullana esset secuta.

VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 22.

Alternate

Alternate Fortune o'er his life display'd
 Her brightest sunshine, and her gloomiest shade:
 The inconstant's minion him awhile we see,
 Then plung'd as low in hopeless misery.
 As the struck bull who strives in vain to shake 835
 The ill-aim'd hatchet from his bleeding neck,'—
 Not knowing where to hide his forfeit head,
 Bellowing with rage and shame, proscrib'd, he fled:
 Thus chas'd from Rome by conquering Sylla's sway,*
 All night in cold Minturnum's marsh he lay; 840
 'Till naked, hungry, from the quagmire's mud
 Defil'd he crept, to search for needful food;
 Then rudely seiz'd, and with a halter bound,
 A dungeon's straw receiv'd him on the ground.

* Quales mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram

Taurus, et incertam excussit cervice securim. VIRG. ÆN. ii.

* Marius post sextum consulatum, annoque septuagessimo, nudus ac limo obrutus, oculis tantummodo ac naribus eminentibus, extractus arundineti circa paludem Maricæ, in quam se, fugiens consectantes Sullæ equites, abdiderat, injecto in collum loro, in carcerem Minturnensium perductus est. &c. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 19.

To end the warrior's sufferings with the sword, 845
 A Cimbrian slave the dreary cell explor'd;
 Scar'd by his thund'ring voice, and dreadful look,
 The assassin's grasp the murderous steel forsook:
 An omen thence conceiv'd, his life was spar'd,
 And for his flight a friendly bark prepar'd; 850
 At Sicily he touch'd;—beat back by force,
 Vagrant he steer'd towards Africa his course;
 There his tir'd frame the hideous region found,
 Where ruin'd Carthage strew'd the steril ground.*
 He, midst the dust of all that once was great, 855
 Like Desolation's Anarch took his seat;
 Presenting thus to Contemplation's eye
 A two-fold image of calamity;
 The double work of persecuting fate,
 An exil'd statesman, and a perish'd state. 860
 Yet ev'n that sad asylum was deny'd;
 Again disturb'd he sought the uncertain tide.

* — inopemque vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginensium toleravit. VEL. PAT. ut sup.

His son, escap'd from false Numidia's snares,
To his stern father's hovering sail repairs ; 864
Then cheer'd with hopes from Cinna's arms at home,
The indignant outcast turn'd his prow towards Rome.
To direr pestilence as famine leads,¹
So Cinna's havock his revenge succeeds.
Fate in his nod, the gaunt destroyer walks
Through the thinn'd streets, and death before him
stalks : 870
Age pleads in vain, in vain the Flamen's prayer ;
How can Revenge and Rage be taught to spare ?
As o'er Parthenope Vesuvius stands,
The boast and terror of surrounding lands,—
Ere first to surge his waves of fire begin, 875
The mineral deluge boiling burns within ;
Thick smoke, in many a dark and awful wreath,
Rolling above, dismays the realm beneath ;

¹ Mox Caius Marius pestifero civibus suis reditu intravit mænia.

VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 22.

Black with the brooding storm of vengeful pride,
 So tower'd, so frown'd, the obdurate homicide. 880
 The famish'd dogs of death, restrain'd no more,
 Carouse and riot in Rome's richest gore.

Yet midst the horror of these frantick times,
 Chaos of ruin, massacre, and crimes,
 With these, the faithful Muse still bears along 885
 The tuneful errors of Lucretius' song;^a
 As if soft Philomel should build her bower
 Where vultures gorge, and screaming kites devour.
 What charms of verse! what energy of thought!
 With what delusion, what false science fraught! 890
 So from the tomb the worthless carcass comes,
 Preserv'd in precious spice, and odorous gums.
 Genius must mourn such powers display'd in vain,
 Reject the teacher, yet admire the strain.
 Champion of false philosophy he stands, 895
 And the wide region impiously commands:

^a Nam simul ac ratio tua cæpit vociferari,
 Naturam rerum haud divina mente coortam,
 Diffugiunt animi terrores; &c. LUCRET. l. iii.



SYLLA.

'Gainst all the glittering weapons he can wield,
 Reason scarce deigns to lift her seven-fold shield;
 Their shining impotence at once disclos'd, 899
 The reeds fall shiver'd, ere their point's oppos'd.
 O had a worthier theme his flight sustain'd,
 What wreaths unfading had his numbers gain'd!
 How critick skill had smooth'd the vigorous lays,
 Cast back on blood-stain'd men, and iron days!
 Even in his robe of vain illusive die, 905
 Sage Maro views him with a reverent eye;
 And well might own, with Rome's consenting voice,
 Himself but greatest by his subject's choice.

L. C. SYLLA.

A. U. C. 665.

Whether caprice or reason sway'd his mind,
 Sylla at once the sovereign power resign'd; 910
 In all things singular. His deeds were such
 Fame could not praise him, or degrade too much.³

³ — quem neque laudare neque vituperare quisquam satis digne
 potest. VAL. MAX. l. ix. c. 2.

His youth shone out with no conspicuous worth,⁴
 Till publick favour brought his talents forth ;
 That, like the golden sun's enlivening ray, 915
 Matur'd his genius to its full display ;
 Then serpent-like, by kindly warmth improv'd,
 More bright and dangerous at once he mov'd.
 Pleasure he lov'd, yet the cool statesman's eye⁵
 Let not one serious care unmark'd go by ; 920
 Nor could the wanton song,⁶ or circling bowl,
 Dissolve the native hardness of his soul ;
 Cold as the stone beneath the flowery shade,
 The impenetrable inmate was o'erlaid :
 In the flush'd midnight hour's licentious glee 925
 He hatch'd deep crimes, and drown'd their memory.⁷
His

⁴ — eum honorem [consulatum] undequinquagesimo ætatis suæ anno assecutus est. [A. U. C. 665.] VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 17.

⁵ — animo ingenti, cupidus voluptatum, sed gloriæ cupidior : otio luxurioso esse ; tamen ab negotiis nunquam voluptas remorata.

SAL. Bel. Jug.

⁶ — ut L. Sulla, vir tanti nominis, optime cantasse dicatur.

MACROB. l. ii. c. 10.

⁷ Montesquieu says, " Dans toute la vie de Sylla, au milieu de ses violences

His wisdom, like his cruelty, sedate,
O'er his rash rivals made him fortunate.
Whene'er to sooth or terrify intent,
His craft or valour won the accomplishment; 930
For with a grac'd address his sinuous tongue
Could vindicate the right, and gild the wrong;

violences, on voit un esprit républicain." Though I think the greatest deference is due to the opinions of this enlightened writer in all matters connected with Roman policy, I am at a loss to discover where this republican spirit is discernible in the government of Sylla. He declared himself perpetual Dictator, that is, absolute master, by his own authority. By the same power he abrogated all former laws, the existence of which he found to be inconsistent with his tyranny; he made at his pleasure new laws, without suffering them to be disputed, or even canvassed by the people; he gave away to his creatures all the elective offices of the state, without permitting any election. Lucretius Offella, who persevered in petitioning for the consulship, without having all the qualifications required by one of his regulations, he ordered to be put to death upon the spot by his executioners, who constantly attended him. He proscribed the persons, and confiscated the property, of the citizens who had not espoused his cause in the contest with Marius. He did not indeed abolish the titles of the magistracies, but he nominated the persons. The names subsisted even in the time of the Emperors; and there were Consuls, Prætors, and Tribunes, under Tiberius and Nero, as under the Dictator Sylla.

K

While

While by his side a keen, experienc'd sword
 Hung, the stern voucher for each flattering word.
 Awhile, indeed, he fairly earn'd applause, 935
 When mad sedition bow'd to rescu'd laws;
 When Marius, and his ravening vultures, fed
 With noble carnage, from his eagles fled;
 Then had his curtain drop'd, the woes of Rome
 Had left no curse on his devoted tomb. 940

Thou, who thy harmless thoughts secure would'st
 keep

From haggard shapes that ride the midnight sleep;
 Whose dreams the page perus'd by day may clog,
 Avert the eye;—'tis Até's catalogue.
 With pious horror mangled Rome records 945
 The ruthless ravage of his ruffians' swords;⁸
 Promiscuous death for all alike prepar'd,
 No age, no sex,⁹ no sanctity was spar'd.

⁸ Ces murs, dont le destin fut autrefois si beau,
 N'en sont que la prison, ou plutôt le tombeau.

SERTOR. de Corneille.

⁹ Adversus mulieres quoque gladios distrinxit. VAL. MAX. l. ix. c. 2.

Engine of wrath, to scourge the human race,
 And all black crimes by blacker to efface, 950
 His rage to extinguish every virtuous sense,¹
 Gives him in hell the abhorr'd pre-eminence.
 In his dire laws astonish'd nations see
 Fines laid on tears, and soft humanity.²
 His harpy edicts, past their object reach'd; 955
 To innocence unborn their claws were stretch'd;³
 Before Lucina's, lo, his pains advance,
 And mulcts, ere life, made man's inheritance.
 Each generous passion, chain'd to earth by fear,
 Weak, and indignant, saw their foes draw near: 960
 Rapine, Revenge, and Perfidy, and Hate,
 Like famish'd kites, scream'd round the tyrant's state:

¹ He ordained by a publick edict that those who saved or harboured any of the proscribed, should suffer in their place.

GOLDSMITH'S Roman History.

² — novus punitor miserecordiæ, apud quem iniquo animo scelus intueri, scelus admittere fuit. VAL. MAX. ut sup.

³ Proscriptorum liberis jus petendorum honorum eripuit, et bonorum vendidit; ex quibus plurima primò rapuit. LIV. Epit.

He, rais'd aloft amidst the infernal brood,
 Cheer'd the fierce cry, and gorg'd their maws with
 blood.

Thy demon, Marius! swill'd with human gore, 965
 Near this blotch'd tiger's gives the contest o'er.⁴
 Rock'd in Bellona's cradle, foe to peace,
 And crown'd with laurels for deserv'd success,
 From thy first swath to arms and toil enur'd,
 And harden'd by the wrongs thyself endur'd; 970
 Disease besides, and age, and pain, combin'd,⁵
 And exile had inflam'd thy furious mind;

⁴ *Abscissa miserorum capita, modo non vultum ac spiritum retinentia, in conspectum suum afferri voluit, ut oculis illa, quia ore nefas erat, mandaret. Quam porro crudeliter se in Marco Mario prætoris gessit! quem non prius vitâ privavit, quam oculos infelicis erueret, et singulas corporis partes confringeret. VAL. MAX. ut sup.*

Sulla tunc erat violentissimus, cum faciem sanguis invaserat.

SEN. Epistol.

⁵ *Marius, whose life was become burdensome to him from a complication of diseases, is supposed by some to have put a period to his own existence, in the seventieth year of his age, A. U. C. 666. Sylla and he suffered even in this world some retribution for their abominable cruelties.*

Stung

Stung by them all, thy mercy was effac'd ;
 But Sylla mangled, when the offence was pass'd.
 Heaven's strong examples these fierce rivals seem ⁶
 Of man's worst passions, in their worst extreme. 976
 Pernicious and invincible he stood,
 Alike the terror of the vile and good ;
 Able alike all semblances to wear,
 Remorseless, deep, unsway'd by love or fear,
 And most consistent, when most insincere. 981 }
 He left behind, more fatal than his crimes,⁷
 His dire example to succeeding times ;

⁶ Per questo Mario, e Sylla pose al mondo,
 E duo Neroni, e Caio furibondo. ARIOST. c. xvii.

⁷ The change of Roman manners certainly took place after the second Punick war ; the change of the constitution may be dated from the time of Sylla's usurpation. The whole of his Dictatorship was a complete tyranny, and the model with little variation upon which was founded the despotism of the emperors. The old government raised its head again feebly at intervals, till it was finally annihilated by Julius Cæsar and his successors.

To lawless power his usurpation shew'd
 The conqueror's sword could cut the speediest road;
 And Rome enslav'd by her own arms, declares,* 986
 Her future Cæsars were but Sylla's heirs.⁹

* So many states have lost their liberty by the sword, and so many are still held in subjection by it, that we naturally look with complacency and admiration to that wise and happy constitution, where this formidable engine has no edge but for the natural enemies of the country, and the foes of freedom.

Powerful as is the military force of Great Britain, it is so peculiarly constituted as to owe its very subsistence to the will of the people; who maintain it, not like other nations to be oppressed by it, but protected. In Great Britain it may truly be called the Profession of Honour. The discipline of no army is more strict, and the pay is moderate, yet mutiny is unheard of; and the British soldier is always ready to embark with cheerfulness and spirit for climates the most distant, and the most perilous services. He never loses entirely his original tincture of a free-born citizen. It can never be forgotten, that the generous shouts of a British army at Hounslow struck the first panick to the bigotted soul of James, who vainly imagined he could make them tools to extirpate the religion and liberty they were levied to defend.

⁹ From the time of Marius and Sylla, the Roman legions were at the devotion of their particular leaders, and could not properly be said to belong to the republick. They fought for their general, Marius or Sylla, Cæsar or Pompey, Octavius or Anthony; and thus the government of Rome became military, the conqueror only being able to reward the courage and fidelity of his soldiers.

To close the scene of cruelty and pride,
 Hear, shuddering nature! how the tyrant died.
 His morbid trunk one universal sore, 990
 Myriads of vermin crawl'd from every pore;¹
 Swept from their prey by cleansing care in vain,
 The living plague soon peopled him again.
 In loathsome anguish lingering long he lay,
 Then groan'd at last his savage soul away; 995
 And thus expir'd, with pestilential breath,
 The proudest tyrant by the vilest death.²

MITHRIDATES.

¹ Morbus pedicularis.

² A. U. C. 675. He resigned his dictatorship the preceding year, after having destroyed above 100,000 Roman citizens, and proscribed ninety senators, and two thousand six hundred knights.

Of all the tyrants who domineered over the Romans, (Tiberius excepted) Sylla appears to have been the most detestable. In the atrocious depravity of several of the emperors, there seems to be a mixture of madness and folly, which though not less pernicious to mankind in their consequences, render the persons somewhat less accountable; but Sylla was deliberate and circumspect, and all his horrible cruelties may be referred to some motive of pride, revenge, malignity, or self-interest. He besides set the first example of systematick oppression and inhumanity. Extirpation appeared to him to be the most compendious, and, therefore, the most eligible mode of establishing his usurped authority; had

MITHRIDATES.

A. U. C. 680.

Too oft, 'tis true, the historian's record shows,
 Fortune with Rome, and justice with her foes;
 Too oft, alas! the impartial eye must find 1000
 Conquest with guilt in all her wreaths entwin'd:
 But cruel Mithridates urg'd his fate,³
 And fell unpitied, though unfortunate.
 Resolv'd to be destroy'd, or to o'ercome,
 His hate surpass'd ev'n Hannibal's to Rome.⁴ 1005
 More fierce and not less brave, nor forc'd, like him,⁵
 To hang for succours on a faction's whim;

Like

had there been any other more brief and sanguinary, he would have preferred it: and as he was uncommonly brave, he had not even the despicable plea of fear and cowardice to palliate his barbarities.

³ Nam quid atrocius uno ejus edicto, quum omnes, qui in Asia forent, Romanæ civitatis homines interfici jussit? FLOR. l. iii. c. 5.

⁴ Mithridates---odio in Romanos Hannibal,—. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 18.

⁵ Mithridates was a prince of great courage and capacity. His animosity

Like him, to court a senate, far remov'd
 From dangers they decried, and he had prov'd;
 A sordid, sanguine, false, inconstant herd, 1010
 (The soldier's plague,) at once despis'd and fear'd;
 Cold hearts, and boiling veins, and clamorous
 tongues,
 Cause and proclaimers of the people's wrongs;
 Just perch'd like birds of baleful note on high,
 To feed and scream, while famish'd veterans die.
 Not so the Pontus' king; a despot born, 1016
 He heard of laws, and heard them but to scorn.

mosity to the Romans surpassed, if possible, that of Hannibal. He made head against their ablest generals for a period of more than forty years; and his resources being very great, had the discipline or courage of his troops equalled that of the Romans, it seems doubtful whether they would ever have been able entirely to subdue him. Finding it next to impossible to destroy him completely in the field, they resorted to their usual policy of raising internal divisions in his dominions, and of drawing off or intimidating his allies. His cruel and tyrannous government made this no very difficult undertaking; for he ruled entirely by fear, and was more hated by his subjects than his enemies.

L

Fatal

Fatal alike in all his fierce designs,
 To subjects, children, wives, and concubines:⁶
 While in his furious temper love became 1020
 Pernicious as revenge, or hatred's flame;
 All in their turn were victims sure to prove,
 His enmity less dreadful than his love;
 And his last gift to her who charm'd his soul,
 The deadly poniard, or envenom'd bowl; 1025
 Compos'd of contrasts;—though suspicious, bold;
 Barbarous, though learn'd;⁷ and amorous, though
 old.

No friend he trusted, no engagement kept;
 'Midst aconite and antidotes he slept;
 Till on himself his poisons vainly tried,⁸ 1030
 He curs'd the science that was once his pride;

⁶ Amant avec transport, mais jaloux sans retour,
 Sa haine va toujours plus loin que son amour. RACINE. Mith.

⁷ Mithridates, Ponti rex inclutus, quinque et viginti gentium, quas
 sub ditione habuit, linguas percalluit. A. GELL. Noc. Att.

⁸ Prælio victus, venena violentissima festinandæ necis gratiâ frustra
 expertus, suo se ipse gladio transegit. A. GELL. Noc. Att.

And

And found at length his self-destroying sword
The last, best, servant of its desperate lord.⁹

Where the vast ridge of Caucasus lies stretch'd,
The wild dominions of this monarch reach'd; 1035
With savage people fill'd, who own'd his sway,
Sequacious still where slaughter led the way:
Thence by the sea of Pontus was his reign,
His vessels covering all that subject main; 1039

⁹ No fact has been more frequently repeated by the ancient writers, or seems to have been received more indisputably, than that Mithridates had so fortified his constitution by antidotes against poison as not to be able to destroy himself by it; (See Dion Cassius, lib. xxxvii. p. 119, edit. Reimari: "Το, τε γὰρ φάρμακον, καίτοι θάνασιμον ον, ου συνέλεν αὐτον, ἐπεὶ πολλὴ καθ' ἐκάστην ἡμέραν προφυλακὴ ἀλεξίφάρμακον ἐκεκράτητο.") but I believe there is some reason not to admit the certainty of this notion. He might perhaps have been skilful enough in the nature of antidotes to know by their application how to expel the strongest poison soon after it was administered; but by using remedies so efficacious as to keep the anatomy in a constant state of resistance to it, he must have destroyed the vessels capable of admitting infection: so that the means to prevent mortality would have been as mortal as any which could have been employed to produce it. He put himself to death by the sword, probably because at the time he had no poison within his reach; or he might have thought that manner of dying more expeditious and less painful. Upon this point physicians must be the best judges.

Mithridates put an end to his life, A. U. C. 690, the year in which Augustus Cæsar was born.

CATILINE.

A. U. C. 690.

But while new empires thus to Rome were join'd,
Her deep destruction was at home design'd. 1056
Flagitious Catiline, his country's pest,
Hatch'd the huge mischief in his daring breast.
Unmov'd his adamantine frame could bear
Hunger's keen fang, and all the extremes of air;
Pursuing aught his furious soul desir'd, 1061
No fear deterr'd him, and no labour tir'd.
With fluent words his tongue was well endu'd,
But wisdom thinly o'er those words was strew'd;
And small respect could eloquence produce, 1065
For projects wild, on wealth's or power's abuse;
When his dire schemes each evil to efface,
Brought tenfold guilt and ruin in its place:
A fierce empirick, whose relentless steel 1069
Would lop the limb a gentler hand might heal:
'Tis

'Tis time to doubt the doctor's skill, or truth,
Who cuts the throat,—to cure an aching tooth.
Though for his crimes expell'd from every station,
Still roar'd he for redress and reformation:
But sober reason saw the ill-hid snare, 1075
And of REFORMING VILLAINS bade beware.
This certain test her steady rule affords;
She trusts men's lives, and reprobates their words:
For knaves, whose deeds and doctrines disagree,
Were never form'd to mend society. 1080
Their murd'rous arts misguiding beacons rear,
To light a course, where rocks alone are near;
Lurking insidious on the faithless coast,
They strip the vessel, by their treachery lost.

O nations bless'd, and by experience wise, 1085
Preserve your ancient tried securities!
For some small faults, by prying mischief found,
Pull not a noble fabrick to the ground:
Examine well;—if such indeed there are,
Patient endure them,—or correct with care; 1090
Nor

Nor from the hasty innovator's word,
 Fly to new ills, and dangers unexplor'd.
 The pile ascends with labour and delay,
 The work of ruin asks but one short day; 1094
 Science and skill must join to build with grace,
 But every fool or madman can deface :
 Though virtue's mask disguise the dark design,
 Too sure beneath it lurks—a Catiline.

All moods he could assume, all feelings feign,
 Weep without anguish, and wear smiles in pain;
 Alike for avarice and profusion known, 1101
 To covet others' wealth, and waste his own.
 To win a haughty strumpet to his bed,
 With aconite his only son he sped ;³
 Their fulsome Hymen then with trembling hand
 Lit at the funeral pile their nuptial brand. 1106

³ Captus amore Aureliæ Orestillæ, cujus, præter formam nihil unquam bonus laudavit; quod ea nubere illi dubitabat, timens privignum adultum ætate, necato filio, pro certo creditur vacuam domum scelestis nuptiis fecisse. SAL. in Cat.

Yet

Yet nature, ev'n in his atrocious heart,
 Forgot not quite to vindicate her part;
 Though wanting power to stop the shuddering deed,
 In black array her vengeful pangs succeed. 1110
 Short was the trance of joy; his colour flies;
 Foul sleepless mists o'erwhelm his care-worn eyes;
 Pale horror sits on his distracted brow,
 And sudden starts the stings within avow;
 He runs, he stops, he hears in every wind 1115
 Fierce furies, and his gasping son behind.⁴
 Could not repentance shed her healing balm?
 No! publick woe his private griefs must calm;
 To sooth his care one way remain'd alone,
 In Rome's expiring groans to drown his own. 1120
 Glaring dismay to every breast he meets,
 Like a grim beast unchain'd, he prowls the streets;
 While in chill'd silence each pale passer by
 Shrunk from the terrour of his deadly eye. 1124

⁴ Namque animus impurus, diis hominibusque infestus, neque vigiliis, neque quietibus sedari poterat: ita conscientia mentem excitam vexabat. Igitur color ejus exsanguis, fœdi oculi; citus modo, modo tardus incessus: prorsus in facie vultuque vecordia inerat. SAL. in Cat.

All modes of waste consum'd, his birth disgrac'd,
 His name from honour's record quite effac'd;
 Restless and wretched, in the eternal strife
 To live with splendour, or escape from life;
 Conscience, thy fiends his nightly visions haunt,
 His joys by day, pale luxury and want. 1130
 Each shameful sin fastidious lust devis'd,
 His frequent orgies had familiariz'd;
 Yet, to consummate all the former ill,
 One comprehensive act was wanting still;
 For never could his appetites and pride 1135
 To their full guilty gorge be gratified.
 Round him, like hemlock round the noxious yew,
 All infant crimes found shelter as they grew;⁵

⁵ Catilina---omnium flagitiosorum atque facinorosorum circum se, tanquam stipatorum, catervas habebat. SAL. in Cat.

Catiline seems to be almost the only traitor meditating the destruction of his country, who did not make the dregs of the people, or the mob, one of his chief instruments: his accomplices were mostly taken from the senatorial and equestrian orders. This circumstance shews the great depravity of the Roman gentry at that time, to whom the cruel and bloody tyranny of Sylla had made all crimes familiar.

Till fat with poison, near his baleful sides
Rome's petty villains swell'd to parricides. 1140

These bold abettors of his desperate cause⁶
Had oft escap'd, and now defy'd the laws;
Remorse was banish'd from their dire abodes;
Murder their priest, and furies were their gods.
If any dar'd to hesitate at wrong, 1145
He lash'd the puny impulse with his tongue;
Bade them from vulgar, mean restraints be free,
And scoff'd and sham'd them into infamy.
For spoil, on him and havock they rely,
Confederate vice their bond of amity. 1150

⁶ Muretus has shewn from ancient documents that there were forty persons of noble families engaged in this conspiracy.

It is well known that Cæsar and Crassus were suspected of secretly supporting this gang of desperadoes; but they managed with such caution, that no accusation could be brought home against them. Tully with great prudence discouraged every attempt to involve them in the conspiracy, well knowing that nothing would be so likely to give it additional strength as their supposed co-operation.

Remorseless

Remorseless as they were, combin'd with hell,
 Scarce can we trust what ancient records tell:⁷
 Ere yet his chart of ruin was disclos'd,
 Himself the pledge of secresy propos'd;
 Stabb'd in their sight he bade a slave expire, 1155
 Then, fit libation for a league so dire,
 The blood distilling from the victim's wound
 He swill'd, and sent the dreadful bev'rage round.⁸
 Defenceless Italy (her legions far⁹
 Led off by Pompey to the eastern war,) 1160

⁷ Fuere ea tempestate, qui dicerint, Catilinam oratione habita, quum ad jusjurandum populares sceleris sui adigeret, humani corporis sanguinem vino permistum in pateris circumtulisse; inde quum post execrationem omnes degustavissent, sicuti in solemnibus sacris fieri consuevit, aperuisse consilium suum. SAL. in Cat.

Dio mentions this horrible ceremony in another manner: — παιδα γαρ τινα καλῶσας, και επι των σπλαγχων αυτη τα ορκια ποιησας, επειθα εσπλαγγνευσεν αυτη μελα των αλλων. DION. CASS. l. xxxvii. c. 30.

⁸ A neighbouring nation, once holding itself out as the most polite in Europe, has in our time furnished such repeated examples of sanguinary and savage cruelty, as not to leave this atrocity without a parallel.

⁹ In Italia nullus exercitus: Cn. Pompeius in extremis terris bellum gerebat. SAL. in Cat.

Extended seem'd to their devouring eyes,
A tempting, rich, and unresisting prize.
Already their exulting hope surveys
The senate's bleeding throats, the city's blaze ;^{*}
Themselves dispers'd for slaughter through the land,
And lords of all the ruin he had plann'd. 1166
But cords and dungeons on their crimes await ;
On him attends a less ignoble fate :
Abhorring all good men, by all abhorr'd,
Fighting he perish'd by his country's sword ; 1170
Stretch'd over slaughter'd foes, his visage bore
The same grim aspect which in life it wore.

^{*} It is a melancholy consideration, that as the Romans advanced in learning and knowledge, they became in proportion more vicious and profligate. It shews, that human wisdom, without the aid of a pure and holy religion, is not sufficient to make men virtuous and happy.

M. T. CICERO.



CICERO.

M. T. C I C E R O.

A. U. C. 690.

The crimes these desperate parricides conceal'd,
A woman's tongue to Tully's ear reveal'd.³

³ At Fulvia,---tale periculum reipublicæ haud occultum habuit; sed sublato auctore, de Catilinæ conjuratione quæ quo modo audierat, compluribus narravit. SALL. in Cat.

Such as are fond of contemplating the many instances in which great events have originated from slight accidents, may, I think, add to the number the manner in which the conspiracy of Catiline was first discovered.—Fulvia, a beautiful and mercenary courtesan of Rome, had, among a number of other gallants, admitted Curius, one of the conspirators; who, like most of them, was profligate, extravagant, and needy. As from his poverty he was now no longer able to furnish means for her profusion, she began to treat him with neglect and coldness. Being sensible from whence this change in her conduct towards him proceeded, he threw out hints that he should soon be able to gratify all her desires, however unbounded. From the frequent repetition of such intimations, she began to suspect that they sprung from something more than the mere levity of her lover. She set herself artfully to sift him, and, by degrees drew from him the whole secret, which she immediately communicated to the consul Cicero. It should be remembered to her credit, that when she divulged the conspiracy, she took care to conceal the name of her informer. She shewed conscience in her communication, and honour in her taciturnity.

Favourite

Favourite of science, and by Athens school'd, 1175
 Rome's forum long the accomplish'd sage had rul'd;
 Nor ancestors, nor riches made him known;⁴
 His honours well acquir'd, were all his own.
 Nature, a liberal mother, unconfin'd, 1179
 With all her choicest gifts had stor'd his mind;
 With brightest fancy, with profoundest sense;
 And syrens tun'd his tongue to eloquence.⁵

⁴ — M. Cicero, qui omnia incrementa sua sibi debuit; vir novitatis nobilissimæ, et ut vitâ clarus, ita ingenio maximus.

VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 34.

Cicero was born A. U. C. 647; he was therefore of the same age with Pompey, and seven years elder than Julius Cæsar. He was descended from a very respectable family, though not noble. In all the offices which he held, and which he acquired by his own merit, his conduct was not only without reproach, but highly laudable and exemplary. He was Quæstor, Curule Ædile, Prætor, Consul, and Governor of Cilicia. In this last post had he proceeded with the usual rapacity of Roman governors, he might safely have plunder'd the province of about half a million; but he contented himself with his salary, and a few fair perquisites, to the amount in the whole of about twenty thousand pounds of our money: a rare instance of moderation in times of such unbounded peculation.

⁵ Disertissime Romuli Nepotum
 Quot sunt, quotque fuere, Marce Tulli!
 Quotque post aliis erunt in annis;—. CATUL. xlvi.

Nor wore he always wisdom's graver cloak,
 But lov'd to laugh, and edge the poignant joke;⁶
 Convinc'd that oft when sober reason fails, 1185
 The well-tim'd lighter pleasantry prevails.
 As man's distinction too, some sages place
 That gay convulsion of the enliven'd face:
 Tears fall from brutes;—by human kind alone
 Is mirth's expression by a laugh made known. 1190
 Greece, prone to flatter, as debas'd by fear,
 Gave to his praise one honest envious tear:
 "By him (she cry'd) I see our arts o'ercome,
 "And our once matchless palm a plant of Rome."
 Though none with him for inborn gifts could vie,
 He studied with Bæotian industry. 1196
 Form'd to adorn at once, and save the state,
 Who can decide in what he rose most great?⁷

Round

⁶ Atque ego, ni longum esset, referrem, in quibus causis cum nocentissimos reos tueretur, victoriam jocis adeptus sit. MAC. l. ii. c. 2.

⁷ Professing a religion which abounded with false gods and superstition,
in

Round all he touch'd such dazzling rays combine,
His inspiration proves the source divine. 1200

As transient clouds in summer skies appear,
So shades of weakness dimm'd his character.
With more than Plato's skill to instruct and please,
He wants thy heart, unshaken Socrates!
Books, science, study, Athens, could not give 1205
What man from nature only can receive.
Still anxious for himself, and insincere,*
His restless foresight sprung too oft from fear;

And

in an age and country bewildered in omens, prodigies, and visions, observe how the enlightened mind of Tully soars above such weaknesses:

"Hæc scilicet in imbecillo remissoque animo multa omnibus confusa et variata versantur, maximeque reliquæ earum rerum moventur in animo et agitantur, de quibus vigilantes aut cogitavimus aut egimus.—An tu censes ullam anum tam deliram futuram fuisse, ut somniis crederet, nisi ista casu nonnunquam forté temere concurrerent?—Ut mihi mirum videatur, cum mendaci homini ne verum quidem dicenti credere soleamus, quomodo isti, si somnium verum evasit aliquod, non ex multis potius uni fidem derogant, quam ex uno innumerabilia confirmant."

DE DIVIN. l. ii. c. 67, 71.

* In general, the strongest testimonies to the disadvantage of a man's character are furnished by himself. Had not Cicero's Letters come down to posterity, we should have been ignorant of many of his weaknesses.

The

And often thus his timorous bark was run, 1209
 Full on the quicksands which he steer'd to shun;⁹
 For bold state-pilots safer tracks explore,
 Who plow the deep, nor trust the treacherous shore:
 Destructive ever is the coward's course,
 He shuns one peril, but encounters worse; 1214
 With shame, contempt, and terrour at his heels,
 Pangs sharp as death, ev'n in escape, he feels.

See Tully, more than mortal, wise and great,
 Sunk by base fear beneath a woman's state;
 Though fond of virtue, more he lov'd the fame,¹
 And sometimes lost the prize, to prove the claim.

Fame,

The contrariety of Tully's language in particular, when speaking to Cæsar, and when speaking of him, is very remarkable. In his two celebrated Orations for Marcellus and Ligarius he has carried the encomiastick strain as far as it could well go: for his real sentiments look at numberless passages in his letters to Atticus.

⁹ O magnam stultitiam timoris, id ipsam quod verearis ita cavere, ut cum vitare fortasse potueris, ultro arcessas, et attrahas.

BRUT. Epist. ad Att.

¹ Laudis avidissimi semper fuimus.

CIC. Epist. ad Att. L i. c. 15.

N

Itaque

Fame, first of merit's voluntary dues, 1221
 Who oft demands thee, but demands to lose;
 All but the vanity mankind forget;
 They give the bounty, but refuse the debt:
 Great actions paint themselves, and bright shines
 forth 1225

The tongueless dignity of modest worth;
 And gold, that precious mineral, the wise
 Less for its splendour than its value prize.

When big with self the copious boaster pleads,
 Great Pompey, and the Scipios, vail their heads;
 Like glimmering stars their beams no more are seen,
 While heaven's blue vault receives night's peerless
 queen.

Itaque te plane etiam atque etiam rogo, ut et ornes ea vehementius etiam quam fortasse sentis, et in eo leges historiæ negligas, amorique nostro plusculum etiam quam concedet veritas, largiare.

Illa nos cupiditas incendit, de quâ initio scripsi, festinationis, quod alacres animo sumus: ut et cæteri viventibus nobis ex litteris tuis nos cognoscant, et nosmetipsi vivi gloriolâ nostrâ perfruamur.

Cic. Ep. ad Lucium Luceium. l. v. ep. 12.

“ Romans !

" Romans ! (he cries,) your saviour would you see,
 " Behold me first, me last, and only me :² 1234
 " Warriors surpass'd, their laurels must lay down,
 " Or own them wither'd by my peaceful gown :³
 " Conquest and spoils to them their country owes ;
 " On me a father's title she bestows :
 " O sound for ever heard ! for ever dear !
 " Rome from her Tully dates her natal year !⁴ 1240
 " On

² Me Quintus Catulus, princeps hujus ordinis, et auctor publici consilii, frequentissimo senatu parentem patriæ nominavit.

Mihi togato Senatus, non ut multis, bene gestæ, sed ut nemini, conservatæ reipublicæ, singulari genere supplicationis, deorum immortalium templa patefecit.

— sine ulla dubitatione juravi, rempublicam atque hanc urbem meâ unius operâ esse salvam. Cic. Orat. in L. Pisonem.

³ " Cedant arma togæ,"—a well known saying of Cicero's, after Catiline's conspiracy ; for the presumption of which he was much ridiculed, particularly by L. Piso and Anthony.

⁴ O fortunatam natam, me consule, Romam ! JUVEN. Sat. x. 122.

Thus happily translated by Dryden :

" Fortune fortun'd the dying notes of Rome,

" Till I her consul sole consol'd her dome."

“ On grateful marble be the inscription trac’d,
 “ Nor ever from the publick mind effac’d;
 “ From age to age the mem’ry shall succeed,
 “ And patriots bless me, while they hear and read.”

Such praises on himself would he confer, 1245
 And violate the Roman’s modest ear.

But time should throw a veil o’er every fault,
 Hide how he err’d, and reverence what he taught;
 And own the vigour of his mighty mind,
 Who prop’d his country, and improv’d mankind.⁵

Excellent Tully! by a ruffian brav’d,⁶ 1251
 He left the ungrateful city he had sav’d;

With

Cicero’s being unanimously chosen Consul, when there was suspicion entertained of Catiline’s designs against his country, is a strong proof that the Romans did not, like Montesquieu, consider him as less qualified than Cato to sustain a first part in the state on a great emergency.

⁵ ——— omnium triumphorum lauream adepte majorem, quanto plus est ingenii Romani terminos in tantum promovisse, quam imperii.

PLIN. His. Nat. vii. 30.

⁶ ——— qui civem, quem senatus, quem populus, quem omnes gentes, urbis ac vitæ civium conservatorem judicabant, servorum armis exterminavit. Cic. pro Milone.

Me

With tears the sorrowing senate saw him sent
 (Their best defender) to cold banishment:⁷
 They heard that voice, ne'er heard in vain before,
 The exile it could not avert, deplore; 1256
 With him the genius of the state disgrac'd,
 Faction triumphant, and his dwellings raz'd.⁸
 But call'd with honour home, the exulting throngs
 Shout from his mind the memory of pass'd wrongs:
 His houses at the publick charge restor'd, 1261
 His name resounded, and the favourite word,

*Me patriâ expulerat, bona diripuerat, domum incenderat, liberos,
 conjugem meam vexaverat. Ibid.*

⁷ It seems difficult to reconcile the frequency of massacres at Rome with the severity of the Roman laws against homicide, and the reluctance they always discovered to condemn any citizen judicially to capital punishment. Clodius procured the banishment of Cicero on pretence of his having put to death, without legal conviction, a few conspirators, of whose guilt not the smallest doubt was entertained; and in the course of the prosecution this ruffian himself had occasioned the assassination of hundreds, about whom there seems to have been no enquiry. Though he had a hired mob, a desperate banditti at his heels, he was not like Marius, Sylla, or Cæsar, at the head of a victorious army.

⁸ Cicero had no less than eighteen houses and villas in Rome and different parts of Italy. See Middleton.

Vain

Vain now, as abject in distress before,
 He thought affliction could return no more.
 Alas! when tyrants o'er the laws prevail, 1265
 Man's best possessions are an idle tale;
 The whirlwind sweeps them all in one fell blast,
 And the last wretch is he who lives the last:
 Still, still remain'd, from fate's malignant power,
 A sad reverse, for his concluding hour. 1270
 Nor eloquence divine, nor reverend age,⁹
 Could save great Tully from the assassin's rage.
 Behold! (sad sight!) infuriate Fulvia seize¹
 The sever'd head, and fix it on her knees;

⁹ Nihil tam indignum illo tempore fuit, quam quod aut Cæsar aliquem proscribere coactus est, aut ab ullo Cicero proscriptus est; abscissaque scelere Antonii vox publica est, cum ejus salutem nemo defendisset, qui per tot annos et publicam civitatis, et privatam civium, defenderet. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 66.

¹ ——— ἐπὶ τὰ γόνατα [τὴν κεφαλὴν] ἐπέθηκε, καὶ τὸ σῶμα αὐτῆς διοίξασα, τὴν τε γλῶσσαν ἐξείλκυσε, καὶ ταῖς βελοναῖς, αἷς ἐς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἐχρητο, κατέκεντησε, πολλὰ ἀμὰ καὶ μίανρα προσεπισκώπτυσα. DION. CASS. l. xlvii.

From the cold jaws she forc'd that silent tongue,
On whose sweet sounds the once-charm'd senate
hung; 1276

Hear the she-fiend with taunts exulting cry,
As thrice she pierc'd, "This for my Anthony:"
The grisly spoil thus brutally defac'd,*
With the lopp'd hands, was o'er the rostrum plac'd;
From thence in hideous mockery to glare, 1281
And freeze each future patriot to despair.

Minions of fortune, who, possess'd of power,
Indulge unaw'd the transitory hour,
Make science ever your peculiar care; 1285
The world reveres her, of the world beware!
A little while ere nature claim'd his breath,
The dagger clos'd sage Tully's eyes in death;

* Civitas lacrymas tenere non potuit, quum recisum Ciceronis caput in
illis suis rostris videretur.---Hæc scelera in Antonii Lepidique tabulis.

FLOR. l. iv. c. 6.

But

But grateful ages still preserve his fame,
 And endless infamy his murderer's shame.³ 1290
 Soon as his fate the wings of Rumour gains,
 Curdling the tide of genius in men's veins,
 The bold, in loud reproach, abhorrence vent,
 The timorous droop, and murmur discontent;
 While ruffian Anthony but turns to find 1295
 The general curse and horror of mankind.⁴

³ ——— *omnisque posteritas illius in te scripta mirabitur, tuum in eum factum execrabitur. VEL. PAT. ut sup.*

The abhorrence so strongly expressed of a monarchical government in most part of Cicero's writings, is assigned by Middleton, with great appearance of well-founded conjecture, as the reason why the two excellent but courtly poets, Virgil and Horace, have never mentioned him. It must be observed at the same time, that Tully's conception of a monarchy was only of an absolute monarchy; of a government by conquest, and maintained by the power of the sword. Of such a constitution as the English, none of the ancients had any imagination, except Tacitus, who seems to have had some glimmering of it before him, as through a twilight.

Cicero's having been intimately connected with the conspirators who deprived Julius Cæsar of his life, (as Dryden has observed,) must also have contributed to render his name extremely unpopular in the court of Augustus.

⁴ See Note at the end.

POMPEY.



POMPEY.

P O M P E Y.

A. U. C. 700.

But all the grandeur palmy Rome display'd,
 Rich Crassus,⁵ Pompey, and great Cæsar sway'd:
 The first, by wealth distinguish'd from the crowd;
 The next, of pass'd exploits and triumphs proud;
 A name by Rome exalted to the skies, 1301
 And spangled thick with fortune's flatteries.

⁵ I venture to recommend to the reader the perusal of the life, or rather the death, of Crassus, by Plutarch, as one of the most interesting pieces in that author's whole collection.

The opulence of some individuals at Rome is astonishing. An estimate of the wealth of Crassus may be formed, when we know what Pompey possessed, who was not supposed to be nearly so rich. In order to remove Sextus, the son of Cnæus Pompey, from Spain, M. Anthony and Lepidus agreed to a composition with him for the property which had been confiscated, and plundered from the father, after the battle of Pharsalia. They allowed him, after a reasonable valuation, to the amount of five millions of our money; his books, plate, and furniture not being included in the estimate.

O

The

The people's idol long, he lov'd to hear
 His own applause, in his own theatre;⁶
 And, not aware that life's best scenes were o'er,
 He saw what he *had* been, and saw no more.⁷ 1306
 No dignities his thirst of power could sate,
 But, once possess'd, the use was moderate.
 To each atchievement of assur'd renown
 The partial publick push'd their favourite on:⁸ 1310
 But sometimes, when he quell'd a foe to Rome,
 He rais'd a jealous enemy at home.

Thus to the rout of Spartacus he came,
 Crassus deserv'd, and he enjoy'd the fame;⁹

⁶ ——— plausuque sui gaudere theatri. LUCAN.

⁷ ——— multumque priori
 Credere fortunæ. Stat magni nominis umbra. Ibid.

⁸ Quæ in omnibus nova post hominum memoriam constituta sunt,
 ea tam multa non sunt, quam hæc, quæ in hoc uno homine vidimus.
 CIC. pro lege Manil.

⁹ Hujus patrati gloria penes M. Crassum fuit.
 VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 30.
 And

And harrass'd Mithridates, feeble grown, 1315
 By Sylla and Lucullus half o'erthrown,
 Run down to life's last dregs,—could just afford
 Another facile garland to his sword.

O'er the huge height of Taurus next he pass'd,
 And proudly lay'd defenceless nations waste: 1320
 Media, and Syria, to his mercy yield,
 And Parthia's king, Pharnaces, left the field;
 Arabia saw his long-extended force
 Obliquely towards fam'd Jordan wind their course;
 Stopp'd at Jerusalem, the siege he form'd,³ 1325
 And in three months the sacred Temple storm'd.⁴

¹ Lucullus, Mithridatem multis locis fuderat. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 33.

² Is primus omnium Romanorum in Tauro iter fecit.

EUTROP. l. vi. c. 6.

Dio says, Lucullus was the first. Ο Λυκούλλος----και πρώτος τῶν Ῥωμαίων
 τοῦ Ταύρου συν τε στρατῶ καὶ ἐπὶ πολέμῳ διαβάς.

DION. CASS. l. xxxv. 16. p. 85, edit. Reimari.

³ Romanorum primus Cn. Pompeius Judæos domuit, templumque
 jure victoriæ ingressus est. Inde vulgatum, nulla intus Deûm effigie,
 vacuum sedem, et inania arcana. TACIT. His. l. v. c. 9.

⁴ Hierosolymam, caput gentis, tertio mense cepit.

EUTROP. l. vi. c. 14.

Riches unknown before, within he found,
 Yet trod with reverent feet on hallow'd ground.
 Then first were those mysterious symbols shewn,
 To sacerdotal view reveal'd alone. 1330

Stupendous grandeur fill'd his wond'ring eye,
 Columns, and palms, and gold's pure majesty;⁵
 Gales, such as breathe from Sharon's spicy thorn,
 Through lofty domes from fragrant woods were
 borne.

Amaz'd, no idol image could he find,⁶ 1335
 Yet the vast void dilates the heathen's mind:
 From his chaf'd brow the nodding helm he steals,
 His knee involuntary reverence feels;
 And while with awe the sanctuary's explor'd,
 Nature's true Deity was half ador'd.⁷ 1340

The

⁵ — et vidit illud grande impiæ gentis arcanum patens, sub aureo
 uti cælo. FLOR. l. iii. c. 5.

⁶ — οὐδ' ἀγάλμα οὐδεν ἐν αὐτοῖς ποτε τοῖς Ἱερουσαλυμοῖς ἔχον.

DION. CASS. l. xxxvii. 17.

⁷ The strict adherence of the Jews to the sanctity of their Sabbaths,
 during

The God pervading thus his humbled breast,
 Unspoil'd he bade the holy treasure rest.⁸
 Success and continence increas'd his fame,
 And Jews with heathens join'd to extol his name.
 At length, with captive monarchs in his train, 1345
 He turn'd his stately march towards Rome again.⁹

To praise accustom'd from his beardless youth,
 The glare of flattery seem'd the ray of truth:
 In every gracious action form'd to excel,
 And from weak foes conceiv'd invincible;¹ 1350

While

during which no kind of work was permitted, greatly facilitated Pompey's conquest. On these days he continued his attack, while they remained totally inactive. The Temple would not have been forced so soon, had its defenders known this wise precept of our Saviour:—"The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."

⁸ At Cn. Pompeius, captis Hierosolymis, victor ex illo fano nihil attigit. Cic. pro L. Flacco.

⁹ Tum victor omnium, quas adierat, gentium, Pompeius,---revertit in Italiam. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 40.

¹ Cæsar is known to have expressed great contempt of military reputation acquired by the conquest of Asiatics. The facility of his own
 victories

While mov'd by others, still his pride believ'd
 He gave the impulse which himself receiv'd;
 And with the shew of power too vainly pleas'd,²
 His wiser rivals on the substance seiz'd. 1354

From publick care by publick praise reliev'd,
 His age look'd back at what his youth atchiev'd;
 A partial memory of himself he kept,
 And in the shade of his own laurels slept;
 Unwilling to be rous'd again to strife,
 Or quit the enjoyment for the toils of life. 1360
 Too soon elated, and too soon depress'd,³
 No standard settled in his own weak breast,

victories taught him to despise such feeble enemies, formidable only by their numbers, without bodily strength, discipline, or courage.

² Il recherchoit moins dans les dignités qu'il briguoit, la puissance qui en est inséperable, que les honneurs et l'eclat, dont elles étoient environnées. VERTOT. Rev. Rom.

³ Cnæus autem noster (o rem miseram et incredibilem!) ut totus jacet! non animus est, non consilium, non copiæ, non diligentia.

Cic. Epist. ad Attic.

He

He liv'd to learn, fresh fame requir'd fresh deeds;
 For glory which advances not, recedes.
 Great was his name in arms, but envious fate 1365 }
 Oppos'd him to a rival still more great,⁴ }
 More wise, more young, more bold, and fortunate.⁵ }

BATTLE

⁴ Nec coïere pares; alter vergentibus annis
 In senium, longoque togæ tranquillior usu
 Dedidicit jam pace ducem:—. LUCAN. l. i.

129.

⁵ The superiority of Cæsar's personal character over Pompey's, appears in several instances; in none, perhaps, more conspicuously than in their different conduct with respect to Labienus. He had been one of Cæsar's favourite lieutenants, and always victorious when fighting under his auspices: however, he left his old general, and passed over to the camp of Pompey. Cæsar heard the account of his desertion with his usual magnanimity, and generously sent after him all his money, equipage, and whatever besides he had left behind him. Pompey, on the contrary, received him as an acquisition of the highest value, and listened with avidity to his flattering intelligence of the weak condition of the enemy, till he was at last mournfully convinced of his mistaken credulity, by his total overthrow. Lucan makes Cæsar thus speak of Labienus:

——— fortis in armis
 Cæsareis Labienus erat; nunc transfuga vilis
 Cum duce prælato terras atque æquora lustrat.

LUC. l. v. 345.

Upon considering the whole of Pompey's character and conduct, I am persuaded, that as he had more vanity than Cæsar, so was he not

I

less

BATTLE OF PHARSALIA.

A. U. C. 706.

Now Pompey to rude clamour forc'd to yield,⁶
Draws forth his legions in Pharsalia's field.

The

less ambitious. What his admirers were pleased to dignify with the name of patriotism, and love of the constitution, or, in other words, his being more willing than Cæsar to allow the senate sufficient authority, resulted less from his own disposition, than from sentiments which had been instilled into him by such men as Cato, Tully, and Brutus. These excellent persons seem not only to have directed his conduct, but to have formed his political mind. They had so often assisted him in the attainment of his objects, and had extolled him so much for his moderation, that he must have been divested of all feeling, could he have forgot his obligations to them; or had he been eager to undeserve, if I may be allowed the expression, the high opinion they had so publicly declared of him. He found it less hazardous, and more reputable, to be the first of several great men, than to be the only great man: besides, he loved approbation and good will, which, he knew, had he avowed a passion for governing singly, would have been immediately converted into flattery and hatred. That this, however, was his object, is clear from a circumstance mentioned by Plutarch in his life of the younger Cato, whom he would not trust with the command of the fleet (though he had already promised to invest him with it) lest he should be enabled by this means to compel him to lay down his arms, as soon as Cæsar was vanquished: and Cato himself thought, that, whether Pompey or
Cæsar

The impatient youth deride his cold delays, 1370
While he condemns the ardour he obeys;
Tir'd of their taunts, and less convinc'd, than stung
By buzzing wits, and keener Tully's tongue.'

The

Cæsar should be victorious, the event would be equally fatal to the liberty of the commonwealth.

The constitution of Rome was as much subverted during the triumvirate of Pompey, Crassus, and Cæsar, as when the last ruled alone; but Cicero complains less, because Pompey made a part of it. The orator knew he had little chance of managing a man of such high views and such great capacity as Cæsar. Brutus, in his letters, probes him to the quick, when he seems willing to disguise to himself, and to the world, his real motives for abetting Octavius; the chief of which seems to have been, the assurance given him by that young dissembler, that he would be principally governed by his advice and experience.

⁶ ————— cum mixto murmure turba
Castrorum fremuit, fatisque trahentibus orbem
Signa petit pugnæ: miseri pars maxima vulgi
Non totum visura diem,—. LUCAN. l. vii. 45.

⁷ Addidit invalidæ robur facundia causæ. Ibid.

Middleton asserts, that Cicero endeavoured to dissuade Pompey from hazarding the fortune of the republick on the event of a battle, and produces passages from his letters to that purpose; but how is this to be reconciled with his for ever complaining of Pompey's dilatoriness and inactivity? He seems to have been full of apprehensions, and to have disapproved of every thing. A man is sometimes apt to mistake his fears for his

P

foresight.

The vulgar, too, in many a factious band,
 Approving, censuring, and confounding stand; 1375
 Folly and fear distract the ignoble crowd,
 Like cymbals ever, hollow, light, and loud;
 Like cymbals too, rais'd by the master's hand,
 And dumb or sounding but by his command.

Woe to the chief, whose fluctuating mind 1300
 Veers, like the vane, with every whistling wind;

foresight. Pompey is known to have said of him, "*Cupio ad hostes Cicero transeat, ut nos timeat.*" If he wished him not to risk a battle, what objection could he have to his inactivity? I think, but am not certain, that Cicero does not say he was against fighting, till after the unfortunate event of the battle of Pharsalia was known. However, I mean no attempt to diminish any credit due to the letters of Cicero, which certainly contain the very best materials for the most interesting period of the whole Roman story. It would have been more candid, perhaps, to have lamented his advice, than to have denied having given it; or had he confined his complaints to Pompey's conduct after his defeat, they would have been reasonable.

No age, perhaps, has produced together men of such genius and capacity as flourished in Rome at this period. This is the consideration which makes the history of these times so interesting. The magnitude of the object of contention is in some degree lost in the greatness of the contenders' characters. What a proficiency in morals and in science might not have been expected, had Cæsar, Pompey, Cicero, Cato, and Brutus, united as strenuously to improve the world, as they struggled to govern it!

For

For he who each new counsellor will hear,⁷
 Must oft the latest to the best prefer.
 His battle's strength his cavalry he deem'd;
 Numerous and proud, invincible they seem'd:
 Elate already with success, they feel 1386
 Sol's orient lustre dazzling from their steel;
 Trim glittering bands, who in their splendour see
 Not valiant deeds alone, but victory.
 Alas! before those sunbeams gild the west, 1390
 Devouring vultures on their limbs shall feast;⁸
 And pride be taught, that, to secure success,
 Vain shew gains little, and presumption less.
 Sagacious Cæsar views his lines of horse,
 And posts against them a reserve of force.⁹ 1395

⁷ ——— τότε δ' ἀνδρωπων

Γνωμαι πολλαι

Και δυσαρεις διεκναισαν. EURIP. Iphigen. in Aul.

⁸ Morti erano infiniti, e derelitti

Al lupo, al corvo, a l'aquila grifagna. ARIOST. can. xiv.

⁹ ——— ex tertia acie singulas cohortes detraxit, atque ex his quartam instituit, equitatuque opposuit. CÆS. de Bel. Civ. l. iii.

Fortune confers what long he sought in vain,
 To try the combat in the open plain ;¹
 Nor can their numbers, twice his own, control
 The glowing presage of his dauntless soul.
 Domitius leads his centre to the fight,² 1400
 The left Antonius, and himself the right,
 To Pompey full oppos'd.³ Ere they advance,
 He bids his hardy veterans push the lance
 Strait at the faces of the gaudy host,⁴ 1404
 Who more their beauty than their prowess boast.
 Since the firm earth's foundations, ne'er was fought
 A combat, with such mighty import fraught :⁵

How

¹ Cæsar had one great advantage over Pompey, he could act entirely from himself; while the latter was distracted by a multitude of advisers, with whom his camp is known to have swarmed.

² Sinistro cornu Antonium, media acie Cn. Domitium præposuerat.
CÆS. de Bel. Civ. ut sup.

³ Ipse contra Pompeium consistit. Ibid.

⁴ Voces quoque obequitantis exceptæ: altera cruenta, sed docta, et ad victoriam efficax, "Miles, faciem feri." FLOR. l. iv. c. 2.

⁵ It is extraordinary, that Plutarch, Appian, and Cæsar himself, give different and contradictory accounts of the order and disposition of the troops

How poor must towns and provinces appear,
 The common objects of men's hope or fear,
 When, with comparing view, is scan'd the extent
 Of all depending on this huge event? 1411

The mistress of mankind, high-seated Rome,
 From this great day expects her final doom;
 To see her rights, her liberty, her all,
 Confirm'd for ever, or for ever fall. 1415

And next, the matchless agents fill our eyes,
 The world's best leaders, and the world the prize.
 Onward they rush; but, ere the battle bleeds,
 A pause, a dreadful interval, succeeds;⁶
 Then, like dark clouds swell'd from the surly
 north, 1420

And big with storms, their gather'd rage bursts forth.

troops in the battle of Pharsalia, nor do they agree as to the numbers. It would be an insult to the discernment of any reader to question to whose authority he will give the preference. Plutarch must have read Cæsar's account of the battle, as he mentions particularly an observation made by him upon Pompey's forbidding his men to shout or rush forward; a practice approved of by Cæsar.

⁶ Ad medium fere spatium consisterunt. CÆS. ut sup.

Black,

Black, ebon black, the hour to Pompey's fame,⁷
 His cohorts routed, and disgrac'd his name ;
 That star, long labouring to meridian height,
 Shoots down at once to never-ending night : 1425
 All the bright threads by fortune's fingers spun,
 The toil of years, unravell'd, backward run.

The fire-scath'd oak, with votive garlands crown'd,
 Thus mourns its honours withering on the ground :
 Alone, expos'd it stands, its trunk stript bare, 1430
 The herd pass by, and find no shelter there ;
 Trembling, the way-worn pilgrim speeds his pace,
 Nor dares abide near the devoted place.

⁷ When a civil war became inevitable, Cæsar published a declaration, that he should consider all Romans as friends who did not appear in arms against him ; Pompey, on the contrary, that he should treat all who did not join with him as enemies. This was, in fact, had the latter been victorious, to lay the foundation for massacre and confiscation, and a repetition of all the horrors of Sylla's proscription. Tully, with his usual humanity and wisdom, condemned it both as cruel and impolitick, though it seems greatly to have influenced him to shew himself in the camp of Pompey. He wished well to his cause ; but, had it been consistent with prudence, would have preferred the appearance of neutrality.

Life's varying seasons by degrees decay,
But Pompey's summer closes with a day. 1435
Where are the crouds that hail'd his noon-tide
blaze?

The senate's homage, and the people's praise?
Attendant kings that grac'd his glittering train?
Where all the oblig'd, the obsequious, and the vain?
Far, far aloof, they fly;* as birds disperse 1440
When raging storms their dusky columns pierce.

Adversity, thy bitter blasts declare
What slaves to chance instable mortals are.
Ask for great Pompey now; lo, in his tent,
With visage wan, his robe of battle rent; 1445
Where his sad eye Emathia's valley views,
His scatter'd legions fly, the foe pursues;
Ev'n in his camp he sees the hostile spear,
And Cæsar's conquering name appals his ear.

* Se poi si cangia in tristo il lieto stato,
Volta la turba adulatrice il piede. ARIOST. xix. 6.

The sumptuous banquet in his tents display'd, 1450
 The goblets crown'd, the purple carpets laid;
 The heat excluded by the shadowing tree,
 And in a field the city's luxury;
 By their fallacious pomp too plain express,
 How vainly pride anticipates success ;⁹ 1455
 Too plainly prove, to double every curse,
 Minds unprepar'd for fortune's sad reverse.
 Unthought-of ill assails with twofold weight,
 And finds no guard against the storms of fate.
 With grief and shame his quiv'ring cheeks are
 flush'd, 1460
 And every function of his soul lies crush'd;
 Courage at first forsakes his humbled breast,
 Then hope, the bosom's latest, lingering guest.

⁹ In castris Pompeii videre licuit triclinia strata, magnum argenti pondus expositum, recentibus cespitibus tabernacula constrata, L. etiam Lentuli et nonnullorum tabernacula protecta hederâ; multaque preterea, quæ nimiam luxuriam et victoriæ fiduciam designarent.

CÆs. de Bel. Civ.. l. iii. 96.

In sable sorrow's comfortless array, 1464
 Through Tempé's shades he takes his lonely way;¹
 Pondering the uncertain base of mortal pride,
 While winding Peneus murmurs by his side:²
 There, in the mazes of the silent grove,
 His streaming eyes upbraid inconstant Jove; 1469
 Then, parch'd with thirst, along the river's brink
 He stoops, cold comfort from the wave to drink.
 Dismay'd he stops, or panting looks behind,
 And hears the imagin'd foe in every wind.
 All ill his rage had on the vanquish'd shed,
 Pale fear inflicts on his own forfeit head; 1475
 Himself the mournful pageant of the war,
 And Cæsar high in his triumphal car.

¹ Superstes dignitatis suæ vixit, ut cum majore dedecore per Thessalica
 Tempe equo fugeret, et ut una navicula Lesbon applicaretur.

FLOR. l. iv. c. 2.

² Littora contigerat, per quæ Peneïus amnis
 Emathiâ jam clade rubens exhibat in æquor. LUCAN. l. viii. 33.

Like a poor bark, her sails and rudder lost,
 In vain he hopes some hospitable coast; 1479
 For chance, not choice, must now the vessel steer,
 While rocks all round, and faithless shelves are near.
 Where can he turn? What port will now receive
 The dangerous freight, a vanquish'd fugitive?
 To Lesbos, where his soul's best treasure bides,³
 His course, at length, the harrass'd warrior guides.

As sometimes, though black clouds obscure the day,
 The labouring sun emits a transient ray; 1587
 So, in his breast, one gleam of joy revives,
 Reflecting, that his dear Cornelia lives:
 Though interest's servile train forsake his side,
 Receding with his fortune's ebbing tide, 1491
 No chance or change her constant faith can move,⁴
 And woe's best balm is soft connubial love;

³ Cedendum est bellis, quorum tibi tuta latebra
 Lesbos erit:—. LUCAN. l. v. 743.

⁴ Ma quel, che di cuor ama, riman forte,
 Ed ama il suo signor dopo la morte. ARIOS. c. xix.

That

That cordial drop, which in life's chalice quaff'd,
Pervades and sweetens all the bitter draught. 1495

But in what Lethe can he fancy steep?
On what kind down will restless memory sleep?
When her too faithful, busy pencil draws
What now, alas! he is, and what he was.
O, how unprescient of this dire disgrace,⁵ 1500
Was the gay tumult of their last embrace!
When weaving garlands for her lord's return,
Smiling she talk'd of ruin'd Cæsar's urn;
Nor in the proud delusion could foresee,
That hope is scarce the shade of certainty. 1505
Laurels and myrtles deck the conqueror now,
While the sad cypress fades on Pompey's brow.
O vain-disposing man! a scornful Jove
Sits mocking thy presumption, from above;⁶

⁵ O quantum caliginis mentibus humanis objicit magna felicitas.

SEN. Epist.

⁶ Enimvero Di nos, quasi pilas, homines habent.

PLAUT. Cap. in prol.

Views the fond structures of the exulting mind,
 Then puffs the empty bubbles to the wind; 1511
 Till sage experience owns this truth at last,
 That nought on earth is certain but the past.

Long doubtful to what region he might trust,
 And many bad declin'd, he chose the worst. 1515
 Vile strumpet, Fortune! who would trust thy
 smile?

Thy blandishments allure, but to beguile.

The

¹ There are few particulars in the Roman story less easily accounted for than the wonderful popularity of Pompey: it commenced with his setting out in life, and accompanied him to the close of it. It will appear the more extraordinary, that he should have been such an early favourite, when we consider that his father was as much detested as the son was beloved and admired; and hereditary impressions are not, in general, effaced speedily. He certainly had a very distinguished military genius, and performed several signal services for his country; but we know, at the same time, that his enemies were often feeble, and the troops he commanded the best in the world. Sertorius in Spain shewed himself greatly his superior in the art of war; after much boasting and equal supineness he fled shamefully from Rome at the approach of Cæsar, whom he affected to despise; and upon the rout of his cavalry early in the engagement at Pharsalia, he made no effort to retrieve the fortune of the

The master late of all Rome's naval pride,
 Whose brazen prows oppress'd the foaming tide,
 All but his wife and faithful freedman lost, 1520
 With one poor bark now seeks the Egyptian coast.
 Not Egypt's shore the vanquish'd chief could save;
 He sought a refuge, and he found a grave.
 Fated to fall, the soft Etesian gale
 To false Canopus wafts his luckless sail. 1525
 Dull as the banks where Lethe's poppies sleep,
 Where torpid weeds their slimy chambers keep,
 Lies the flat shore. No choral nautick sound,
 To charm the heaving anchor from the ground;
 No shepherd's pipe, nor feather'd songsters, there,
 Pierce the thick ether, and revive the air; 1531

the day, but retired from the field with the most pusillanimous dejection. His popularity must have been greatly acquired by his personal advantages, by the dignity of his deportment, affable manners, and a life of unsullied decorum. Though Rome would not have been more free, had he been victorious, and he would have been a much more cruel conqueror than Cæsar, when we reflect upon his former fortune it is impossible not to be deeply affected at his lamentable catastrophe.

Q 3

But

But o'er rank swamps on tainted vapours borne,
The buzzing insect winds his peevish horn.
Along the wharf, with languid loit'ring pace,
Strolls an enervate, worthless, sun-bak'd race; 1535
To virtue's livelier emanations dead,
And sodden as the soil on which they tread:
No balmy gales, or varying clouds they know,
But brazen skies above, and burning sands below.
Yet, what the withering vault of heaven denies,
Redundant Nile from his moist lap supplies; 1541
Sweeping thro' seven broad mouths the flood comes
down,
His secret source oft sought, and long unknown:
Ammon's great son the spring in vain explor'd,
In vain Cambyzes, and the Memphian lord;⁸ 1545
Yet one brave Briton's⁹ happier toil has won
What baffled Eastern kings, and Ammon's son.

⁸ Sesostris, Cambyzes, and Alexander, endeavoured in vain to discover the source of the Nile.

⁹ Mr. Bruce. See his Travels.

Unlike

Unlike all deluges his tide he leads;
Plenty, not ruin, the o'erflow succeeds;
As a kind monarch who his subjects loves, 1550
Not wasting, but enriching, where he moves.
O'er the drench'd soil his wat'ry pinions spread,
He broods abundance, then forsakes his bed.
This wonder ancient ages saw or heard,
Profoundly reason'd, and profoundly err'd. 1555
But most the wise in Nature's laws admire
His punctual times to visit and retire:
High swells the surge when sultry Sirius burns,
And Libra poises o'er his shrinking urns.
Here the swarth husbandman's promiscuous
grain 1560
Is sown on lazy mud, and reap'd again;
And while no toil the willing harvest needs,
Unearn'd he sees it rise, and thankless feeds;
Sol's glowing beams mature the bursting ear,
And toads and asps 'midst waving corn appear.

The

The land's fertility with plagues is curs'd;¹ 1566
 But of all plagues, her treacherous sons the worst.

One sullen skiff alone is seen to attend;
 They beckon to the hero to descend.
 With sighs suppress'd, and sad presaging heart
 Cornelia sees the slender pomp depart. 1571
 High on the lonely deck the matron stands,²
 Eyes the small boat, and lifts to heaven her
 hands;³

Then deeper darkness seem'd to obscure the pole,
 Nor distant thunder, muttering ceas'd to roll. 1575

¹ Fertilis in mortes,—. LUCAN, l. ix. 619.

² —primâ pendet tamen anxia puppe. LUCAN, l. viii. 590.

³ There cannot perhaps be imagined a finer subject for a painter than Pompey's passage from his ship, in the small boat, to the shore of Egypt. The dejected composure and resolution in the countenance of the hero himself, the tenderness and anxiety of Cornelia, and the sullen, yet exulting confidence displayed in the visages of the assassins, might surely produce the most interesting effects in a picture. I would prefer this view to the moment of his murder.

Scarce did his foot the treacherous margin find,
 When stabb'd, he falls, by ruffians' swords behind ;⁴
 Yet mindful ever of a hero's pride,
 Great to the last, without a groan he died.⁵
 Cornelia's piercing shrieks distract the air, 1580
 While life prolong'd but lengthens her despair ;
 With all her sails outspread, and every oar,
 The hurrying vessel flies the hated shore.—
 Proud of their shame, th' inglorious court they seek,
 And bear his head fresh sever'd from the neck :
 Athwart a bench the body rudely thrown,⁶ 1586
 That head august was hackled through the bone ;
 While, base Septimius, vile Egyptians see,
 Hang o'er the tedious bungling butchery.

⁴ —ut denique in Pelusiaco littore, imperio vilissimi regis, consiliis spadonum, et ne quid malis desit, Septimii desertoris sui gladio trucidatus, sub oculis uxoris suæ liberorumque moreretur. FLOR. l. iv. c. 2.

⁵ —nullo gemitu consensit ad ictum. LUCAN. l. viii. 619.

⁶ Collaque in obliquo ponit languentia transtro.
 Tunc nervos, venasque secat, nodosaque frangit
 Ossa diu. Ibid. 671.

O sad reverse of false-deluding chance! 1590

O mournful lesson for man's arrogance!

A little earth, scrap'd by his freedman's nails,

Preserves the sacred trunk from tainting gales;

One oozy plank, dragg'd from the stagnant Nile,

Is all the honours of his funeral pile. 1595

You humbly born! consign'd to fates obscure,

And kindly destin'd to be safe and poor,⁷

Survey the headless ruin as it lies,

And for your fortune thank th' indulgent skies.⁸

—Κινδυνος δ' αλων

Κρείσσω δίδωσι της τυραννιδος χαριν. EURIP. Hippol.

⁷ Felix media quisquis turbæ
Sorte quietus. SEN. Agam.

M. C A T O.

Lost liberty indignant to survive,⁹ 1600
 At Utica good Cato ceas'd to live ;
 With his own sword he sought the peaceful shore,¹
 Where prosperous tyrants could command no more.
 Driven to extremes, too oft the unhappy brave
 Found their sad refuge in a self-made grave ;

⁹ After Pompey's defeat at Pharsalia, Cato is said never to have indulged himself at his meals in a recumbent posture. To sit, eating, was among the Romans a ceremony of mourning, and was practised in times of great affliction or calamity. After the unfortunate defeat at Cannæ, Terentius Varro always sat at his meals. It denoted an intentional mortification ; but we cannot well judge what degree of inconvenience might have been suffered from this kind of voluntary penance, further than that the change of any habit to which men have been long accustomed, is for a time irksome. Without this consideration, it only seems to have been a resolution to discontinue swallowing horizontally, a sort of distress with which a modern does not well know how to sympathise.

¹ —acceptâ partium clade nihil cunctatus, *ut sapiente dignum erat*, mortem etiam lætus accivit. Nam postquam filium comitesque ab amplexu dimisit, in nocte lecto ad lucernam Platonis libro, qui immortalitatem animæ docet, paululum quievit. Tum circa primam vigiliam stricto gladio revelatum manu pectus semel iterumque percussit.
 [A. U. C. 708.] FLOR. IV. C. 2.

Securing boldly thus the pass'd renown, 1606
They scorn'd to drain life's loathsome chalice down;
Not shiv'ring on the verge of fate they stood,
But plung'd spontaneous in th' eternal flood;
Nor loiter'd on this mortal stage, to see 1610
Their last sad scene conclude with infamy:
When hope's false meteor could delude no more,
They dropp'd the curtain, and the piece was o'er;
And more to consecrate the daring deed,
Applause and admiration were the meed. 1615
No Heaven-taught precept then restrain'd the blow,
And, born to suffer, bade them bear their woe;
Not hurl back rashly on the giver's hand,
What the wise giver only might demand.
Cato's great conqueror repining heard, 1620
That death to his proud mercy he prefer'd;
And shun'd to see the splendour of his name
Obscur'd at length by that dark cloud of shame;
But, taught by Plato, the bright sphere explor'd,
Beyond a Cæsar's pity or his sword. 1625
A soul

A soul sublime, with ancient maxims fraught,²
 His practice stricter even than Stoicks taught;
 While all their high-strain'd principles profess'd,
 The clear example of his life express'd.³
 Virtues, inherent in his honour'd race, 1630
 To him descended with a milder grace;
 Though some rude particles were smooth'd away,
 The gem's true lustre suffer'd no allay;
 Yet, in his garb uncouth, and frequent frown,
 The rigid Censor's lineage still was known.⁴ 1635

² Finxit enim te ipsa natura ad honestatem, gravitatem, temperantiam, magnitudinem animi, justitiam, ad omnes denique virtutes, magnum hominem et excelsum. CIC. [de Caton.] pro Muræna.

³ The whole conduct of Cato's life shews him a greater Stoick than the most rigid professors of that sect; or, however they might equal him in knowledge, it is certain he shamed them in practice. Kennet's *ANTIQ.*

⁴ Plutarch informs us, in his life of Cato the Younger, that when he was Prætor, he often came to the court without his shoes, and sat upon the bench without his gown; and that in this habit he gave judgment in capital causes on persons of the best quality.

— si quis vultu torvo ferus, et pede nudo,
 Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem,
 Virtutemne repræsentet, moresque Catonis? HOR. Epist. l. i. 19.

But

But different shades of mind in each appear,
The first was cruel, and the last severe.
To root out guilt, the elder too intent,
Felt savage pleasure in its punishment;
Ardent like him, the younger lash'd the age, 1640
But pity temper'd his humaner rage:
The fierce-eyed Censor, Rome with terror saw;
His sage descendent with unwilling awe.
Their dates of life revers'd, fair truth might find
More difference in the times, than in the mind.
When honour's cause his glowing rhet'rick warm'd,
The worthless felt abash'd, though not reform'd;
And half-subdu'd by his reproving tongue,
Acknowledg'd what was right, though acting wrong;
Yet no amendment from conviction took, 1650
But hated less the crime than the rebuke.
Corruption all sound principle had min'd,
Nor left one frown of early Rome behind,
Save that, which unconforming Cato wont
To wear habitual on his low'ring front. 1655

Virtue's cold frost-work vanish'd clear away,
Too weak for luxury's dissolving ray ;
Her simple elements perverted quite,
Not Cancer to the Goat more opposite :
Rome once was artless, sturdy, plain, and brave ;
Now, smiling, soft, perfidious, and a slave. 1661
In seasons rank with every mortal vice,
(Pride, lust, ambition, fraud, and avarice,)
Himself unstain'd, he wonder'd to behold
A venal people bartering truth for gold ; 1665
And talk'd of rigorous laws, and pristine days ;
Fond themes of his unfashionable praise.
The useless text repeated lost its force ;
His morals chang'd not, but the times grew worse ;
By manners like their own, mankind beguil'd,
Yawn'd while he preach'd, or laugh'd if Cæsar smil'd.
When rattling tempests sweep the angry skies,
The strong-bas'd rock their furious blast defies ;
While humbler battlements, like slaves, conform,
Nod their indented crests, and own the storm :

So

So Cato's soul by tyrant power unbow'd, 1676
 Opposing stood, and scorn'd the servile crowd;
 By interest never, or ambition mov'd,
 Strict justice, for herself, he serv'd and lov'd;⁴
 And Heav'n, which saw the secrets of his breast,
 Saw the true temple where a God might rest. 1681
 Astræa, long the hireling judge's sport,
 Fix'd in his mind her solitary court.
 Not more to others than himself severe,⁵
 By love unbiass'd, and uncheck'd by fear, 1685
 Ill deeds, however varnish'd, he despis'd;
 The heart's applause, and not the world's, he pris'd.⁶
 Yet

⁴ Ecce parens verus patriæ, dignissimus aris,
 Roma, tuis, per quem nunquam jurare pudebit;—

LUCAN. l. ix. 601.

⁵ —cui [sc. Catoni] ut videtis, etiam cantare non serii hominis videtur.

MACROB. l. ii. c. 10.

Accessit his tot doctrina non moderata nec mitis, sed, ut mihi videtur,
 paulo asperior et durior quam aut veritas aut natura patiatur.

CIC. pro Muræn.

⁶ Cato with the highest reputation for virtue, and constantly employed
 in publick affairs, never attained to the consular dignity. This circum-
 stance not only shews the great corruption of the Romans in his time,
 but

Yet no extremes deform'd his temperate mind,
 The friend was lenient, and the father kind;
 And not content with speculative good, 1690
 Firm in the pass where danger frown'd, he stood.
 All trembling but himself, his host he led,
 Where living poisons the burnt soil o'erspread;
 While his scorched brows sustain'd the Lybian heat,
 A thousand deaths writh'd hissing at his feet; 1695
 Seps, dipsa, asp, and all the snaky brood,
 Whose mortal stings polute the vital flood:
 Region of terrors! where Medusas reign
 Affrights and desolates the pestful plain;
 A zenith sun the venom'd rage sublimes, 1700
 With dreadful bane, unknown to shadowy climes.

Bad men, who fear'd not heaven, his anger fear'd,⁷
 Yet none would imitate what all rever'd:

but proves also that he either despised the arts of popularity, or did not know how to practise them. Catiline was audacious enough to appear as a candidate for the consulship.

⁷ —neminem ausurum coram Catone peccare. SEN. Epist.

Rome felt with him the self-inflicted wound,
And Liberty's last tear bedew'd the ground.* 1705

C. JULIUS

* Neque enim Cato post libertatem vixit, nec libertas post Catonem.

SEN. Epist.

The most injurious character of Cato I have met with, and drawn with some appearance of truth, is contained in the following words of the learned Abbé Mongault.

C'étoit un homme qui avoit plus de droiture que de prudence, qui nuisoit plus au bon parti par son humeur austere et inflexible, qu'il ne le servoit par son zèle ardent, mais peu réglé. Il s'étoit fait des principes dont il ne se relâchoit jamais, même en faveur des meilleurs citoyens, comme étoit Pontinius. Il ne scavoit pas ménager à la République le peu de gens qui s'intéressoient encore pour sa liberté. Il vouloit rappeler dans le siècle le plus corrompu, comme le plus poli, la vertu rigide et farouche des tems les plus grossiers. Il s'opposoit à tout sans discernement, souvent sans appui, presque toujours sans succès; il usoit ainsi son credit, et perdoit en vains efforts une autorité, qu'il falloit ménager pour des occasions plus importantes.

It is to be observed that the above are strictures upon the temper and judgment of Cato, not upon his morals and virtue.

The reader may now peruse the opposite sentiments of another distinguished Frenchman on the same subject.

Je crois (says Montesquieu) que si Caton s'étoit réservé pour la république, il auroit donné aux choses tout un autre tour. Cicéron avec des parties admirables pour un second rôle, étoit incapable du premier :
il



JULIUS CÆSAR.

C. JULIUS CÆSAR.

A. U. C. 706.

The lambent flame of Cæsar's fire-touch'd soul
No fears could damp, nor principle control.'

At

il avoit un beau génie, mais une ame souvent commune : l'accessoire chez Cicéron c'étoit la vertu, chez Caton c'étoit la gloire : Cicéron se voyoit toujours le premier, Caton s'oublioit toujours : celui-ci vouloit sauver la république pour elle-même, celui-là pour s'en vanter. Quand Caton prevoit, Cicéron craignoit ; là où Caton espéroit, Cicéron se confioit ; le premier voyoit toujours les choses de sang froid, l'autre au travers de cent petites passions.

This last note on the character of Cato contains almost the whole substance of all the satires extant against Cicero.

Cicero's being unanimously chosen consul, when there was a suspicion entertained of Catiline's designs against his country, is a very strong proof that the Romans did not, like Montesquieu, consider him as less qualified than Cato to sustain a first part in the state on a great emergency.

* Lucan's Pharsalia is unquestionably a very noble poem ; but young readers should be cautioned against taking their impressions of Cæsar's personal character from this author. Whether he is in earnest, or only affects zeal for the republick, he takes a decided interest against that great man, and enters into the contest with all the virulence of a party-writer. To Cæsar he allows no one good quality, except courage, and imputes to

At manhood's dawning of his sire bereft,²
 To form his mind was to Aurelia left;
 And nature's lavish gifts, that mother's love 1710
 With care unceasing fail'd not to improve.
 All that wise schools, or wiser seers could teach,
 What study could acquire, or talents reach,
 His youth attain'd; nor could instruction give
 More than his rare endowments could receive.
 Round the sharp goal to whirl the rapid car, 1716
 To launce the javelin whistling through the air,

him vices and foibles, which, so far from being in his nature, were repugnant to it. He represents him as a vain-boaster, cruel, and insolent. Cæsar was too proud and too wise to be vain; and of all conquerors he was the most merciful and generous. His insolence, if a bold spirit of enterprise attended with constant success can properly be called so, appears but little in his writings, and in the accounts we have of his discourse. A great poet may put what words he pleases into the mouth of a hero, and comment upon them afterwards, for imagination and ingenuity are not to be restricted within common boundaries; yet experience will not be misled by them. We consider a man as insolent, who treats others with a contempt which they do not deserve, and imagines he can accomplish things beyond his means or capacity. How far this description is applicable to Julius Cæsar, the learned may determine.

² —annum agens sextum decimum, patrem amisit. Suet. in J. Cæs.

To give new spirit to the bounding horse,³
 And stem the headlong torrent in its course,⁴
 None knew like him: thus manly toil supply'd
 What daintier nature to his frame deny'd. 1721
 While yet a youth, his dauntless brow alone
 With equal menace met proud Sylla's frown;
 Till with prophetick voice the tyrant cry'd,
 He many Marii in that boy espy'd.⁵ 1725
 Graceful his mien, with eloquence to charm,⁶
 In peace prevailing, as in fight his arm;

³ —armorum et equitandi peritissimus. Idem, ut supra.

⁴ —si flumina morarentur, nando trajiciens, vel innixus inflatis utribus, ut persæpe nuntios de se prævenerit. Idem, ut supra.

⁵ —Cæsari multos Marios ineffe. Idem, ut supra.

⁶ Hanc quum habeat præcipuam laudem in communibus, non video cui debeat cedere: splendidam quamdam minimeque veteratoriam rationem dicendi tenet, voce, motu; formâ etiam magnificâ, et generosâ quodam modo. Cic. in Brut.

Quid? Oratorum quem huic antepones eorum qui nihil aliud egerunt? Quis sententiis aut acutior, aut crebrior? Quis verbis aut ornatior aut elegantior? Cic. Epist. ad Corn. Nep.

Tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illum eodem animo dixisse, quo bellavit, appareat. Exornat tamen hæc omnia mira sermonis, cujus proprie studiosus fuit, elegantia. QUINTIL. l. x. c. i.

Pronuntiasse dicitur voce acutâ, ardente motu, gestuque, non sine venustate. Suet. ut sup.

Nor

Nor Tully only would have rul'd the bar,
 Had not ambition fir'd his soul for war.
 When his bright orb ascends th' Hesperian sky,
 Rome's leffer stars fade from the galaxy ;⁷ 1731
 The splendour of their former rays is gone,
 Or all concenter'd shine in him alone.⁸
 Whatever age had seen great Julius rise,
 Where'er his birth beneath th' extended skies, 1735
 So vast, so various were his powers of mind,
 He must have been supreme, and rul'd mankind.⁹

No

⁷ Haud secus ac tacitum luna regnante per Arcton,
 Sidereæ cedunt acies. CLAUDIAN.

⁸ The following summary of Cæsar's character by Paterculus is worthy of being inserted:

Formâ omnium civium excellentissimus, vigore animi acerrimus, magnificentiæ effusissimus, animo super humanam et naturam et fidem evectus; magnitudine cogitationum, celeritate bellandi, patientiâ periculorum, magno illi Alexandro, sed sobrio, neque iracundo simillimus; qui denique semper et somno et cibo in vitam non in voluptatem uteretur. l. ii. c. 41.

⁹ "Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
 "That ever lived in the tide of times."

SHAKSPEARE. J. Cæsar.

On

No serpent, under Africk's solstice bred,
 Rolling o'er firy sands, by sunbeams fed,
 With fiercer thirst e'er sought the quenching stream,
 Than his hot bosom burn'd to rule supreme. 1741
 As down the o'er-seeth'd cauldron's brazen sides
 At length the wat'ry distillation glides,
 So, while the tale of Ammon's son he read,
 To envy's flame, see copious tears succeed. 1745
 "Thou, happy Greek, (he cry'd) the world had'st won,
 "In earlier youth than Cæsar's name was known."
 O godlike envy, yet o dire presage
 Of woes too sure from his maturer age!
 On sovereign domination long intent,¹ 1750
 To gods and kings he trac'd his high descent;

And

On parle beaucoup de la fortune de César ; mais cet homme extraordinaire avoit tant de grandes qualités sans pas un défaut, quoiqu'il eût bien des vices, qu'il eût été bien difficile que quelque armée qu'il eut commandée, il n'eût été vainqueur, et qu'en quelque République qu'il fût né il ne l'eût gouvernée. MONTESQUIEU, de la Grandeur des Romains, c. xi.

¹ Multos annos regnare meditatus, magno labore, multis periculis, quod cogitarat, effecerat. CIC. Phil. 2.

And in the forum, from his list'ning slaves,
 By the proud vaunt, their future homage craves.
 For this, the factious populace he rous'd,
 The cause of Marius he for this espous'd; 1755
 Boldly for this, he bade the people see
 His statues deck'd with wreaths of victory;
 Assur'd, that when the seeds of strife were sown,
 The future harvest must be all his own.
 Against the senate still his force he bent, 1760
 Scorning their babbling gownish government.
 To letters, talents, every muse a friend;²
 Liberal to all; yet could he condescend,

Αλλ' οδ' αὐτῷ εἶλεται περὶ πάντων ἐμμεναι ἄλλων,

Πάντων μὲν κρατεεῖν εἶλεται, πάντεσσι δ' ἀνασσεῖν. HOM. α. 287.

Ipsē autem socer [J. Cæsar] in ore semper Græcos versus de Phœnis-
 is habebat, quos dicam ut potero, non condite fortasse, sed tamen ut
 res possit intelligi:

Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratiâ

Violandum est: aliis rebus pietatem colas. Crc. de Off. l. iii.

² Mihi crede, etiam is qui omnia tenet, favet ingeniis. Crc. Ep. ad Marcel.

—propter eximium ingenium, summamque eruditionem; cui, meher-
 cules, hic cujus in potestate sumus, multum tribuit.

—mirifice ingeniis excellentibus - - - delectatur. Crc. Epist. ad Cæcin.

When

When factions, like wild tempests, shook the realm,
(In hopes the boldest hand might seize the helm,)
'Gainst Tully and good Cato to combine,' 1766
With desperate Clodius, and fell Catiline.

¹ In the juxtaposition of Cato and Cæsar by Sallust, the historian gives the preference to neither. One cannot well conceive two characters more strongly contrasted; for except that both were well descended, brave, and eloquent, there is between them no other feature of resemblance. Cato was as much superior to Cæsar in the practice of every severe virtue, as he was his inferior in judgment, talents, and capacity. Whatsoever was Cæsar's purpose, he generally embraced the most effectual and certain means of accomplishing it, while Cato had but one way of attempting every thing; so that the former was commonly successful, and the latter as frequently miscarried. He entered into many an action, as he did into the theatre, only to get out of it. Cæsar, by the sweetness of his temper, and the affability of his manners, could throw a sort of grace even over bad actions, while Cato was distinguished by his abhorrence of them. Without giving our approbation to Cæsar, it is difficult not to love, and impossible not to admire him. We approve of and respect Cato, but he is seldom amiable. Notwithstanding the loose morality of the Dictator, his soul was capable of an elevation which the strict stoicism and rigid principles of his antagonist could never attain to; and it should be remembered to the advantage of the conqueror of the world, that in an age and country so shamefully addicted to bloodshed and debauchery, he was always merciful and temperate.

T

Beyond

Beyond the Alps he ran his bold career ;
 Rome was for him too small a theatre :
 Sate of her inglorious brawls, he hies 1770
 To distant scenes of hardy enterprize.
 But first, by bribes, by all that art could move,
 He reign'd unrivall'd in the people's love.
 Low at the bottom of the peaceful deep,
 In silent caves the seaborn monsters sleep; 1775
 But when fierce winds vex'd Ocean's bosom tear,
 To day's broad eye their horrid forms appear:
 So, in the depths of his capacious breast
 Ambition's brood in grim repose could rest,
 The destin'd hour of tumult but to wait,— 1780
 Then rise reveal'd, and awe the prostrate state.
 Gauls, Germans, Britain, by his arms o'ercome,
 Confirm'd his sway, and fix'd his chains on Rome.
 In dalliance once by Cleopatra held,^a
 Awhile he left the labours of the field ; 1785
 She

^a Cleopatra regis soror, affusa Cæsaris genibus, partem regni re-
 poscebat. Aderat puellæ forma, &c. FLOR. l. iv. c. 2.

She tried her varying poignancy of charms,
 To fold him long in her voluptuous arms;
 From balmy lips breath'd forth the endearing vow,
 And smooth'd the furrows on his care-worn brow:
 But when the trumpet's notes his trance molest,
 He pluck'd the sting of pleasure from his breast;
 Refulgent beam'd again in glittering arms, 1792
 To shake the coward land with war's alarms;⁵
 Then Ptolemy he tumbled from his throne,
 And bade the Royal Harlot rule alone.

Yet skill consummate in the soldier's art 1795
 Had form'd no callous crusting round his heart;⁶

Though

Cæsar never display'd his great military skill and wonderful presence of mind more conspicuously than in extricating himself from all the dangers with which he was environed in the Alexandrian war. He was involved in this by his amour with Cleopatra, and it seems to have been the only instance in which he suffered his passions to get the ascendancy over his wisdom.

⁵ Ab eisdem percussoribus Pompeii obsessus in regiâ, quamvis exiguâ manu, ingentis exercitus molem mirâ virtute sustinuit. FLOR. l. iv. c. 2.

⁶ There is an unaccountable proneness in several modern writers, to ascribe the well known clemency of Cæsar towards his vanquished enemies either to policy, or to his contempt of them, and not to his natural disposition.

Though from ambition oft he stretch'd the sword,
 Unnecessary blood his soul abhor'd.
 No brooding hate his fearless bosom kept;⁷ 1800
 Soon as the steel was sheath'd, his vengeance slept.⁸
 For two great ends alone he seem'd to live,
 To conquer all mankind, and to forgive.⁹
 E'en for a foe his kindly tears were shed;
 He wept at sight of Pompey's sever'd head,¹ 1805
 Forgot the rival's hate, and mourn'd the hero dead.

disposition. It is directly contrary to all the testimonies of his contemporaries, and of the subsequent ancient authors. It is of no service to the cause of morality, to inquire too strictly into the motives of men's actions, when their effects are beneficial to society; and we may be content to leave Cæsar in possession of his title to a virtue, which his enemies in his own time did not deny him.

⁷ Nemo unquam te placavit inimicus, qui illas resedissee in te similitatis reliquias senserit. Cic. pro Reg. Deiotar.

⁸ Solus inquam es, C. Cæsar, cujus in victoriâ ceciderit nemo nisi armatus. Ibid.

⁹ Simultates contrâ nullas tam graves excepit unquam, ut non occasione oblatâ, libens deponeret, et in ulciscendo naturâ lenissimus.

SUET. in J. Cæs. 73.

¹ Ut enim id Cæsar adspexit, oblitus hostis, soceri vultum induit, ac Pompeio tum proprias, tum etiam filiæ suæ lacrymas reddidit. Val. Max. l.v. c. i.

Ο δ' οὖν Καίσαρ, τὴν τῆς Πομπηίου κεφαλὴν ἰδὼν, κατεδάκρυσε, καὶ κατωλοφύρατο.

DION. CASS. l. xlii.

Not

Not youthful Ammon's envied, early wreath,
 Not the black tides of fell proscriptive death,
 Tides, that had wash'd from many a social mind
 All the sweet charities of good and kind, 1810
 In Cæsar's feeling breast could quite destroy
 Pity's mild springs, and friendship's generous joy.²
 His tongue, for ever ready to defend,
 His hand, the willing bounty to extend,³

No

² We find so few social virtues among the ancient Romans, their hospitality excepted, that wherever we can discover a humane propensity, we should, I think, cherish and applaud it.

³ O clementiam admirabilem, atque omni laude, prædicatione, literis, monumentisque decorandam! Cic. Pro Ligar.

Cæsar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo,—gloriam adeptus est.

SAL. in Bel. Catil.

Tuum est, Cæsar, qui pro multis sæpe dixisti,—. Cic. Pro Reg. Deiotar.

The two celebrated speeches of Cæsar and Cato upon the sentence to be pronounced against the Catilinarian conspirators, *preserved*, as it is called, by Sallust, seem to me no very satisfactory specimens of the manner of those eminent orators. He has doubtless preserved their different opinions upon the question, and probably the arguments by which they were supported; but there is nothing discriminating or characteristick in either, and they are plainly the author's composition: that is, the style, manner, and construction of the periods, are Sallust's. They not only
 do

No wonder, spite of wild ambition's pride,
 He liv'd endearing, and lamented died. 1815
 A soul so soft in every social part,
 The unwilling tongue calls tyrant, not the heart.

do not differ in these particular from each other, but they exactly resemble his diction every where. It may be observed perhaps of all the ancient historians who pretend to record the orations of particular men, that they make them all eloquent, and all equally so. Thucidydes and Livy abound with examples. We should consider them rather as ingenious expedients used by the historian to enliven and diversify his narrative, by not always appearing in his own person, than as faithful transcripts of orations delivered at the time by the speakers to whom he ascribes them. Let the reader compare the two following passages from the speeches of Cæsar and Cato, not only with the rest of the respective speeches, but with the whole structure of Sallust's diction.

CÆSAR. Plerique eorum, qui ante me sententias dixerunt, composite atque magnifice casum reipublicæ miserati sunt: quæ belli sævitia esset, quæ victis acciderent, enumeravere; rapi virgines, pueros; divelli liberos a parentum complexu; matres familiarum pati quæ victoribus collibuis-
 sent; fana atque domos exspoliari; cædem, incendia fieri: postremo, armis, cadaveribus, cruore atque luctu omnia compleri.

CATO. Bene et composite C. Cæsar paulo ante in hoc ordine de vitâ et morte disseruit, credo falsa existumans ea, quæ de inferis memorantur; diverso itinere malos a bonis loca tetra, inculta, fæda atque formidolosa habere, &c.

The speech which was really spoken by Cato, on this occasion, was taken down in short-hand by Cicero's order, and was extant in the time of Plutarch. See his Life of Cato, the Younger.

For these celestial qualities, when time
 With dust shall mould my perish'd form and rhyme,
 His murder told, the sympathetick tear 1821
 He knew to shed, shall grace his funeral bier;
 Nor, liberty, thy loudest shouts prevail,
 To drown soft sorrow at the mournful tale.
 O, were the devastation of mankind 1825
 The noblest triumph for a hero's mind;
 Or had his milder genius been employ'd
 To save but half the wasteful sword destroy'd;
 No rival on the guiltless rolls of fame 1829
 Had vied with all-accomplish'd Cæsar's name.⁴
 While projects boundless in his bosom roll'd,
 Scarce by the distant poles of heaven controll'd,
 At home, devoted to an earlier fate,
 Unconscious in the shade of death he sat;

⁴ Fuit in illo ingenium, ratio, memoria, literæ, cura, cogitatio, diligentia. Cic. Phil. ii.

Two finer compliments were perhaps never expressed in so few words as in this short apostrophe of Tully to Cæsar:—Spero etiam te, qui oblivisci nihil soles, nisi injurias,— Cic. Pro Ligar

Victim to liberty decreed to fall, 1835
 Streaming with blood, at Pompey's pedestal.⁵
 The stoick Brutus led the daring deed ;
 By him he lov'd was Cæsar doom'd to bleed.⁶
 If this one action stain not Brutus' fame,
 Rome's annals boast not any purer name;⁷ 1840
 For still men doubt, in this impartial time,
 To admire the virtue, or abhor the crime.
 A thousand tender thoughts restrain'd his arm,
 A thousand nobler thoughts his bosom warm ;

⁵ For some observations on the death and character of Cæsar, (too long for this place) see note (B) at the end of this volume.

⁶ If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

SHAKSP. Jul. Cæs.

Καίσαρ ἤδη τε σωζομένῳ, καὶ κελευσας πρὸς αὐτὸν εἰσελθῆναι, οὐ μόνον ἀφῆκε τῆς αἰτίας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τιμῶμενον ἐν τοῖς μαλίστα περὶ αὐτὸν εἶχε. PLUT. in Brut.

⁷ This was the noblest Roman of them all :

All the conspirators, save only he,

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;

He, only, in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, made one of them.

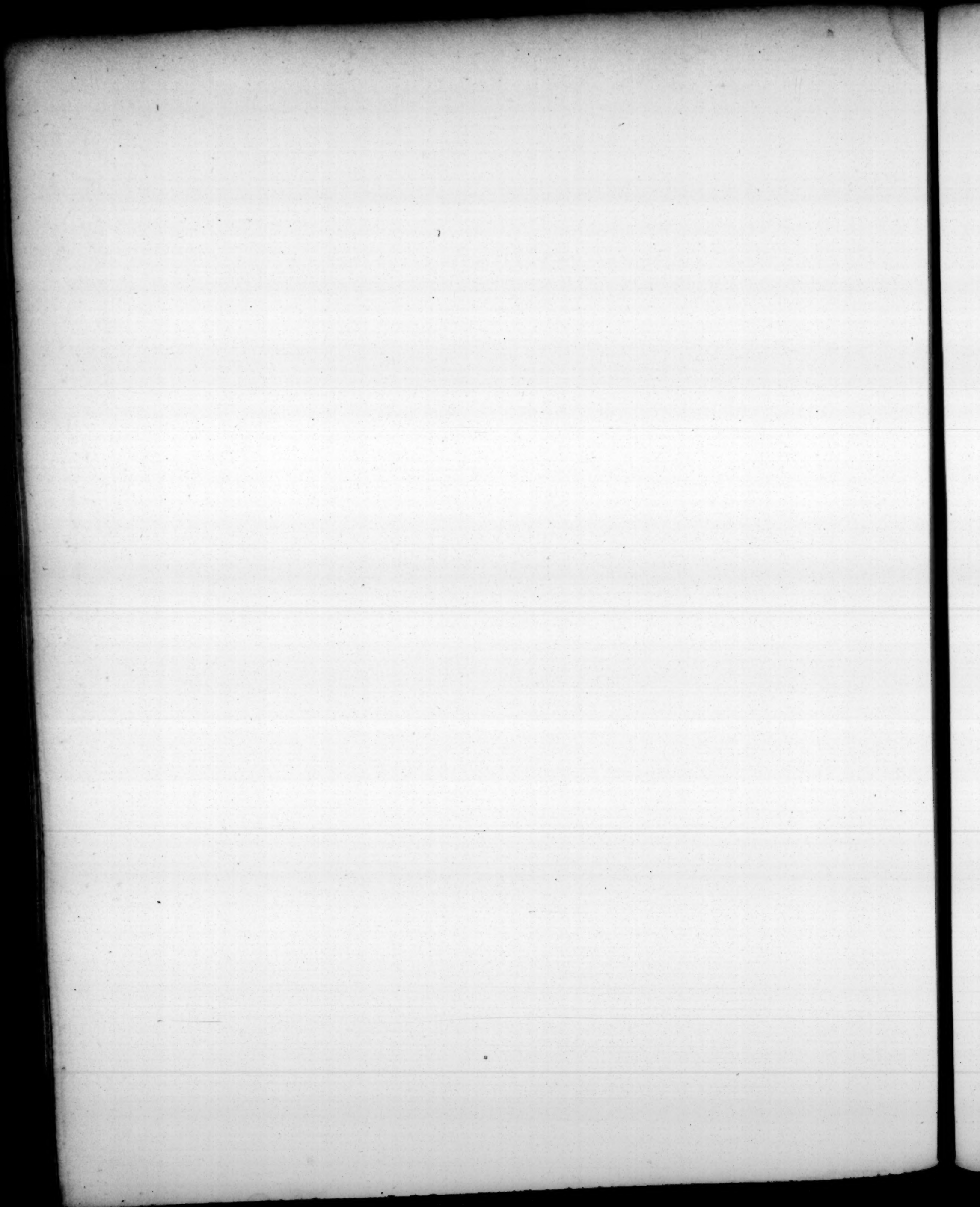
This sentiment of Anthony with respect to Brutus, is taken from the old translation of Plutarch.

See SHAKSP. J. Cæsar, Malone's edit. vol. vii. p. 416.

Impell'd;



MARCUS BRUTUS.



Impell'd, repell'd, and in the conflict tost, 1845
 More than the deed, the struggle was his boast.⁸
 He sought no more from slaughter'd Cæsar's grave,
 Than nature, justice, and his country gave;
 Revenge or jealousy inflam'd the rest, 1849
 To aim their daggers at the conqueror's breast;
 By principle alone was Brutus mov'd,—⁹
 He slew the tyrant, but the man he lov'd.¹

⁸ Cette faveur si pleine, et si mal reconnue,

Par un mortel reproche a tous momens le tue. CINNA, par Corneille.

⁹ Semper amavi, ut scis, M. Brutum, propter ejus summum ingenium, suavissimos mores, singularem probitatem, atque constantiam.

CIC. Epist. ad Famil. ix. 14.

¹ In order to enhance the merit of Brutus in killing Cæsar, some have adopted the idea of his having been his son by Servilia, with whom Cæsar was known to have intrigued; but I acknowledge myself so poor a casuist as not to be able to imagine any situation in which it can be meritorious, or even justifiable, in a man to kill his father. To add to the interest of a tragedy in which Brutus is the hero, Voltaire has brought forward the circumstance of the filiation; Shakspeare, more judiciously in my mind, has passed it over without notice. The admirers of Brutus may, I think, be content to let the matter rest as it is. It is possible he might have been the son of Cæsar, but very far from a certainty.

PRODIGIES AFTER THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.*

A. U. C. 710.

Creation's frame seem'd passion'd by the event,
 Convuls'd and torn through every element. 1854
 From Ætna's dread abyss, the affrighted world
 Saw rocks of fire with bellowing thunder hurl'd;^a
 Saw the vast concave, once benignly clear,
 Like Jove's whole armament of wrath appear.
 Then too, the tainting east, the churlish north,
 On wasteful errands sent their tempests forth; 1860
 Nor Caurus then, nor Auster lagg'd behind;
 Fierce to destroy rode every willing wind:
 Rain, hail, and arrowy sleet, and lightnings blue,
 Athwart the expanse with sullen vengeance flew;

* See note C, at the end.

^a ——— Quoties cyclopum effervere in agros

Vidimus undantem ruptis fornicabus Ætnam,

Flammarumque globos, liquefactaque volvere saxa!

VIRG. Georg. i. 471.

Huge

Huge promontories bow'd; nor ceas'd to glare 1865
 Streaming above, a comet's endless hair;³
 Portentous, dismal blaze! through Alpine woods
 Bursting in tenfold storm, with ocean's floods,
 (Woe to each prostrate field, and peopled town,)
 Eridanus, the horny king, came down;⁴ 1870
 Ausonia felt through every trembling shore
 His furious tide, and unrelenting roar.
 Ashes, no longer pent up in the urn,
 Resuming forms of life, to earth return;
 Ghastly, and grim, and terrible, they glare, 1875
 The pallid murderer, as he stalks, to scare.
 Fat blood in drops from rubent clouds fell down,
 And shed their deep pollution on the town;
 While indistinctly dreadful, through the air,
 Battle's wild din bade Rome for war prepare. 1880

³ Non alias cœlo ceciderunt plura sereno
 Fulgura; nec diri toties arsere cometæ. VIRG. Georg. i. 487.

⁴ Proluit insano contorquens vortice silvas,
 Fluviorum rex Eridanus,— Idem. Georg. i. 481.

The sun himself, by lurid mists o'er-spread,
 In dim suffusion veil'd his mournful head;
 Through twelve revolving signs, a sickly gleam
 From his chill'd orb, with faint ungenial beam,
 Scarce warming earth's cold lap, dismay'd the swains,
 Who droop'd desponding, and forsook their plains.
 O fair Hesperia! O delightful land! 1887
 Too oft, alas, by impious man profan'd!
 O'er thy smooth rivers, and thy murmuring rills,
 Thy fertile pastures, lawns, and pine-clad hills,
 No tutelary power maintain'd his charge, 1891
 But giant devastation stalk'd at large.

STATE OF ROME AFTER CÆSAR'S DEATH.

No scheme beyond the hero's fall arrang'd,*
 The state of Rome was not improv'd, but chang'd;
 That bold atchievement the whole mind possess'd,
 Nor left one thought to methodize the rest: 1896

* Quod scribis te nescire quid nostris faciendum sit, jam pridem me illa *ἀπορία* sollicitat. Itaque stulta jam Iduum Martiarum est consolatio. Animis enim usi sumus virilibus, consiliis, mihi crede, puerilibus.

CIC. Epist. ad Attic. xv. 4.

While

While some perhaps, who strain'd to look so far,
Thought all beyond it little worth the care;
And others, stung by envy, pride, or hate,
Quench'd these bad passions in their conqueror's fate.
To the same act, by different motives led, 1901
In one man's death alone were all agreed;
That mountain once remov'd, the level plain,
Where all might pass, would bless their sight again:
Vain hope! the opening prospect but disclos'd,
How still beyond it loftier Alps oppos'd. 1906
Nor all who to the work of slaughter press'd,
Glow'd with the generous ardour they profess'd;
Their worthless tale at last too plainly shews,
They less were virtue's friends, than Cæsar's foes;
But all, exalted by their leader's name, 1911
Brav'd the same danger, and partook his fame;
Yet truth, that weighs ere she confers applause,
Not always blends the agents with the cause:
Round the same banners rang'd, too oft she sees
The people's guardians, and the people's lees;

And

And heaven-born freedom's glittering flag unfurl'd,
Wave o'er the chiefs and miscreants of the world.

By wild distraction were Rome's councils rent,
And anarchy succeeded government;⁵

⁵ *Frænumque solvit pristinum licentia. PHÆD. Fab. ii.*

This must always happen, when any form of government is demolished, before some other plan to replace it is arranged and settled. We cannot expect to find a palace magnificent and commodious in all its parts rise up at once without materials or workmen, merely because we see the removal of a building which before occupied the same place. In Great Britain, where the people live under the mildest government, and the most admirable constitution in the world, all measures for the security of liberty have been examined with great precaution, and have been ratified gradually: they are therefore likely to be firm and permanent. The lamentable condition of a neighbouring kingdom furnishes a living example how much easier it is to destroy, than to establish. That state has passed suddenly from an absolute monarchy to a kind of government which comes under no known denomination, but most nearly approaches to anarchy. There, the revolution was sudden, and the execution violent. Time only can discover whether it will ever come to any sober settlement, and sagacity finds it difficult to predict what that settlement may be: Whatever structure may rise out of the present ruins, will be cemented with the blood of the natives. Arbitrary commitments to a fortified state-prison were undoubtedly a great grievance; they have given place to sentence and execution without trial or commitment; and which alternative is preferable? All we know with certainty is, that the grievances complained of before, are now multiplied in tenfold proportion, under the name and pretence of reformation.

As if, herself unwilling to be free, 1921
She felt no tyrant, yet no liberty.⁶
Effect appear'd the cause. Alas! the crime
Was less in him, than the corrupted time;
Nor was ambition to one breast confin'd, 1925
Where hundreds more were Cæsars in their mind.
Then what avail'd to pull one tyrant down,
When liberty and virtue both were gone?
When men like Cato, and firm Brutus, stood
More wonder'd at, than lov'd, for being good;
Where venal honours were not merit's meed, 1931
But gold or favour bade the claim succeed;
Where once-priz'd honest poverty was shame,
And publick spirit a derided name.
Thus in the palsied frame how oft we see 1935
The form remain, but lost the energy!
Reason abhors society's disgrace,
That last of rules,—a lawless populace.

⁶ Vivit tyrannis, tyrannus occidit! Cic. Epist. ad Attic. xiv. 9.

Where each base upstart, busy, blind, and rude,
 Disdains the noble, and insults the good; 1940
 Where two concurring wills are rarely found,
 But ignorance and discord harsh abound.
 The hapless state which mourns her vigour gone,
 And her best laws by her worst sons o'er-thrown, }
 Will find at last she must submit to one;
 Some head must govern, some compulsion bind
 The jarring passions of perplex'd mankind; 1947
 And states have seen, as states will ever see,
 The extreme of licence end in tyranny.

M. Æ. LEPIDUS.

A. U. C. 711.

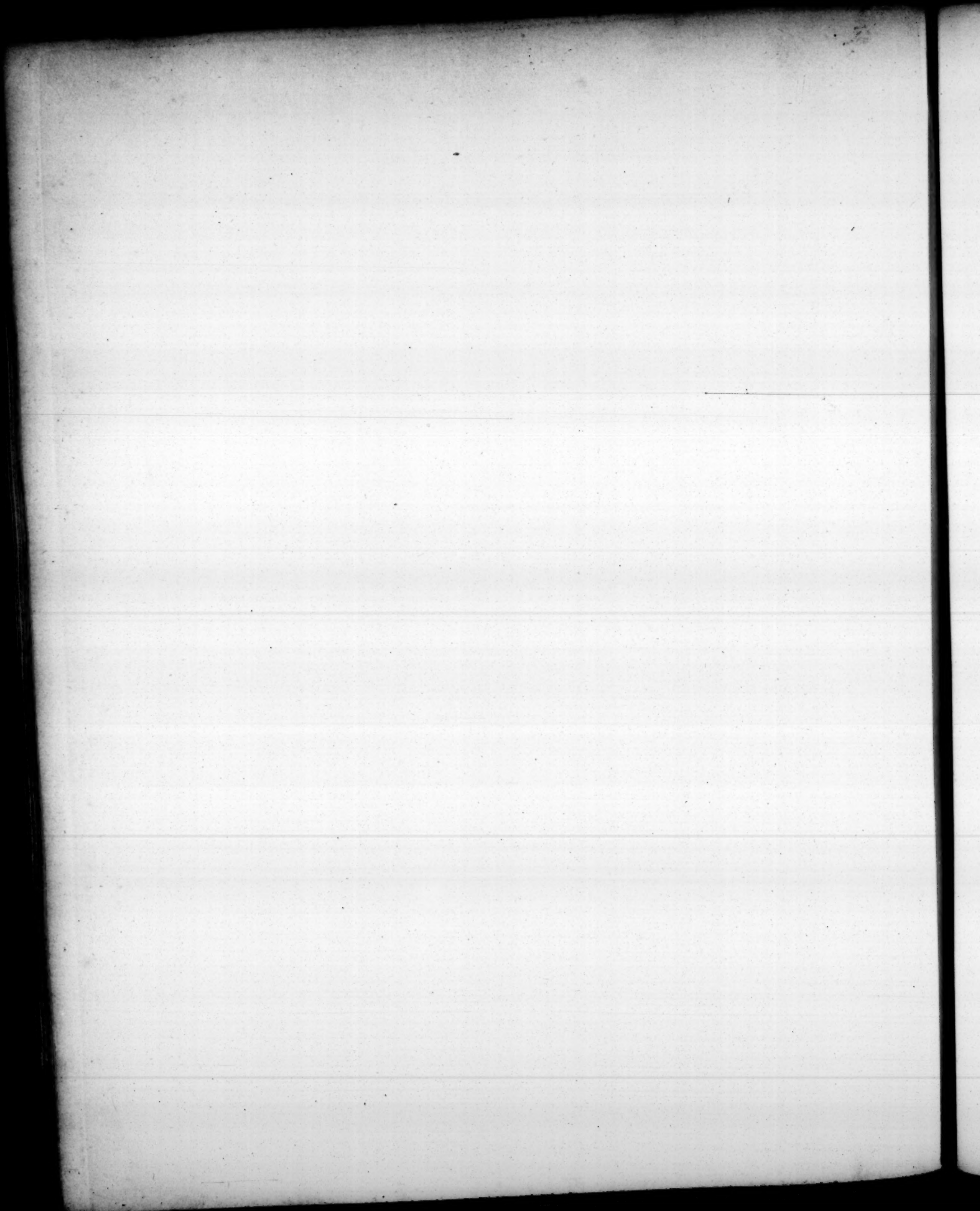
Ten years the last triumvirs held their rule;
 But shallow Lepidus, ambition's fool, 1951
 Though small the power the pageant e'er possess'd,
 The mightier two of that small power divest.

¹ In Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, Lepidus is well compared to an ass loaded with ingots.

By



LEPIDUS



By sufferance alone with them he reign'd ;
The tool they wanted, but the man disdain'd.
Determin'd to deserve the people's hate, 1956
Each felt it less, while three sustain'd the weight.
On his dull head the load of wrongs they heap,
The little merit to themselves they keep ;
Shelt'ring their crimes behind his ready name, 1960
They shar'd the spoil, and he endur'd the blame :
But when their height beyond his reach was grown,
Then to contempt and scorn they hurl'd him down.
So with the building does the scaffold rise,
Which once completed, in the dust it lies : 1965
So the loose garb that bears the winter sky,
In kindlier warmth is cast neglected by.
Private and poor they left him, to lament
The irksome memory of a life ill spent ;
Whence no past act new comfort can afford, 1970
But keen reflection turns a bosom'd sword.
Sad state ! and such the worthless only feel ;
In their own breasts anticipated hell :

X

And

And when cold eve in dusky pall draws near, 1974
 The shades, then lengthen'd, of their crimes appear;
 Forms, which the day-time's fury could control,
 Embodying conscience wakes, to haunt the soul;
 Each casual voice croaks, like the raven hoarse,
 THE PRESENT WRETCHED, AND THE FUTURE WORSE:
 Reproaches in the stagnant calm they hear, 1980
 And in each bush a vengeful minister.

One hour his statue in Rome's fanes we see,⁸
 The next proclaims him Rome's worst enemy;⁹
 And in these pois'd discordant acts appear
 Distracted counsels, and the senate's fear. 1985
 The threats by furious Antony sent forth,
 Gave e'en to Lepidus a moment's worth.

⁸ — eique [sc. Lepido] statuam equestrem inauratam—ex hujus ordinis sententiâ statui placere. Cic. Philip. v.

⁹ Lepidus—sententiis omnibus hostis a senatu judicatus est.

Cic. Epist. ad Famil. l. xii. ep. 10.

Lepidus was not ruined by the vote of the senate, which demolished his statue, and declared him a publick enemy, but, as may be seen below, by his presuming to think he could control Augustus, who was too wise and too powerful to fear him.

As chance had rais'd him to the triple throne,
His fall involv'd no ruin but his own.

Great deity of fools! to thee should rise 1990

More frequent fumes from grateful sacrifice,
Would man, vain man, thy dispensations see,
Nor give to merit what is due to thee.

Obsequious ever to great Cæsar's will,
The legions which he led, obey'd him still; 1995

And with the confidence of strength elate,
His pride provok'd, and they allow'd his fate.¹

In the first conflicts of the doubtful field,
His wavering hand awhile the balance held;
So from conjuncture, not from worth or sense,
Arose his transitory consequence. 2001

Sure to forsake the friends he chose at first,
With all he tamper'd, but espous'd the worst;

¹ Post Pompeii fugam, collegarum alterum M. Lepidum, quem ex Africâ in auxilium evocarat, superbientem xx legionum fiduciâ, summasque sibi partes terrore ac minis vindicantem, spoliavit exercitu, supplicemque, concessâ vitâ, Circeios in perpetuum religavit. [A. U. C. 718.] Suet. in Aug. 16.

Lepidus died in obscurity, A. 741.

False to the senate, of their foes afraid,
 He flatter'd both alike, and both betray'd:
 Unfit for power, this wonder fill'd the throng, 2005
 Not how he lost it, but preserv'd so long.
 The weak man oft to fortune greatness owes,
 But sense alone can keep what chance bestows.
 Who without wisdom fortune would command,
 Writes but on water, or erects on sand. 2010

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

A. U. C. 717.

But not content with half the world's domain,
 Cæsar and Antony alone would reign:
 The first, a steady sceptre born to wield,
 O'er all his acts extends the publick shield;^a
 The last, abhorrent from the toils of state, 2015
 Rots on the Nile, a hoary profligate:

^a Qui n'agit que pour soi, feignant d'agir pour Rome.

CINNA, par Corneille.

While



M. ANTONY.



While subtle Cæsar sapp'd his eastern throne,
 He clasp'd his world in Cleopatra's zone.³
 Not she, for whom Dardanian Troy was lost,
 The pride of nature, and her country's boast,
 Nor she, who bade the Macedonian's hand 2021
 Hurl at Persepolis the blazing brand,⁴
 Nor Phædra, nor Ariadne still more fair,
 Could with the sorceress of Nile compare:⁵

³ Quippe post Parthos, quum exosus arma in otio ageret, captus amore Cleopatraræ, quasi bene gestis rebus, in regio se sinu reficiebat.

FLOR lib. iv. c. xi.

Antony first became acquainted with Cleopatra, A. U. C. 713, soon after the battle of Philippi. She was then in her twenty-eighth year. After the death of his third wife, Fulvia, in 714, he married Octavia, who was then pregnant by her former husband, C. Marcellus; and after she had borne him two daughters, deserted her in 717.

⁴ Thais et ipsa temulenta, maximam apud omnes Græcos initurum gratiam affirmat, si regiam Persarum jussisset incendi.—Primus rex [Alexander] ignem regiarum injecit; tum convivæ, et ministri, pellicesque. Multa cedro ædificata erat regia, quæ celeriter igne concepto, late fudit incendium. QUINT. CURT. l. v. c. 7.

⁵ Ἀλλως τε γὰρ περικαλλεστάτη γυναικῶν ἐγένετο, καὶ τότε τῆς ὥρας ἀκμῇ πολὺ διεπρέπε. το, τε φθῆγμα ἀσείοτατον εἶχε, καὶ προσομιλῆσαι παντὶ τῷ δια χαρίτων ἠπίσματο· ὥς λαμπρὰ τε ἰδεῖν καὶ ἀκουσθῆναι οὐσα, καὶ τούτου πάντα τινὰ καὶ δυσερῶτα καὶ ἀφελικιστέρον ἐξεργασσάσθαι δυναμένη,—κ. τ. λ.

DION. CASS. l. xlii. c. 33.

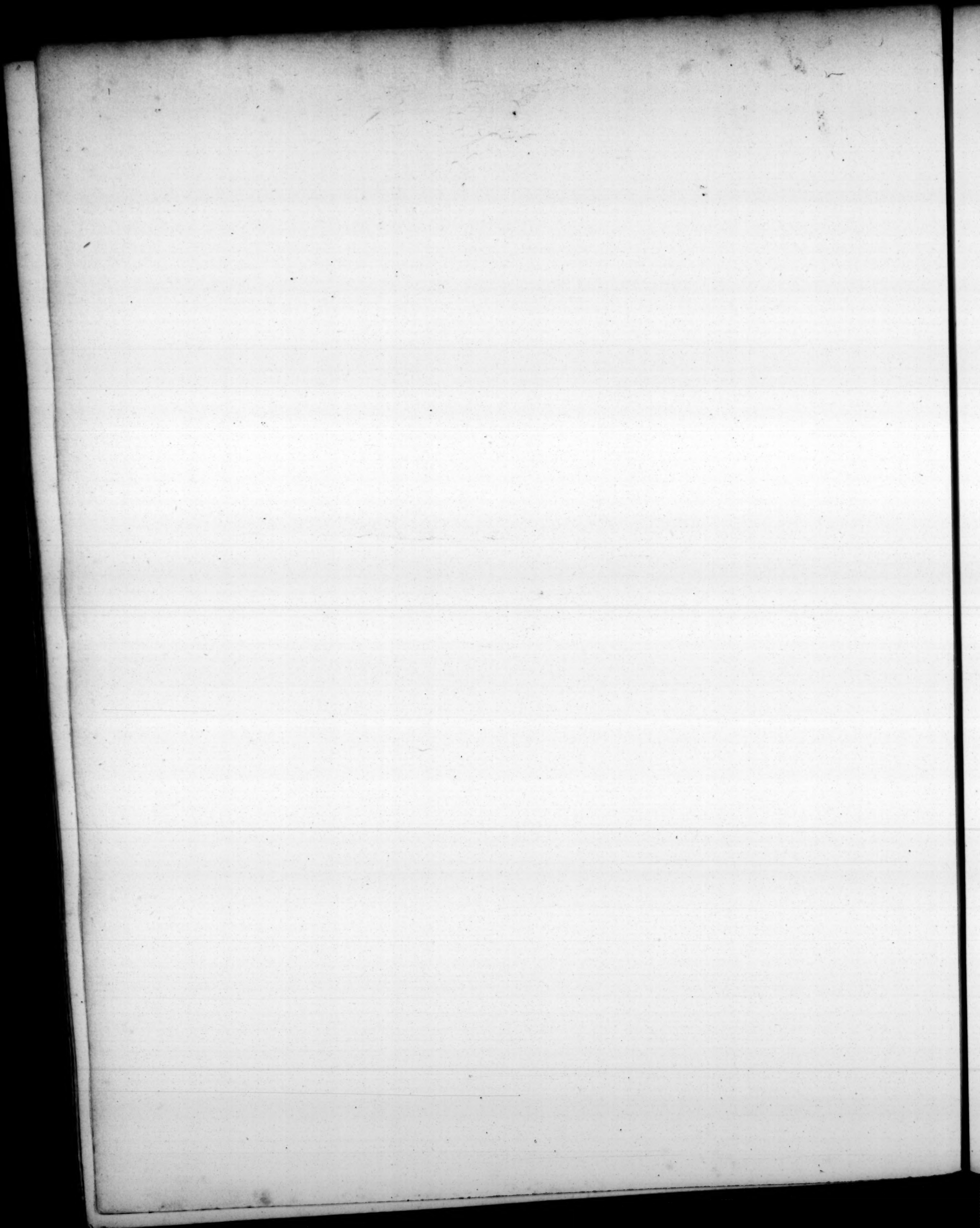
In

In her, not face and shape alone could please,
(Though with unrival'd grace she charm'd by these,)
But the whole store of Cytherea's wiles, 2027
Sighs, gentlest blandishments, and ambush'd smiles;
The ready tear, the blush of well-feign'd truth,
And the ripe woman, fresh as new-sprung youth.
Beneath her roseate palms the lute compress'd,
Chac'd thought and trouble from the anxious breast;
In dulcet bonds the imprison'd soul she held, 2033
While the sweet chords her warbling voice excell'd.
A thousand forms the syren could put on,
And seem as many mistresses in one;
Serious or sportive, as the mood requir'd,
No whim grew irksome, and no frolick tir'd.
Enough of coyness to provoke desire,
Of warmth enough to share the amorous fire,
All, her delighted lovers could receive, 2041
Seem'd but fond earnest she had more to give;
Nor with possession was the promise o'er;
Love's fruit and flower at once her bosom bore:

No



CLEOPATRA



No languid pause of bliss near her was known,
But, with new joys, new hours came laughing on.

By arts like these was wiser Julius won, 2047
And Antony, more fond, was more undone.

His soul enamour'd to the wanton clung,
Glow'd at her eyes, or melted from her tongue;
Lull'd in the dear Elysium of her arms, 2051

Nor interest moves him, nor ambition warms:
Sometimes with short remorse he look'd within,
But kept at once the conscience and the sin:
In vain he saw the yawning ruin nigh;
Content with her, he bade the world go by; 2056
He sought no covert of the friendly shade,
'Twas half the zest to have his shame display'd.

He deem'd it still his best exchange through life,
A melting mistress for a railing wife. 2060

Perpetual orgies unabash'd they keep,
Wine fires their veins, and revels banish sleep:
Timbrels, and songs, and feasts of deaf'ning joy,
By arts till then unknown, forbore to cloy.

See

See for one banquet a whole kingdom sink, 2065
 And gems dissolv'd impearl her luscious drink.⁵
 Pleasure was hunted through each impious mode ;
 An Isis she, and he the vine-crown'd God.⁵
 Old Nile, astonish'd, on his bosom bore
 Monsters more strange than e'er deform'd his shore;
 For what so monstrous sight beneath the skies,
 As self-created human deities?— 2072
 But heaven, for vengeful retribution, means,⁷
 The sword and asp should close these frantick scenes.⁸

⁵ Tunc arridens regina phialam poposcit, cui aceti nonnihil acris infundit, atque illuc unionem demptum ex aure altera festinabunda demisit; eumque mature dissolutum,—absorbuit. MACROB. l. ii. c. 13.

⁶ —tum redimitis hederis, coronâque velatus aureâ, et thyrsus tenens, cothurnisque succinctus, [Antonius] curru, velut Liber pater, vectus esset Alexandriae. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 87.

⁷ Though the less enlightened heathens seem to have had no clear conception of a future state of rewards and punishments, the minds of all, except the followers of Epicurus, were strongly impressed with the idea of the interference of a Providence with respect to the temporal consequences of human actions and conduct.

⁸ Antonius seipse non segniter interemit. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 87.

ΛΕΓΟΥΣΙ ΔΕ ΟΙ ΜΕΝ, ΟΤΙ ΑΣΠΙΔΑ ΕΝ ΥΔΡΙΑ, Η ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΑΝΔΡΕΣΙ ΤΙΣΙΝ ΕΣΧΟΜΙΣΘΕΙΣΑΝ ΟΙ ΠΡΟΤΕΔΕΤΟ. DION. CASS. l. li. c. 13.

Spectators mute, the sorrowing captains stand,
 While empire moulders from his palsied hand :
 But rous'd at length, unwilling, to the fight, 2077
 His star at Actium sunk in endless night.
 With equal pomp, as when down Cydnus' stream
 Her burnish'd prow struck back the sun's bright beam,
 The enchantress bade her bloated train prepare,
 To meet the horrors of the naval war ; 2082
 But the first shouts her trembling spirits quail ;
 She flies, and he pursues her shameful sail :
 His heart-strings to the harlot's rudder tied,
 What lust began, his dotage ratified :
 In Alexandria's towers he veil'd his head,
 Where, self-expell'd, the vital spirit fled.
 He try'd all vices, and surpass'd in all,
 Luxurious, cruel, wild, and prodigal ;⁹ 2090
 Lavish

⁹ The character of Mark Antony has in our country acquired a degree of favour with several very young, and with some fair, readers, to which he is by no means entitled. They judge of him, not from history, but from the colouring under which he is exhibited to view in two well known and popular tragedies. In Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar, we see
 Y him

Lavish of hours, of character, and gold,
 But warlike, hardy, and in dangers bold;
 His mind was suited to the boist'rous times,
 A soldier's virtues, and a tyrant's crimes.¹

OCTAVIA.

him only as the grateful and affectionate friend of his benefactor Cæsar, as the gallant avenger of his death, and as a powerful orator possessed of all the arts of persuasion. In Dryden's *All for Love*, he appears to still greater advantage. The murder of Cicero, had he committed no other great crime, is sufficient to transmit him to posterity as a ruffian not less insensible to the claims of genius, than shamefully indifferent to the censure or approbation of mankind in general. What opinion too severe can be formed of his disposition, who could deliberately wade through the slaughter of a most cruel and bloody proscription, to get at the throat of a helpless old man, whom by his own insolence he had provoked to be his enemy? To estimate the whole of a character from its exhibition in a play, is somewhat like forming an idea of a man's whole figure from seeing his head and shoulders in a portrait: his countenance may be very engaging, and the rest of his person very deformed. Whoever remembers the late Earl of Bath, will not want a strong confirmation of the truth of this remark.

¹ The following anecdote, not so well known as the murder of Cicero, furnishes another shocking example of the cruel ferocity of Antony's disposition. Three of Julius Cæsar's legions, returning from Macedonia, refused to follow him. He ascribed this defection to the influence of their centurions; and to revenge it, he ordered them, to the number of three hundred, to be butchered in his presence; his wife Fulvia, who was then with him, with great composure looking on at the massacre. This execrable

7



OCTAVIA

O C T A V I A.

Come, decent Venus! come, each modest grace!
 Assist the muse to draw a matron's face; 2096
 To paint the chaste Octavia's matchless form,
 Fresh Hebe's cheek with blushing softness warm;
 The pure carnation in whose colour shewn,
 By genial nature's balmiest breath was blown;
 Unsullied lips suffus'd with roseate dew, 2101
 Whence Hybla sounds the charm'd attention drew;
 Juno's high stature, and majestick mien,
 Her smiles improv'd with dignity serene;
 For no repulsive arrogating air 2105
 Proclaim'd her own proud conscience she was fair;
 But turning from the fond admirer's gaze,
 She felt the homage, but declin'd the praise.

execrable woman had in reality all the diabolical qualities which the imagination of our Shakspeare has combined in the character of Lady Macbeth.—Cum ejus promissis legiones fortissimæ reclamassent, domum ad se venire jussit centuriones, quos bene de republicâ sentire cognoverat, eosque ante pedes suos, uxorisque suæ, quam secum gravis imperator ad exercitum duxerat, jugulari coegit. Cic. Philip.

So, while by Rome's enamour'd youth besieg'd,
But one she favour'd, and yet all oblig'd. 2110
Her form, her manners such; and nature join'd
Each sweet attraction of the female mind:
Not heaven's clear azure than her breast more pure,
Which winds disturb not, nor dark clouds obscure;
Yet not in stagnant apathy to sleep, 2115
Or like the reed-chok'd stream through life to creep;
When virtue's breath her kind affections mov'd,
She felt with energy, with ardour lov'd.
Grief shook the glass, ere half its sand was run,
And sunk her sorrowing for her darling son;
No Pæan could a medicine impart, 2121
To pluck that shaft from her too tender heart.

Dove-like, the intended pledge of peace she came,
Yet, hapless, but increas'd dissention's flame.
To avert the horrors of domestick war, 2125
Young Cæsar gave her to his rival's care;
Reluctant sent her from a brother's side,
His house's ornament, and country's pride;

Hoping

Hoping, while she the sweet enticement stood,
 To expel the evil passion by the good. 2130
 Vainly he hop'd. Some inauspicious power
 Gloomy prepar'd her hymeneal bower ;
 There fading short-liv'd roses thinly grew,
 But cypress much, and melancholy yew :
 For Antony, unworthy of the bliss, 2135
 Scarce seal'd their union with a nuptial kiss ;
 A few slight decencies observ'd with pain,
 Soon to his sensual sty he turn'd again.
 A flagrant Cupid fir'd his lustful heart,
 Opprobrious pleasures, and a strumpet's art ; 2140
 Strange drugs were mix'd in her Circean bowl,
 First to inflame, and then unman the soul.^a

Steep'd

^a It is related of Cleopatra that several of her admirers purchased the enjoyment of her favours for a single night, by an agreement to lose their heads next morning ; which this queen, not less cruel than voluptuous and inconstant, never failed to have fulfilled literally.

Hæc [Cleopatra] tantæ libidinis erat, ut sæpe prostituerit ; tantæ pulchritudinis, ut multi noctem illius morte emerint. AUR. VICTOR.

The generals of the French Republick seem to share the favours of the Convention

Steep'd in the cistern of Egyptian spells,
'Gainst lawful charms the Roman's breast rebels.
The wily queen play'd her delusions o'er, 2145
And more disgracing, but attach'd him more;
Expert in feigning what her heart ne'er felt,
A smile could warm him, as a tear could melt:
His pliant dotage serv'd but to proclaim
Her vicious triumph, and his hoary shame. 2150
 With inward pangs his slighted consort mourn'd
Her fond solicitude so ill return'd:
But no reproachful taunts assail'd his ear;
Her grief was silent, secret, and sincere.
From her perfidious libertine retir'd, 2155
E'en he respected her, and all admir'd.
Love's bond once broke, upbraiding comes too late,
And often sours indifference into hate;
The tart remonstrance of a shrewish tongue,
Foe to itself, but justifies the wrong; 2160

Convention pretty much in the same manner: they are raised from the ranks to the head of armies, and very speedily afterwards conducted to the scaffold.

For

For female rage admits of no pretence;
 She who begins to rail, begins the offence.
 Firm to her vows, to every duty true,
 Tried to the last, submissive she withdrew :
 But grown more desperate in his furious course,
 He seal'd her sufferings by a rude divorce.³ 2166
 By

³ Antony's infatuated attachment to Cleopatra was no way abated by his marriage with Octavia, though he had by this most amiable woman two children. The gentle patience with which she endured repeated provocations and insults from her libertine husband, her maternal care of his children by his former termagant wife Fulvia, her admirable beauty joined to every female virtue and excellence of the mind, could not secure her from the most outrageous ill treatment. Intending to affront Cæsar, who tenderly loved his sister, and to gratify Cleopatra, who hated her, Antony not only sent her a divorce, but a prohibition to reside in any of his houses, or on any of his estates. Her sense of this brutal ingratitude with her immoderate grief for the loss of her darling son Marcellus, broke her constitution, and she expired without arriving at old age, to the infinite regret of Augustus, and with the esteem and admiration of all who knew her. Her munificent present to Virgil for his beautiful lines to the memory of the Marcelli, has been often recorded. While the poet was reciting the latter part of the sixth Æneid before the emperor and his sister, at the words, "TU MARCELLUS ERIS," Octavia fainted. Nor is it extraordinary; for nothing can be more pathetic and interesting than the whole preparation for this master-stroke of panegyrick, which even at this moment excites considerable emotion. The lamented virtues of her son, who really deserved the encomium, thus unexpectedly brought to her remembrance, impressed still more by the
 7 recitation

By the mad act was Cæsar's friendship lost ;
Yet she complain'd the least, though outrag'd most.
See her forsake the interdicted plain,
And his good genius drooping in her train. 2170
Go, wrong'd Octavia ! go, insulted wife !
Feel the soft comforts of sequester'd life ;
Let these thy tyrant's injuries redeem,
Bless'd in mankind's, and thine own heart's esteem.

But ah, what peace to that sad heart can come,
While pale Marcellus points thee to the tomb?

recitation of Virgil, who was remarkable for reading his own verses with harmonious energy, may naturally be supposed to have had such an effect on the tender and affectionate heart of Octavia.—How different is the picture of Augustus in this scene from that which he exhibited as a triumvir, seated between Antony and Lepidus, and marking down for the knife of his butchers the most respectable and virtuous of his countrymen !

In drawing the character of Octavia, beside the concurrent testimony of the ancient writers who mention her, I was assisted by having before my eyes a living example in a lady with whom I have long had the happiness of being well acquainted. The likeness, without my being more explicit, will be recognized by every one, except herself,—she so strikingly resembles the Roman lady, in every thing but her misfortunes. In these happily there is no similitude; for she is tenderly beloved by an excellent husband, and has enjoyed a distinguished state of prosperity, with the cordial esteem and affection of her friends, and the grateful blessings of all who happen to be placed as objects of her protection.

There



AUGUSTUS.

There, ever present to her streaming eyes,
 In death's cold clasp the blooming hero lies:
 Twelve annual suns roll'd o'er her head in vain,
 To witness, but not mitigate her pain; 2180
 Nature's grim spoiler, by her tears implor'd,
 At length the mourner to her son restor'd.

AUGUSTUS.

A. U. C. 725.

In life's soft down, remov'd from peril far,
 By an adopting parent's early care,
 Like the small bird beneath the eagle's wing,
 Octavius heard the civil tempest sing.⁴ 2186

⁴ Εξ ουν τούτων ὁ Καίσαρ μεγάλα ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἐλπίσας, ἐς τε τοὺς εὐπατρίδας αὐτοῦ ἐσηγάγε, καὶ ἐπὶ τῇ ἀρχῇ ἡσκει·---λογοῖς τε γὰρ ρητορικοῖς οὐχ ὅτι τῇ τῶν Λατίνων, ἀλλὰ καὶ τῇδε τῇ γλωττίῃ, ἡσκειτο· καὶ ἐν ταῖς γραμματικαῖς ἐρρωμένως ἐξεπονεῖτο, τὰ τε πολιτικά καὶ τὰ ἀρχικά ἰσχυρῶς ἐδίδασκετο. Οὗτος οὖν ὁ Οὐκταύιος ἐτύχε μὲν τότε, ὅτε ὁ Καίσαρ ἐσφαγῇ, ἐν τῇ Ἀπολλωνίᾳ---ἐπὶ παιδείᾳ· κ. τ. λ.

DION. CASS. l. xlv. c. 2.

Eloquentiam studiumque liberalia ab ætate primâ et cupide et laboriosissime exercuit. Mutinensi bello in tanta mole rerum et legisse et scripsisse et declamasse quotidie traditur. SÆT. in Aug. 84.

Z

Him

Him mighty Julius for his heir design'd,
 Pleas'd with his manners, and enlighten'd mind;⁵
 His winning air, his feeble health when young,⁶
 Made the soft tie of natural love more strong:
 Nor to the dauntless uncle were reveal'd 2191
 The faults his youth, or artifice, conceal'd;
 For in the smoothness of the smiling boy,
 There lurk'd a future Sylla, to destroy.
 Thus Zara's tiger, tam'd by human care, 2195
 May for a while his inborn rage forbear,
 Sequacious seek the haunts where men resort,
 And with mild gambols make his keepers sport;
 But if warm vital blood distain his jaws,
 No longer he contracts his dreadful claws; 2200

⁵ Αὐξήσεις δὲ, συνδιετριβὲ τῷ Καίσαρι. ἀπαις τε γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ὢν, καὶ μεγάλας ἐπ' αὐτῷ ἐλπίδας ἔχων, ἠγάπησεν τε καὶ περιεῖπεν αὐτόν, ὡς καὶ τοῦ ὀνόματος, καὶ τῆς οὐσίας, τῆς τε μοναρχίας διαδοχὸν καταλείψων. DION. CASS. l. xlv. c. 1.

⁶ Coxendice, et femore, et crure sinistro, non perinde valebat, ut sæpe etiam inde claudicaret: sed remedio harenarum atque harundinum confirmabatur. Dextræ quoque manus digitum salutarem tam imbecillum interdum sentiebat, ut torpentem contractumque frigore, vix cornei circuli supplemento scripturæ admoveret.----neque frigora, neque æstus facile tolerabat. SUET. in Aug. 80, 81.

His

His nostrils swell, each fang is sharp with death,
 In smother'd volumes rolls his fiery breath;
 No blandishments his fury can restrain,
 And all the native savage glares again.

No towering stature gave his form its grace,⁷
 But fine proportion, and Hyperion's face; 2206
 With eyes to irradiate his imposing mien,
 Divinely bright, yet awfully serene:⁸
 So strong their lustre, a fierce Gaul declar'd
 It frustrated the blow his arm prepar'd: 2210
 Struck by their beams, he gaz'd his rage away,
 And almost worship'd whom he meant to slay.
 Yet nature these fallacious orbs design'd
 But as bright vizors to a hideous mind:

Z 2

Fair

⁷ Forma fuit eximia, et per omnes ætatis gradus venustissima.--Staturam habuit brevem, sed quæ commoditate et æquitate membrorum occuleretur. Suet. in Aug. 79.

⁸ Vultu erat, vel in sermone, vel tacitus, adeo tranquillo serenoque, ut quidam e primoribus Galliarum confessus sit inter suos, eo se inhibitum ac remollitum, quo minus, ut destinarat, in transitu Alpium per simulationem colloquii proprius admissus, in præcipitium propelleret. Oculos habuit claros ac nitidos: quibus etiam existimari volebat inesse quiddam divini vigoris. Suet. ubi supr.

In

Fair to the sight the exterior fabrick rose, 2215
 But who could wish the inside to disclose?
 In him combin'd the extremes of sense and vice,
 Consummate art, and cruel cowardice.⁹

⁹ In splendidissimum quemque captivum, non sine verborum contumeliâ, sæviit. Ut quidem uni suppliciter sepulturam precanti respondisse dicatur, *jam istam in volucrum fore potestatem*; alios, patrem et filium, pro vitâ roganteis, sortiri vel dimicare jussisse, ut alterutri concederetur: ac *spectasse utrumque morientem*, cum patre, qui se obtulerat, occiso, filius quoque voluntariâ occubuisset nece. SUET. in Aug. 13.

Pinarium equitem R. cum concionante se admissa turba paganorum apud milites subscribere quædam animadvertisset, curiosum ac speculatorem ratus, *coram confodi imperavit*. Idem. ubi supr. 27.

Thallo a manu, quod pro epistola proditâ denarios quingentos accepisset, *crura effregit*. Idem. ubi supr. 67.

Et Q. Gallium Prætorem, in officio salutationis, tabulas duplices veste tectas tenentem, suspicatus gladium occulere, nec quidquam statim, ne aliud inveniretur, ausus inquirere, paulo post per centuriones et milites raptum e tribunali, servilem in modum torsit: ac fatentem nihil jussit occidi, *prius oculis ejus suâ manu effossis*.

Idem. ubi supr. 27.

Ὁ Μαικηνᾶς δικαζοῦντι πόλει αὐτῷ προσῆλθε, καὶ ἰδὼν ὅτι πολλοὺς θανατώσειν μέλλοι, ἐπεχείρησε μὲν διώσασθαι τοὺς περιεσηκοτάς, καὶ εἰγὺς οἱ προσελθεῖν· μὴ δυνήθει δέ, ἐγράψεν εἰς γραμματεῖον, “ Ἀναστῆθι ἡδὴ πόλις, ΔΕΜΙΕ.” καὶ αὐτὸς ὡς καὶ ἕτερον τι ἔχον, ἐξ τοῦ κολποῦ αὐτοῦ ἐρρίψεν.

DION. CASS. l. lv. c. 7.

On the general subject of Roman cruelty, see note (D) at the end of this volume.

That

That craft, which others by experience earn'd,
 His callow youth intuitively learn'd; 2220
 Whether he wrote, or spoke, or frown'd, or smil'd,
 In every mood, to prosper, he beguil'd.
 E'en Tully was his dupe; at once he saw
 Through all its varying rays, that diamond's flaw :
 Feigning at first by his advice to rise, 2225
 He plied him with insidious flatteries ;
 And thus secur'd that never-failing voice,
 To dignify the adopting tyrant's choice :
 Led by his hand, and growing to his side,
 He call'd him father, counsellor, and guide;¹ 2230
 Yet little could these tender titles plead,
 When furious Antony proscrib'd his head.²

Such

¹ Licet ergo patrem appellet Octavius Ciceronem, referat omnia, laudet, gratias agat; tamen illud apparebit, verba rebus esse contraria.

BRUT. Epist. ad Attic.

² Καισαρ δε Κικερωνι μεν ουκετι προσειχε, ΤΗΣ ΕΛΕΓΓΟΕΡΙΑΣ ΟΡΩΝ ΠΕΡΙ-
 EXOMENON, Αντωνιον δε προυκαλειτο δια των Φιλων εις διαλυσεις.

— τέλος δε τη προς τους μισουμενους οργη και συγγενων τιμην και Φιλων ευνοιαν
 προεμενοι, Κικερωνος μεν Αντωνιω Καισαρ εξεστη, τουτω δε Αντωνιος Λευκιου Καισαρος.

— ουδεν ωμοτερου ουδε αγριωτερου της διαμειψεως ταυτης δοκω γενεσθαι. Φονων γαρ
 αντι-

Such are the virtues which on tyrants wait,
And such the hollow friendships of the great :

αἰλικαταλλασσομενοι φονους, ομοιως μὲν οἱς ελαμβανου ανηρου ους εδιδουσαν· αδικω-
τεροι δε περι τους φιλους ησαν, ους απεκλινουσιν μηδε μισουντες.

—Κικερωνος δε σφαγεντος, εκελευσεν Αντωνιος την τε κεφαλην αποκοπησαι, και την
χειρα την δεξιαν, η τις κατ' αυτου λογους εγραψε. και κομισθεντων εθεατο γεγεθως, και
ανακαλχαζων υπο χαρας πολλας. ειτα εμπλησθεις, εκελευσεν υπερ τῆ βηματος εν
αγορα τεθηναι. PLUT. in Anton.

We are told by Appian, (p. 601.) that Popilius Lænas, who had solicited to be employed in the assassination of his protector and benefactor, (Val. Max. l. v. c. 3.) shewed Antony from a distance, while sitting in the court of judicature, the head and hand of Cicero, ludicrously moving them backwards and forwards, and that he was so delighted with this hideous spectacle, that he immediately ordered Lænas to be crowned, and rewarded him with two hundred and fifty thousand drachmas, (8072l. 18s. 4d.) paying the other cut-throats employed in the proscription only the tenth part of that sum.

If any thing could have been more atrocious than Antony's assassination of Cicero, it was the baseness and ingratitude of Octavius in suffering it. We are told by Suetonius that he for some time resisted the proscription, but that when he had once acceded to it, and it was begun, he carried it on with more severity than either of his colleagues.

Restitit quidem aliquandiu collegis, ne qua fieret proscriptio, sed incœptam utroque acerbius exercuit. Namque illis in multorum sæpe personam per gratiam et preces exorabilibus, solus magnopere contendit ne cui parceretur; proscripsitque etiam C. Toranium tutorem suum, eundemque collegam patris sui Octavii in ædilitate.

Thus by the pupil was the tutor school'd,³ 2235
 While the grey statesman the green stripling rul'd.
 O base improvidence of manly fame!
 Foul deed consign'd to everlasting shame!
 Thy tame assent, which bade that blood be spilt,
 Pollutes thee deeper than the assassin's guilt: 2240
 Still shall the black ingratitude remain,
 Nor "all great Neptune's ocean" cleanse the stain.⁴
 His measures with his character conform'd;
 He sapp'd the liberty, which Julius storm'd.⁵

As

³ Utinam tam facile eum [sc. Octavium] florentem et honoribus et gratiâ regere ac tenere possimus, quam facile adhuc tenuimus! Cic. Epist. ad Brut.

⁴ Macbeth.

⁵ Posito triumviri nomine, consulem se ferens, et ad tuendam plebem tribunicio jure contentum; ubi militem donis, populum anonâ, cunctos dulcedine otii pellexit, insurgere PAULLATIM, *munia senatus, magistratuum, legum in se trahere*, nullo adversante; cum ferocissimi per acies aut proscriptione cecidissent: cæteri nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur; ac novis ex rebus aucti, tuta et præsentia quàm vetera et periculosa mallent.—Domi res tranquillæ; EADEM MAGISTRATUUM VOCABULA. Juniores post Actiacam victoriam, etiam senes plerique inter bella civium, nati. Quotusquisque reliquus, qui rempublicam vidisset? Igitur verso civitatis statu, nihil usquam prisci
 et

As the smooth stream, which, glist'ning thro' the
grove, 2245

Glides on, and gliding mines its banks above,
So every rampart freedom could provide,
Silent sunk in, to swell the imperial tide.
Interest and fear, his principles innate,
Made him admire the brave, not emulate: 2250
Unfit for arms, he war'd against his will,
Deeming e'en conquest but a splendid ill.
And sure 'twas strange, in the same mind to see,
Such vast ambition, with timidity;⁵

Strange,

et integri moris: omnis exuta equalitate jussa principis aspectare.

TACIT. Annal. l. i.

⁵ History does not entirely justify the charging Octavius with notorious deficiency of personal spirit, as a soldier. Antony's accusation, dictated less by truth than spleen and enmity, cannot be admitted as decisive evidence. He uttered whatever he thought most likely to affront or injure the man whom he hated. On some occasions, particularly on a Dalmatian expedition, he led on his troops with persevering gallantry, and was grievously wounded. His courage was not always equal and steady, or like that of Julius, when necessary, ardent; nor fierce like Antony's, who hardly possessed any other great quality; but he did not shamefully decline danger, when by encountering it his reputation or interest could be materially





M. AGRIPPA

Strange, two strong passions in one breast should
meet, 2255

Where each seem'd form'd the other to defeat;
For fear's tame pinion seldom soars a flight
To the proud region of an empire's height:
Life's humble vale, where safety dwells, she loves,
And flits from palaces to shelt'ring groves. 2260

Agrippa's valour won his arms renown,¹
And soft Mæcenas deck'd his civick crown.*

Where'er

materially promoted. With his great understanding, (inconsistent as it may appear,) he was superstitious; a believer in dreams, signs, and omens. How often are the weaknesses of the silliest of mankind countenanced by similar folly in the wisest! A servant who carried a torch before him, having been struck dead by lightning, he ever after hid himself under ground when it thundered. Had Julius been witness to such an accident, he would have been more confirmed in his indifference to the future danger; reasoning from the improbability that lightning should strike twice so near the same person. The precautions of Octavius for his personal security at home, though they might have been suggested to him by his friends, certainly denote a timorous disposition; and some of his detestable cruelties can be fairly imputed to no better motive than natural cowardice, which he concealed or subdued in the field, and at the head of an army.

¹ — ΤΟΣΑΥΤΗΝ ΓΕ ΕΠΙ ΠΑΝΤΑ ΚΑΙ ΕΧΕΙΝΩ [ΤΩ ΑΓΡΙΠΠΑ] ΚΑΙ ΤΩ ΜΑΙΚΗΝΑ ΕΞΟΥΣΙΑΝ
Α α ΕΔΩΚΕΝ,

Where'er the poet flattering incense burn'd,
Its grateful odour on the prince he turn'd;

εδωκεν, ὡς τῶν σφας καὶ τὰς ἐπιστολάς, ὡς τε τῇ βουλῇ καὶ τοῖς ἀλλοῖς ἐγγραφῇ, προανα-
γινώσκειν, καὶ τούτου καὶ μετὰ γράφειν ὅσα ἐβούλοντο. καὶ διὰ τοῦτο καὶ δακτύλιον
ἐλάβον παρ' αὐτοῦ, ἵνα ἐπισφραγίζονται αὐτὰς ἐχῶσι. DION. CASS. l. li. c. 3.

Julius Cæsar, except in one instance, was always successful, when he commanded in person; Augustus conquered by his lieutenants.

To the great ministers, Agrippa and Mæcenas, was Octavius chiefly obliged, not only for the security of his reign, but for the change of his disposition; for the art of governing mildly, for the adoration of his name and memory, and for his just title to the cognomen of AUGUSTUS, conferred upon him with the approbation of the Roman people. Agrippa was a consummate statesman and soldier, and never known to miscarry in any military enterprise. The empire might almost be called his gift to Octavius.

^a Cæsaris et famæ vestigia juncta tenebis :

Mæcenatis erunt vera trophæa fides. PROPERT. l. iii. el. 9.

Arts and mankind, not arms, were the study of Mæcenas. Humane and discerning, though apparently voluptuous and effeminate, he understood perfectly every weakness and vice of his master's heart and temper, and the whole extent of his capacity. Availing himself of this knowledge, he turned one of the young Cæsar's most obvious defects, his natural timidity, into the means of his preservation, and finally of his glory. He convinced him that while he ruled only by severity, no vigilance could secure him from danger, but that by setting the example in his own person of encouraging arts, sciences, and literature in all its branches, he might by degrees soften the ferocity of the descendents of Romulus, and excite among them a competition new and harmless,
which

For well the imperial dastard's soul was known,
And adulation kept its terrors down.

2266

which would leave to him the unmolested and unenvied possession of his supreme domination. Here he appears like the good genius of his master, employing the ministration of learned and ingenious men, poets in particular, to humanize a heart, which, left to itself, would have become daily more indurated and sanguinary. To shelter himself from any jealousy which his own great delegated power and popularity might raise in the suspicious bosom of the emperor, Mæcenas gave into every kind of delicate pleasure and luxurious indulgence, even beyond the bent of his natural inclination. Thus he preserved his credit, and the power he delighted in, of encouraging and rewarding men of talents and merit.

Much praise is due to Augustus for choosing such able and excellent ministers, who while they consulted his true interest, endeared him to his people, and were not deterred from the freedom of expostulation by the fear of incurring his momentary displeasure. When Seneca attempts to disparage the memory of Mæcenas, by calling him "*mollem, non mitem*," he sacrifices truth to the prettiness of alliteration. He was the liberal patron of genius; enriched particularly Virgil and Horace, and lived loving and beloved by them on terms of equal and manly friendship. How amiable is the picture of their society, as presented by Horace in the few following words of his ninth satire!

— Non isto vivimus illic

Quo tu rere modo; domus hac nec purior ulla est,
Nec magis his aliena malis.

A a 2

Yet

Yet with Mæcenas this renown he shar'd³,
 True genius to discern, and to reward;⁴
 The charms of song his inmost soul could pierce,⁵
 For danger lurks not in harmonious verse: 2270
 Enraptur'd with the Mantuan would he sit,⁶
 Lov'd easy Horace,⁷ and loose Ovid's wit;⁸

³ Quod Flacco, Varioque fuit, summoque Maroni,
 Mæcenas, atqvis regibus ortus eques,
 Gentibus et populis hoc te mihi, Prisce Terenti,
 Fama fuisse loquax, chartaque dicet anus.

Martial. l. xii. epigr. 4.

— minimum vati munus Alexis erat. Idem. l. v. epigr. 16.

⁴ Ingenia seculi sui omnibus modis fovit. Recitantes et benigne et patienter audivit; nec tantum carmina et historias, sed et orationes, et dialogos. Suet. in Aug. 89.

⁵ Plane poematum quoque non imperitus, delectabatur etiam comediâ veteri, et sæpe eam exhibuit publicis spectaculis. Suet. in Aug. 89.

— quum esset in urbe, et propter suas infinitas occupationes minus sæpe, quam vellet, Attico frueretur, nullus dies tamen temerè intercessit, quo non ad eum scriberet, quo non aliquid de antiquitate ab eo requireret; modo *aliquam ei questionem poeticam proponeret*. CORN. NEP. in Attic.

⁶ — ille *tua* felix Æneidos auctor, —. OVID. ad Aug. Trist. l. ii. 533.

In amicos fidus exstitit; quorum præcipui erant ob taciturnitatem Mæcenas, ob patientiam laboris, modestiamque, Agrippa. Diligebat præterea Virgilium. AUR. VICTOR. epitom.

Nor

Nor unprovok'd, nor willingly, he sent
 That ill-star'd libertine to banishment;
 And letter'd Gallus, who so ill return'd 2275
 His sovereign bounty, guilty fell, yet mourn'd.⁹
 Twice to be weary of his power he feign'd,¹
 Yet still the burden to the last retain'd;

His

⁷ An vereris ne apud posteros infame tibi sit, quod videaris familiaris nobis esse? Aug. Epist. ad Hor. apud Suet.

⁸ Esse quidem memini mitissima sedibus illis
 Numina. OVID. Trist. l. i. el. i.

⁹ Gallo ad necem compulso, vicem suam conquestas est, quod sibi soli non liceret amicis quatenus vellet irasci. Suet. in Aug. 66.

Cornelius Gallus was by Augustus appointed Prefect of Egypt, a peculiar kind of government, the power and insignia of which were almost kingly. He forgot his obligations to his master, and took so many indiscreet liberties with his name and character, that he lost his government, and was forbid the Court. An infamous informer afterwards accused him of being engaged in a sort of conspiracy against the emperor, of which the prone and servile senators taking cognizance, they sentenced him to banishment and confiscation. He put an end to his own life. Augustus either was or affected to be much grieved at his catastrophe, and displeased at the senate's rigour. Gallus, to whom Virgil has inscribed his tenth pastoral, was a distinguished patron of learning, and the restorer of the Alexandrian Library, which, to the great regret of Julius Cæsar, had been consumed by fire while he was in Egypt. DION. CASS. l. lii. 17. l. liii. 23. Suet. in Aug. 66.

¹ De reddenda republicâ bis cogitavit. Suet. in Aug. 28. See also
 DION CASS. l. lii. pr. Cæsar's

His conscious council read his thoughts aright,
 Dispell'd his doubts, and sooth'd the hypocrite.
 The closest echo to the prince's mind, 2281
 Will with the prince the best acceptance find:
 Not truly to relinquish he desir'd
 What so much labour and such crimes acquir'd.
 Yet fear, corroder of the human breast,
 Allow'd him sometimes joy, but seldom rest:
 Beneath his robe a plaited mail he wore, 2286
 A jealous guard secur'd his audience-door:

Cæsar's second proposal of restoring the Commonwealth was made in the senate-house, and the business on his part conducted with refined artifice. Knowing that the sense of the majority would be in consonance with his own, for his retaining the supreme direction of affairs, he declared he would not take upon himself the whole weight of government, but share the provinces with the senate and people. He expressed himself content to take the direction of such as were most liable to seditions and disturbances, and of the frontiers, exposed to incursions from foreign enemies; leaving to the senate those where they might enjoy the sweets of peaceful command without danger and alarm. Under this pretence, at once obliging and subdolous, he left the senate without troops, and reserved to himself the command of all the forces of the empire.

Ent'ring, each senator was forc'd to feel
 The ruffian's palm, who search'd for secret steel:^a
 Thus despots pay the forfeit of their wrong, 2290
 Suspicion in their hearts, and flattery on the tongue.
 If this be greatness, greatness sure was given
 In wrath, not bounty, by consenting heaven.
 Be wiser, mortals! nor let vows aspire,
 That Jove may curse you by your own desire.
 O hard-earn'd tyranny! the innoxious knows 2296
 No dread like this, but sleeps in safe repose;
 Leaves thee thy pomp and power, so dearly bought,
 And is the happy thing, thou would'st be thought.

^a — ὁ γὰρ Αὐγούστος, ὡς τὰ τε κοινὰ θερὰ πείρας ἀκριβοῦς εἶδειτο, καὶ ἐδέδεικε μὴ, οἷα ἐπὶ τοῖς τοιοῦτοις φίλοις συμβαίνειν, ἐπιβουλεύῃ, (βραχὺ γὰρ τι καὶ σμικρὸν τοῦ θώρακος, οὐ ὑπὸ τῇ ῥολῇ πολλαχὺς καὶ ἐς αὐτὸ τὸ συνέδριον ἐστὶν εἶχεν, ἐπικουρήσειν οἱ ἐνομίζε) κ. τ. λ. DION. CASS. l. liv. c. 12.

— quo tempore existimatur loricâ sub veste munitus, ferroque cinctus præsedisse, decem valentissimis senatorii ordinis amicis sellam suam circumstantibus. Cordus Cremutius scribit ne admissum quidem tunc quemquam senatorum, nisi solum, et prætentato sinu.

SUET. in Aug. 35.

How despicable does the timorous precaution of Augustus for the safety of his person appear, when compared with the gallant negligence of Julius, who declared it was better to die at once, than to live in perpetual apprehension of mortality!

If

If e'er since man was born, were known to rest
 Two adverse natures in one mortal breast, 2301
 One heart by vice, and one by virtue sway'd,³
 Supreme in him that union was display'd.
 Or did remorse his former rage controul?
 Or good Mæcenas mollify his soul? 2305
 The friend, no doubt, and tardy conscience join'd,
 To humanize at length a savage mind:
 While labouring to the sovereign rule to rise,
 Deceit, and fear, and monstrous cruelties,
 Deform'd his life; that object once attain'd, 2310
 Wise, just, and good, and merciful he reign'd.
 Fear was his source of crimes;⁴ but when he rose
 Above his rivals, and secure from foes,⁵
 When none were left, whom caution could mistrust,
 His wisdom found it safest to be just. 2315

³ ——— τὴν μὲν κεν ἐπαυήσεε νόστος,

ἡ δ' ἐπιωμήτη· δια δ' ἀνδρῶν θυμὸν ἔχουσιν. HESIOD.

⁴ — cuncta ferit, dum cuncta timet; desævit in omnes. CLAUD.

⁵ — cuncta discordiis civilibus fessa, nomine principis, sub imperium accepit. TACIT. Annal. l. i.

Intent for ever on one great design,
 By nature cruel, and by art benign,
 Soon as his power supreme unquestion'd stood,⁶
 For thirst of praise he chang'd his thirst of blood.
 While liberty or law was but a word,⁷ 2320
 And all submitted to the conquering sword,
 The wavering legions only seem'd to share
 His kind indulgence, and deserve his care;
 Rome's wretched citizens, like worthless slaves
 Were crush'd by fines, or swept to sudden graves:
 A vase, a villa, or well-featur'd wife, 2326
 Once his fond boast, now snar'd the owner's life:
 Blood, guiltless blood, stream'd o'er the reeking
 plain,
 And Sylla's murd'rous spirit rang'd again.
 But when the harrass'd empire breath'd in peace,
 He bade the soldier's dangerous license cease;

⁶ Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus,— HOR.

⁷ — Quand par le fer les choses sont vuidées,
 La justice et le droit sont de vaines idées.

La mort de Pompée par Corneille.

Silent leges inter arma. CIC.

And sternly charg'd the leaders to confine 2332
 Their future rage, by rigid discipline.⁸

Restoring thus the civil rights of men,
 He curb'd the soldier, by the citizen;
 To the neglected toga then return'd 2336

The ravish'd honours it so long had mourn'd;
 While each the other poiz'd, himself supreme
 Observ'd the balance, and sustain'd the beam.

Wrench'd from its frame the mighty engine see,
 Once mov'd by fortitude and liberty,⁹ 2341
 Now

⁸ Disciplinam severissime rexit. Suet. in Aug. 24.

⁹ What form of government is best, has long been an undecided question; but it does not seem difficult to determine that the worst is Democracy, especially, when occasioned by a revolution, in states where the people have been little considered, and long accustomed to subjection: not that nature has made any difference between the Nobleman and the Peasant, but education and habit have made a great deal. We should be surprised to find an excellent artist in any mechanical business, who was ignorant of the rudiments of the art, and had served no apprenticeship; then why should we expect that illiterate men, whose minds have been engaged in the meanest occupations, should be qualified at once to exercise the most difficult and sublime of all arts, that of governing? To their ignorance must be added another natural cause or
 7. impediment,

Now rolling all its wheels but at the nod
 Of one great Magus, with the imperial rod.¹
 Yet with dissimulation deep he tried,
 And specious veils, his o'er-grown power to hide;

impediment, the spirit of revenge arising from a sense of the indignities to which they had been accustomed; always engendering cruelty, and the desire of retaliation.

The first cause of dissensions and tumults among the Romans was not so much the existence of distinctions between Patricians and Plebeians, as that such distinctions were made too apparent, by the appropriation of honours and offices in one order, and exclusion in the other. To encroach upon this line of separation was the continual endeavour of the Plebeians, while the Patricians laboured as strenuously to prevent the encroachment. Till these distinctions were removed, Rome was a perpetual theatre of secessions, feuds, and insurrection. It is remarkable, that, when the Plebeians were first allowed to be eligible and to elect to the great offices of the state, they did not choose a single magistrate from their own order; no doubt from consciousness of their deficiency. In time they turned their attention to the science of government, and became masters of it.—The way to honours and emoluments is open to all ranks of men in Great Britain.

In note (E) at the end of this volume, will be found some additional remarks on the Democracy of Athens.

¹ η βουλη --- πασης αυτου της των νομων αναγκης απηλλαξαν, εν, ωσπερ ειρηλαι μοι, και αυτολελης οντως και αυτοκρατωρ και εαυτου και των νομων, παντα τε οσα βουλοιο ποιοιη, και πανθ' οσα αν μη βουλοιο, μη πραττη. DION. CASS. l. liii. c. 28.

Not content with absolving him from existing laws, the Senate enabled him to make new laws at his pleasure: νομοθετειν οσα βουλοιο ηξιουν. Ibid. l. liv. c. 10.

Conspicuous alone in publick care, 2346
 Plain was his habit, frugal was his fare;²
 His modest dwelling, simple to the sight,
 Provok'd no envy by its towering height;
 Nor deck'd with lavish splendour, to make less
 The shrinking senate's humbled littleness. 2351
 The Ides of March too fatally made known,
 That daggers sometimes lurk beneath the gown;
 And murder'd Caius taught him to beware,
 And deem it prudence to be popular. 2355
 No open force, no secret foe can move
 A throne establish'd in the people's love.³
 Form'd to enjoy what bolder Julius won,
 Serene, and clear, went down his evening sun:

² Instrumenti ejus et supellectilis parsimonia apparet etiam nunc, residuis lectis atque mensis, quorum pleraque vix privatæ elegantiae sunt.

Veste non temere aliâ quam domesticâ usus est, ab uxore, et sorore, et filiâ, neptibusque confectâ.

Cenam trinis ferculis, aut, cum abundantissime senis, præbebat.

SUET. in Aug. 73, 74.

³ Caritate et benevolentia civium septum oportet esse, non armis.
Cic. Phil. ii.

While

While its meridian lustre chas'd away 2360
 The clouds of blood that dimm'd its rising ray.⁴
 Never was power by baser means obtain'd,
 Never was power more nobly us'd, when gain'd.
 Time and his genius wore out every fault;
 Octavius in Augustus was forgot; 2365
 And with himself compar'd, the people cried,
 O, would he ne'er had liv'd, or ne'er had died!

⁴ Who that is acquainted with the life and actions of the second Cæsar, would expect to find Bacon, the learned, the discriminating Bacon, "the wisest, greatest of mankind," pronouncing the following deliberate judgment upon this blood-bolter'd emperor? "Augusto Cæsari, si cui mortalium, magnitudo animi inerat inturbida, serena, et ordinata." To every term of this encomium exists a huge contradiction in his unmanly and outrageous affliction for the loss of the legions under Q. Varo in Germany: "Adeo namque consternatum ferunt, (says his biographer, Suetonius,) ut per continuos menses barba capilloque summisso, caput interdum foribus illideret, vociferans, Quinctili Vare, legiones redde!" There is not much of the undisturbed and serene greatness of soul in this dejection and vociferation, even after he had assumed the name of Augustus. We may excuse his hurting himself, but we discover still less of the well regulated temper, when for a mere cowardly suspicion he tore out with his own hands the eyes of a Roman Prætor.

A monster

A monster next exalted to the throne,⁵
 His sapient sway with double lustre shone.
 To quit the sole dictatorship he feign'd,⁶ 2370
 But with the prince's name the helm retain'd;
 Anxiously fond to his concluding hour,
 By lawful names to sanction lawless power.⁷

And

⁵ Tiberius, of all the execrable Cæsars the most execrable.—The *olidus senex* is thus described in *Paradise Regained*:

“ This emperor hath no son, and now is old,
 “ Old and lascivious, and from Rome retir'd
 “ To Capreæ, an island small but strong
 “ On the Campanian shore; with purpose there
 “ His horrid lusts in private to enjoy;
 “ Committing to a wicked favourite
 “ All publick care, and yet of him suspicious,—
 “ Hated by all, and hating.”—

⁶ *Dictaturam magna vi offerente populo, genu nixus dejecta ab humeris toga, nudo pectore deprecatus est.* SUET. in Aug.

⁷ Every increase of his new authority, every surrender to him of a publick right, every encroachment upon the old constitution, Augustus was careful to have legalized, and formally confirmed by a decree of the senate. While he governed wisely and equitably, nothing seemed to be lost; but the same power passing into the hands of a series of dæmons rather than men, made the wretched riveters of their own chains groan over them afterwards in despicable and unpitied anguish.

And could felicity at Rome be known,
 Freedom's bright ray for ever sunk and gone, 2375
 So wise, so gentle, was the Augustan reign,
 Bondage might smile, and almost hug the chain.
 But not his power, nor gorgeous Titan's beams,
 Orient and sinking o'er Rome's subject streams;
 Not all the trophies of the Julian sword, 2380
 His endless Tribuneship,⁸ and name ador'd;
 Not that his spacious theatres could stow
 A nation for spectators at a show,⁹

⁸ Tribunitiam potestatem perpetuam recepit. Suet. in Aug. 27.

— ad tuendam plebem, tribunitio jure contentus. Tacit. Annal. l. i.

The personal inviolability annexed to the office of Tribune, induced Augustus to invest himself with it in perpetuity. A singular perversion! which strongly shews the efficacy of names, the emperor sheltering himself under the title of the most popular Roman magistrate, in order more securely to deprive the people entirely of their influence and liberty. It may remind us of Choræbus in the second book of Virgil, wearing a Grecian helmet and shield, and killing the Greeks with their own weapons, of which he had despoiled them:

— Sic fatus, deinde comantern

Androgei galeam, clypeique insigne decorum

Induitur: laterique Argivum accommodat ensem.

⁹ Spectaculorum et assiduitate et varietate atque magnificentiâ omnes antecessit. Suet. in Aug. 43.

Where

Where tawny lions from hot Lybia's sand
 With bloody fragments strew'd th'impurpled strand;
 Not

The following lines, *Sur les Arènes de Nismes*, are to be found in a *RECUEIL AMUSANT DE VOYAGES*, and are, I think, in so good a style, that a reader who has not met with them before, will be pleased to see them here:

Quoi! dis-je, c'est ici, sur cette même pierre
 Qu'ont épargné les ans, la vengeance, et la guerre,
 Que ce sexe si cher au reste des mortels,
 Ornement adoré de ces jeux criminels,
 Venoit, d'un front serrein, et de meurtres avide,
 Savourer à loisir un spectacle homicide!
 C'est dans ce triste lieu qu'un jeune beauté,
 Ne respirant ailleurs qu'amour et volupté,
 Par le geste fatal de sa main renversée
 Déclaroit sans pitié sa barbare pensée,
 Et conduisoit de l'œil le poignard suspendu
 Dans le flanc du captif à ses pieds étendu!

The publick spectacles at Rome were calculated to amuse the prince and people, and to render them insensible to the feelings of humanity. How different from the genius of the intellectual theatre! Lewis the fourteenth, after having been present at the representation of Corneille's *Cinna*, or the *Clemency of Augustus*, was heard to declare, that had he then been asked to pardon the Chevalier de Rohan, he would have consented. This anecdote deserves the notice of some singularists, who affect to think that the stage is prejudicial to morals. Comedy has been sometimes licentious; but next to the Divinity which presides
 over

Not that his domes in statelier order rise,* 2386
 Proud arches bend, and columns pierce the skies;
 Not ALL, such lustre o'er his reign diffuse,
 As the bright record of the immortal Muse.

over the eloquence of the pulpit, the Tragick Muse has been the chief priestess of virtue. "I never thought those ugly beetles had any feeling, (says a child to its mother,) till I heard the pretty lady in *MEASURE FOR MEASURE* say so." The moral of the Greek stage is perhaps too much confined to prudential precept, and reverence for absurd superstition. The French drama, till its late perversion, was perfect purity. Even the Operas of Metastasio abound with the noblest sentiments; and a very small number of our own tragedies excepted, where can the vicious heart, the sullen temper, or the perverted understanding, find such efficacious pharmacy as on the stage of England? Were a deaf man to enter the theatre before "a well graced actor leaves the stage," he would soon discover what sentiment was prevalent, from the sympathy of the audience. He would see indignant scorn at successful villainy, the kind bosom heaving for distress, or the countenance expanded and exulting at the triumph of integrity and honour. The seeds of goodness are almost in every mind, and a little culture may prevent their degenerating.

* *Urbem neque pro majestate imperii ornatam, et inundationibus incendiisque obnoxiam, excoluit adeo, ut jure sit gloriatus, marmoream se relinquere quam lateritiam accepisset.* Suet. in Aug. 29.

Some private Romans erected at their own expence publick edifices costly enough to exhaust the revenues of a Bedford or a Marlborough.

V I R G I L.³

A. U. C. 684—735.

Hush'd be each ruder breath, and clamorous
tongue! 2390

Apollo listens to the Mantuan's song.

You

³ From the indifferent success which has attended the several attempts to translate Virgil into our language, one would be at first led to imagine that it is next to impossible to transfuse the spirit of Roman poetry into English, and to cast the blame on our tongue, not on our translators; did not Rowe's admirable version of Lucan refute such an opinion. Whatever may be the reason, no great ancient poet is less indebted to translators than Virgil; nor without acquaintance with him in his native language can any adequate idea be formed of his peculiar genius and excellence.

Dryden, himself a great poet, is often unfaithful, diffuse, licentious, or negligent. I have never met with any person who recollected twenty lines together of his translation, while hundreds not only remember, but cannot forget, almost whole books of the original. The version of Pitt is less licentious, in particular passages more brilliant, but upon the whole languid: while Trap, as Doctor Johnson observes, is now only a clandestine refuge for the laziness of school-boys. A translation of Ariosto is extant, which like Trap's of Virgil, retains every word of the meaning without one spark of the spirit of the author: these versions may



VIRGIL.



You chief, who own bright inspiration's flame,
With mighty Homer's palm divide his claim.⁴

Favourite

remind us of an experiment which has been attempted, of turning brandy into water. Such is the common inferiority of translation.

With respect to Virgil, the difficulty consists perhaps in this. One of the principal charms of his poetry lies in the admirable choice of his terms, the most significant and sonorous in which his images can be expressed; another, in the harmonious dignity and majestick stream of his numbers. Like his own Clitumnus, the course is smooth, but the picture is diversified with enlivening and splendid objects. He has, however, a style and composition peculiar to himself. An imitator may have many beauties, without having the beauties of Virgil. Let the English poet, for a poet he should be who attempts to resemble him, first form to himself a style, choice, rich, and glowing as his language can furnish; and giving this all the variety of modulation of which it is capable, adhere to it from the beginning, for Virgil is never unequal; and after he has completed an excellent poem, which can stand by itself with all the air of an original, he may then assure himself that he has done some justice to Maro. Pope has effected this with the Iliad. If it is not like Homer, as some are pleased to affirm, it must at least be allowed to stand alone unimitated and inimitable.

Rowe, in my opinion, would have translated Virgil better than Dryden; for though he had not equal scope and fire of genius, his taste was more correct, he was less careless, and more pathetick; and I imagine, had more literature, or had better improved the care employed in his education. It may be doubted whether a very good taste be not more requisite to make a good translator, than great genius. I do not however mean to insinuate that Pope did not possess

Favourite with me of all the harmonious quire,
 A child I felt him, and a man admire : 2395
 If

both most eminently; though I have lived to hear (*heu nefas!*) the coarse couplets of the occasional Churchill preferred to his immortal labours.

Happening lately to cast my eye over a page or two of Dryden's version of the *Georgicks*, it really appeared to me like burlesque; more contemptibly ludicrous than the avowed travesty of Cotton; with no more resemblance to the beautiful original, than subsists between the mask of an ape and the countenance of Antinous.—Let the reader who has curiosity, and a little time to mispend, turn to the technical storm in the first *Æneid*, full of the language of the dock-yard, and to other disfigured passages; he will not hesitate to pronounce this great poet convicted either of most vicious taste, or of elaborate affectation. When I reflect, in particular, how he has contrived to degrade that eminently beautiful passage just mentioned, I can hardly forbear crying out with Angelo,

— Having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

The inequalities of Shakspeare are not more frequent, or so unaccountable, as those of the literate John Dryden. There is indeed as much difference between Virgil in his Roman toga, and his English doublet, as between a forest tree in June and January, or as between the right and the wrong side of Gobelin tapestry.

Who that has read the late Mr. Mickle's version of the *Lusiad*, but must wish he had turned his thoughts to the *Æneid*? He would probably have had the same success with Virgil as with Camoens.—Cer-

vantes

If grief or care my anxious mind engage,
 Secure of ease, I search great Maro's page;
 For deep and rankling, sure, must be the wounds,
 That find no balm in his enchanting sounds.
 As Jesse's son Saul's frenzy could compose,⁵ 2400
 The madness sinking, as the musick rose;

vantes in the sixth chapter of the first book of Don Quixote, speaking of poetical translations, determines against them thus: "—y lo mesmo haràn todos aquellos que los libros de verso quisieren volver en otra lengua; que, por mucho cuydado que pongan, y habilidad que muestren, jamas llegeràn al punto que ellos tienen en su primer nacimiento." The *Lusiad* of Mickle is a shining exception.

Would the painter of the BOTANICK GARDEN condescend to become a translator of Virgil, we should see the English Georgicks illuminated with the brightest radiance of poetical genius, and, like the clouds round a fulgent setting sun in autumn, glowing with all the richness of gold and purple. His profusion of fancy and luxuriance of diction would not suffer much injury from the little restraint of conformity to a model so excellent.

* Whoever wishes to see the numerous instances in which Virgil has borrowed from Homer, or imitated him, may find them enumerated by Macrobius. The ancients seem not to have considered the borrowing whole passages from an author who wrote in a different language, as plagiarism.

⁵ And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from GOD was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him. I SAMUEL, xvi. 23.

As

As oil, diffus'd with philosophick skill,
 At once the agitated wave can still;
 His tuneful magick o'er my senses glides,
 The charm prevails, and all my pain subsides.

In the wild conflict of Eliza's breast, 2406
 Ill-fated fair, what wond'rous skill's express'd!⁶

* The fourth book of Virgil is completely dramatick, with strict preservation of character, the most affecting pathos, and the most tragick catastrophe. In this book he has penetrated into the recesses of the female heart with an intuition like Shakspeare's. In his Dido is displayed a knowledge of nature, and of the passion of love, which is only equalled by our immortal poet in the most transcendent of all his pieces, Othello. The conflict in her distracted bosom, her sense of reputation, of royal dignity, and of matron honour, all borne down by the storm of one irresistible passion, engage all our feelings in favour of this unfortunate woman; insomuch that the pious Æneas, who is equally frail, and coolly perfidious, becomes the object of contempt or detestation, while he and his gods, who greatly embellish the *Dramatis Personæ*, excite a more tender interest for their deluded and unsuspecting victim. This episode, as it is called, appears to me almost the master-piece of Virgil. A considerable part of the fourth book consists of Dido's speeches, and there is not a single line of declamation in any of her dialogues or soliloquies. The purity of Virgil's taste is not less conspicuous on all occasions, than his other unrivalled excellencies.

For

For thee, Sidonian queen,⁷ ensnar'd, betray'd,—
 Like thy fond Anna,⁸ mourns each gentle maid;
 Turns with disdain from Jove's profan'd abodes,
 The obdurate Trojan, and conspiring gods.⁹ 2411
 A royal wretch, by love, by shame pursued!
 Censure, by milder pity sinks subdued:
 Her woman's frame in such a whirlwind tost,
 The venial frailty in the feeling's lost:
 We join the tempest of her frantick tongue, 2416
 And cry—Rocks, storms, and juster gods, revenge the
 wrong!

⁷ Hic templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
 Condebat,——. Æn. i. 450.

⁸ Quid primum deserta querar? comitemne sororem
 Sprevisi moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses,
 Idem ambas ferro dolor, atque eadem hora tulisset.
 Æn. iv. 677.

⁹ Egregiam vero laudem, et spolia ampla refertis,
 Tuque, puerque tuus; magnum et memorabile nomen;
 Una dolo Divum si fœmina victa duorum est.—Æn. iv. 93.
 —— sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.—Ibid. 438.

Poets, who meditate the lofty theme,—
To win the crouded theatre's esteem,
At this perennial fount the secret seek, 2420
To bid the passions, not the fancy, speak:
No languid apathy, in pomp of phrase,
Here lulls the anguish tragick woe should raise;
His clew the mazy labour can control,
And wind through all the labyrinth of the soul.
In other strains than his, who could endure 2426
The rugged plough describ'd, the field's manure;
The humbler duties of the shepherd's toil,
And the coarse cares that tame a stubborn soil?¹
As hardest blocks the Phidian chissels choose, 2430
The rudest subjects charm by Maro's muse:
He, like the lord of all th'extended land,
Superior, and unstain'd, alone can stand.
Beneath the master's eye the wain moves on,
The hinds appear to sweat, the steer to groan;
Brisk Dryades, light fawns, and satyrs lead, 2436
While swarthy Pan inspires the jocund reed;

¹ See the Georgicks, passim.

Abundant Ceres smiles, the vales rejoice,
And every rural god obeys his voice.

While not unseen the playful heifer feeds* 2440
On the green herbage of the flowery meads,
Then nature's sting the lordly bull constrains
To drive his bellowing rival o'er the plains:
The green-ey'd monster brutal breasts can move,
To rage, like Shakspeare's Moor, with jealous love.
Hark! how the neighbouring caves are heard to
moan 2446

With the deep thunder of his smother'd groan!
Behold his spurning heel, his chest's broad size,
Like stars with blood bedimm'd, his glowing eyes!
We share the sturdy combat from afar, 2450
And own the terrors of the horny war.
With dewlaps gor'd, and lacerated sides,
Remote, his shame the vanquish'd champion hides;

* *Pascitur in magnâ silvâ formosa juvenca:
Illi alternantes multâ vi prælia miscent
Vulneribus crebris;—* Geor. iii. 219.

Yet one last look, indignant casts around, 2454
To view the mistress lost, and hateful ground;
Then, stern receding from the hard-fought plain,
Threatens fierce strife, with mightier force again.

Or, when the mute prone creatures of the soil,
By plagues subdued, resign their useful toil,
His plaintive lays their secret woes reveal, 2460
And what they cannot speak, our breasts must feel.

Majestick bard! as golden skies bestow
A mellow tinge on humble vales below,
Warm'd by thy lyre, where'er its rays descend,
Richness and radiance on the themes attend: 2465
From Tityrus, beneath the beech reclin'd,
To Turnus shrinking from the death design'd,
Some kindred muse breathes in each tuneful line,
And the verse glows with all the assisting nine.³

Now,

³ How exquisite must have been the taste of the poet, who could order the *Æneid* to be destroyed after his death, as thinking it too imperfect to do him honour!—One of the greatest obligations posterity owes to the memory of Augustus, is his not suffering the suppression of that divine poem.

Virgil

Now, near two thousand years since Virgil's birth,
The sun, grown older, has illumin'd earth, 2471
And

Virgil is supposed to have employed seven years in the composition of his *Georgicks*, the most perfect poem in the opinion of many very eminent critics extant in any language. The whole work divided into four books, consists of little more than two thousand lines; but so many beauties were perhaps never before or since comprised within so small a compass.

To a mere English reader, the *SEASONS* of Thomson, though a work clearly original, will convey a better idea of the *Georgicks*, than any translation I have met with. Thomson, in this most beautiful poem, (one of the greatest ornaments of his country,) dips his pencil in the same glowing colours with which the Mantuan has painted the face of rural nature. We can perceive that he often casts his eye upon the Roman poet; not with the servile timidity of an imitator, but like a master, able to think for himself, to select, combine, and create by the vigour of his own genius.

In the style of these two *Raffaelles* of description, there is very perceptible difference. Thomson, though not more rich, is more luxuriant than Virgil; more sententious, diffusive, and abounding much more in epithets. The Briton perhaps might not have turned his thoughts to the *Seasons*, had not the *Georgicks* preceded; yet even allowing to the latter the advantage of the Latin language, it is not easy to decide which production deserves the preference: for my own part, I am commonly inclined to give it to that which I have read latest. Thomson has sometimes weak expletive lines, Virgil never. Transposition of words now and then, though but rarely, constitutes poetry

And brightly his inspiring beams has shed
 O'er genius living, and th' illustrious dead,
 Yet still supreme, unequall'd, and alone,
 Sits the great Mantuan on the epick throne.⁴ 2475

TIBUL-

in the Seasons; the structure of Virgil's verse cannot be altered without injuring the harmony or the image. Thomson's episodes are very justly commended; yet the *Pastor Aristæus* in the fourth Georgick is superior to any of them.

The declamatory style which loads Thomson's tragedies, mixes well in a poem of such length and expansion as the Seasons. The mind, tranquilized by the scenes his muse has raised, allows him to assume the dignity of an instructor, and to indulge in whatever mood happens to have the ascendancy. We may find perhaps upon the whole more eloquence in the modern, and in the ancient more energy.

⁴ The author does not mean that as an epick poet Virgil was superior to Homer, who wrote so many ages before him; but that he is superior to such as have appeared since his nativity. The number is not considerable, and of these our Milton is unquestionably the greatest. Among many other slanders, Voltaire describes him as "celui qui a gaté l'enfer et le diable du Tasse, &c." The Frenchman understood Milton but little better than he did Shakspeare. It is remarkable that in the fastidious censures of his noble Venetian Pococuranté in *Candide*, he praises only the three episodical books of Virgil, the second, fourth, and sixth, where there is more of relation than action; because he has himself attempted to follow these models in his *Henriade*: wishing always to persuade his countrymen that it is the most finished epick poem the wit of man ever produced, in any language.

There

T I B U L L U S.⁵

A. U. C. 691—734.

To learn, pale Elegy, thy genuine strain,
Let soft Tibullus move thee to complain:

A pen-

There is certainly more bustle, and less interest, in the last half of the *Æneid* than the first; and perhaps the episode in the ninth book is the most beautiful part of any of the last six. Wherever there is room for pathos, he is inimitable. The death of the stag in the seventh book, Nisus and Euryalus in the ninth, Pallas and Lausus, and the lamentations over them, must touch every heart not utterly divested of sensibility. He has many sublime descriptions and passages in every book, and the constant majesty of his numbers has never been equalled.

⁵ The tender suavity of Tibullus, and his plaintive simplicity, cannot be too much admired; yet it has been said that his pattern was Parthenius, upon the authority, I think, of Macrobius. Of the writings of Parthenius little has been preserved. Too much indulgence has been given to the humour of preferring works which are lost to those which remain; and of regretting the want of those originals, upon which we are to suppose the excellent, though inferior, poems which we have in our hands, were formed. In this manner we must conceive Lucilius to have been superior to Horace, Varus to Virgil, and Parthenius to Tibullus. No better consequence can result from this fruitless repining after unknown and perished perfection, than to diminish the
satis-

A pensive maid, whose bosom's deep distress
Her sober steps and heartfelt sighs confess;

With

satisfaction of our actual enjoyment, by the mixture of another sentiment not so pleasing. But in our own experience we may find the true consolation. There is little doubt, that had we now only a few lucky fragments of Chaucer and Donne, some of our criticks would prefer them to Dryden and Pope; for Dryden himself in order to recommend his beautiful tale of Palamon and Arcite, modernized from Chaucer, and infinitely improved, spends several pages of the preface to his Fables, to raise the rugged old English bard to a competition with Ovid; nay, in his dedicatory verses to the Duchess of Ormond, he boldly sets him above Homer and Virgil:

“ He match'd their beauties, where they most excell,
“ Of love sung better, and of arms as well.”

So sings Dryden; but poetry without harmony is to my sense no better than a violin without strings, or a cracked trumpet.

The *only ancient* prodigy of England is Shakspeare. His numbers are often not less sweet, than his conceptions are sublime and original. Had only a few of his best scenes and dramas descended to us, well might the modern exclaim that the loss of the rest was irreparable. Yet even in this mighty genius something is to be forgiven, and something to be rejected. Where he possesses his true inspiration, he never was, nor ever will be, equalled. “ Nature (as Pope says) speaks through him.”

Neither are the praises lavished by contemporary writers on each other a sure standard at all times to ascertain their real value. Horace, the most discerning of criticks, though superior to envy, now and then

With eyes of blue, that languishingly swim, 2480
Unconscious of the tears that swell their brim.

Her

pays a courtly compliment to the productions of a Roman pen, when in the hand of a great statesman or magistrate, which their intrinsic merit probably would not have extorted from him. Lord Halifax, the Bufo of Great-Britain, has left his verses behind him to give the lie to his flatterers; to teach us to appreciate for ourselves, and not to depend upon the panegyrick even of an Addison, when the scribbler and the minister happen to be united in the same person.

In Tibullus the charms of elegy may be found in genuine perfection. He has been well imitated, and better translated, by the English Hammond. Lord Chesterfield in a short preface to the Love Elegies, seems aware that his friend may be considered only in the character of a translator; and says artfully enough, that "he chose Tibullus rather than Ovid as his model." It is somewhat extraordinary that Dr. Johnson in his account of this English poet, when he very justly condemns him for introducing Roman imagery and heathen mythology into verses supposed to be the effusions of amorous passion, does not seem to recollect that in all these passages and many more, Hammond is only the literal translator of Tibullus. Had this circumstance been fairly acknowledged by himself or his noble editor, he would have escaped the severity of Johnson's censure. To the best of my recollection there are scarcely one hundred original lines in Hammond's Love Elegies.

Since the foregoing remark was written, it has been suggested to me by a friend, that the same observation was made soon after the appearance of the biographical work above referred to: "Dr. Johnson, in
his

Her stole of violet tinge, with flowing grace,
Improves her mournful dignity of pace;

Cyprus,

his late admirable *LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS*, speaking of Mr. Hammond, observes, that 'his elegies have neither pathos, nature, or manners.' They certainly have neither of the latter; and whatever of the former they contain is the passion of a Roman, not of an Englishman. It is surprising that the cause of this defect escaped this most judicious critick. In short, these elegies are almost all, if not translations, very close imitations, of Tibullus. In the whole number there are but four original. Of this any one may be convinced, who will take the trouble to compare these poems with those of the Roman Knight. For the satisfaction of the classical reader, I will subjoin a list of those elegies which Hammond has copied:

HAMMOND.

El. I - -

2 - -

3 - -

4 - -

5 - -

6 - -

7 - -

8 - -

9 - -

11 - -

12 - -

13 - -

TIBULLUS.

l. ii. el. iv. 1—38.

- ii. el. vi.

- ii. el. iv. 39—50.

- iii. el. v.

- i. el. ii.

- ii. el. vii.

- ii. el. iii.

- iii. el. iii.

- iii. el. ii.

{ i. el. xi.

{ i. el. i. 45—52.

- iii. el. vii.

{ i. el. i.

{ i. el. v. 31—34.

" By

Cyprus, sad emblem of disastrous love,
 (A weeping Cupid kiss'd it as he wove,) 2485
 And flowers of dusky hue, entwin'd appear,
 To form the wreath, that binds her auburn hair:
 O'er her white breast her folded arms are laid,
 And solitude she seeks, and noiseless shade.

If feign'd the passion, and the pang unfelt, 2490
 What heart so hard his numbers could not melt?
 The sympathizing soul his notes involve;
 Like snows they fall, and as they fall, dissolve.
 No turns, no points, for admiration call,
 But all is simple, plain, and natural; 2495
 For love's true language, void of dress and art,
 Neglects the fancy, and secures the heart.—

“ By the foregoing table the reader will observe, that of Hammond's elegies, the tenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth, alone appear to have been unborrowed. It is, however, but just to add, that this unfortunate and amiable poet, though he has no pretensions to the title of an original writer, must be acknowledged to have been a very harmonious and elegant versifier.” *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1781, Vol. 51. p. 369.

E e

When

When piping winds, and thick-descending rain,⁶
 Assail the shelter of his roof in vain, 2499
 His tender mind the inclement hour improves,
 Till rest turns rapture with the maid he loves.

H O R A C E.⁷

A. U. C. 689—746.

Persuasive Horace! how his varying lay
 Can dash bold vice, or with light foibles play!

The

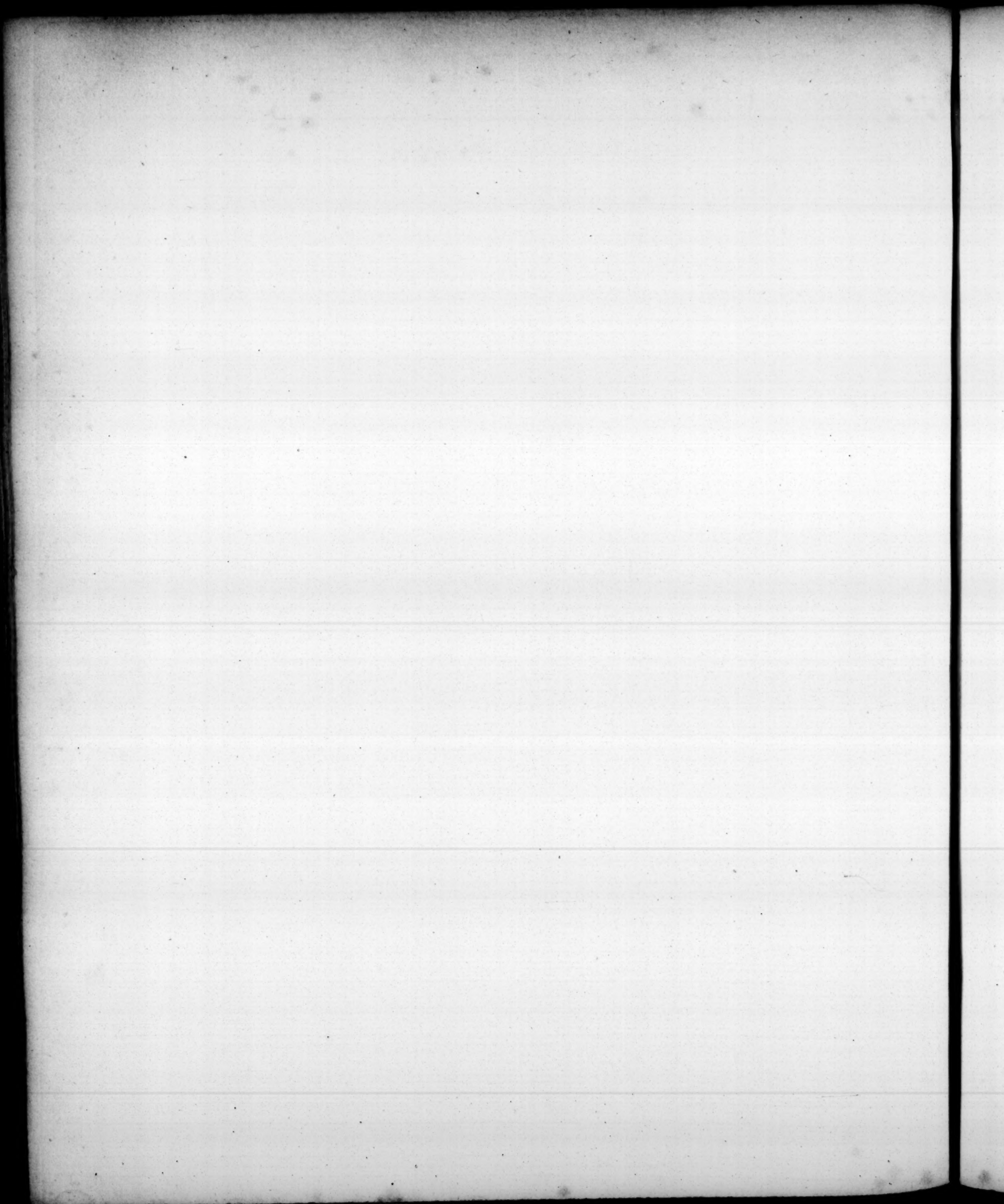
⁶ Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
 Et dominam tenero continuisse sinu;
 Aut, gelidas hybernus aquas quum fuderit auster,
 Securum somnos, imbre juvante, sequi!—Tibul. l. i. el. i.

⁷ The genius and writings of Horace will probably for ever supply abundant matter for criticism and panegyric. He has a claim to the latter, for a species of excellence which perhaps has not been sufficiently noticed; the great variety of subjects to which he has tuned his lyre. To have produced above a hundred odes, with little resemblance between any two of them, all finished and beautiful, and some of them sublime, shews a very surprising playfulness and fertility of fancy. He calls them *operosa carmina*, but we see nothing but the felicity.

Considering his admiration of Pindar, whom he praises chiefly for his sublimity, we might, I think, have expected more frequent emulation



HORACE.



The task of reformation he beguiles,
Alike instructing, if he frowns or smiles ;⁸ 2505
Till

lation of the Theban's loftiness. His most distinguished performance in that style is the ode in the fourth book, beginning with "*Qualem ministrum ;*" yet surely this ought not to be preferred to Dryden's *St. Cecilia*, and is greatly surpassed by *THE BARD* of Gray. Dryden's ode is perfect, but the latin is disgraced by the following passage, if indeed it be genuine, flatly prosaick, and damping at once all the glowing ardour of the strain, by its unexpected chilness :

———— quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazoniâ securi
Dextras obarmet, quærere distuli ;
Nec scire fas est omnia.

A slight compression of the same thought, with another cast of expression, would have made it unexceptionable. As it is, the *Polyhymnia* of Cibber might be ashamed of it. Very rarely indeed does Horace degrade a sentiment by cloathing it improperly.

Mr. Mason's superiority as a Lyrick Poet seems in some degree to be overlooked in the admiration of his two dramas with which his odes are interwoven ; yet what taste can be insensible to the charms of those beautiful compositions in *Elfrida*? That upon death in *Caractacus* breathes the genuine spirit of Homer's terrifick grandeur and sublimity.

No species of poetical composition is so difficult as the *grave* Ode. It demands not only peculiar endowment from nature, but also talents exercised in the practice. An indifferent serious ode, though constructed with the most exact conformity to critical rules, was never

Till by his easy precepts wiser grown,
 Men pardon others' faults, and mend their own:
 They find fierce passions by calm sense withstood,
 And small the labour to be just and good.

No frowning virtue in his strain appears, 2510
 To wring the heart, or stain the cheek with tears;

read twice willingly by any person, except the author. Even the incomparable Pope, accustomed so much to couplets and heroick measure, fails in the attempt, almost shamefully. His *St. Cecilia* is the mere effort of labour, without inspiration; a sedulous endeavour at perfection, without attainment. I can conceive Dryden, when employed on this subject, looking up to the sky, while the spirit of the musical saint he celebrates was descending upon him; and Pope, in vain discomposing his velvet night-cap, biting his pen, dashing it on the table, and retiring to bed, tired, disturbed, and unsatisfied. Such is the difference between imitation and genius.

When the subject of an ode is of an exalted nature, it requires all the united powers of conception, expression, and harmony, to prevent the mind from being vacant, instead of being roused and sustained by the poetry. Upon light, ludicrous, or satyrical topicks, many have been successful; no one perhaps more eminently so, than Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

* Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia, ludit,
 Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

PERS. sat. i.

But

But gently soothing, of benign address,
And still more bless'd, as most employ'd to bless.
Bold daring crimes avenging law pursues,
Leaving man's foibles to the sportive muse; 2515
And deep they feel, who sin 'gainst reason's rule,
The pains and penalties of ridicule :⁹
But injudicious satire in a storm,
Drives to despair the wretch it should reform;
With brazen front he stalks, abash'd no more,
And braves the shame he tried to shun before.
The black misdeeds of execrable men,
Let cords or axes punish, not the pen :
When fetters clank, and dungeons yawn in vain,
Adieu the physick of the iambick strain! 2525
What novice now would waste his muse and time,
To tame a modern Frenchman by a rhyme?
Can the soft lute, or silver-sounding lyre,
Arrest the roaring of the tiger's ire?

⁹ The pains and penalties of idleness. POPE.

Ev'n full-tongu'd Juvenal's imperial rage 2530
 Would fly the nation, and abjure the age.
 Be true to virtue, bards, in all you write,
 But never strive, to wash an Ethiop white;
 Observe the buds of folly as they grow, 2534
 And sage, like Horace, nip them ere they blow.

When crown'd with roses in Anacreon's bower,
 The Paphian queen and Bacchus own the hour.¹
 What surly cynick can the feast reprove,
 Or dare profane the joys of wine and love?
 But if in Pindar's tone he pours along, 2540
 The flood he paints rolls thund'ring through his
 song;²

The Theban's genius all his soul inspires,
 And lifts above the example he admires.

¹ O Venus, regina Cnidi, Paphique,—. HOR. l. i. ode xxx.

² Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
 Pindarus ore. HOR. l. iv. ode ii.

Let youthful poets own the critick's skill,³
 And climb with him the steep Parnassian hill, 2545
 Where crags, and thorns, and bitter springs abound,⁴
 With scarce one flowery spot of pregnant ground ;
 So worn and harrow'd by the ancients' toil,
 The tardy modern hardly gleans the soil;
 But finds, too late, the imagin'd fragrant store 2550
 Borne off by bees, who suck'd its sweets before :
 Yet guiding Flaccus still his hope may raise ;
 The path he knows, and points it to true praise.
 Pleas'd with what heaven will grant or disallow,
 Eternal sunshine gilds his cheerful brow ; 2555
 In idle murmurs no vain hour he'll waste,
 But clasps the present joy, nor mourns the past.⁵
 Bless'd moralist ! whose winning manners gain'd
 The ease of freedom, where a despot reign'd ; 2559

³ HOR. de Arte Poetica.

⁴ Quod superest arvi, tamen id natura sua vi
 Sentibus obducat,—. LUCR. l. v. 207.

⁵ — carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero. HOR. l. i. ode xi.

Wise sensualist! who scorn'd superfluous wealth,⁶
And found true luxury in peace and health.

O V I D.⁷

A. U. C. 711—771.

'Midst many a nameless son of vulgar earth,
Sulmo could boast she gave her Ovid birth.⁸

Together

⁶ Nolle onus, haud unquam solitus, portare molestum.

HOR. Sat. l. i. s. vi.

⁷ It is singular enough that Ovid should have collected such a number of fabulous transformations and impossibilities, and have given them to his countrymen with such an air of gravity and devotion, without having himself the least faith in any of them; for a man of sense who examined them so much as he must have done, was of all men the least likely to believe them. His *Metamorphoses* may be considered as the great magazine and repository of pagan fiction and mythology.

He is supposed to have been greatly addicted to gallantry, and a very distinguished favourite among the Roman ladies, to whom he recommended himself more by his learning, talents, and poetry, than by the gracefulness of his figure, and his other personal accomplishments. He had besides reduced the mystery of female seduction to a system. There are few women of any natural delicacy of sentiment, however little they may happen to be indebted for the improvement of their minds to education, who can be insensible to the distinction which literature gives to the other sex. Nothing is less uncommon, than to find a woman's principles seduced by her understanding.

The



OVID.



Together twin'd, his learned brow displays 2560
 The lover's myrtle and the poet's bays.
 Though each fair science stor'd his fertile mind,
 Still rov'd his copious fancy unconfin'd.

The late Earl of Chesterfield's morality with respect to women, is rather more lax than Ovid's. In his Art of Love, the Roman says,

Tuta frequensque via est, per amicum fallere nomen.

Tuta frequensque licet sit via; *crimen habet*.

The English Chiron, like the pirate who erased the eighth commandment from his decalogue, seems to have adopted the convenience of the couplet, leaving out the assertion contained in the final words. By what casuistry a man of unblemished reputation in his publick character, and of strict honour in private, as his lordship certainly was, could confound the same principles, by the mere distinction of sexes, I am unable to discover. It is surely to be lamented, that a few exceptionable passages in his system, which cannot be perused without severe reprehension, should have so tarnished the whole, that no publication extant has been treated with so little candour. It abounds however with good sense, and contains many excellent rules and maxims to form the manners and regulate the conduct of youth, conceived with great temper and judgment, and communicated with the utmost perspicuity, elegance, and purity of language. Though his letters are addressed to a young man of a particular character, and destined to a particular walk in life, they cannot fail of being generally instructive and useful. The characters by Lord Chesterfield, of a few of his contemporaries, are written in the spirit of Sallust, without his partialities; terse, comprehensive, and appropriate, and equal, if not superior, to any of those drawn by our best historians, from Lord Clarendon to this hour.

^s Sulmo mihi patria est, gelidis uberrimus undis. OVID. Trist. l. iv. el. 10.

F f

To

To fix his thoughts on Themis' crabbed book,
What fruitless pains his anxious father took ! 2565
While softer Cytherea smiling cry'd,
" To learn my laws, be all thy care apply'd."
As sudden corruscations quick and bright,
His wit surprises with a dazzling light ;
Whate'er the subject, barren, rude, or mean, 2570
That fire emits its rays, and gilds the scene :
On Pontus' dreary shore his breast it warms,
Nor loses e'en in banishment its charms.
In vain thy plaintive numbers were address'd,
To soften one unmitigable breast ; 2575
But be thy crime what malice may believe,
Worse was his crime, who knew not to forgive.⁹

⁹ Few points have been left in more doubt and obscurity by the Ancients than the cause of Ovid's banishment. It has been commonly ascribed to his having been discovered in an intrigue with the emperor's daughter, Julia ; but his own reference to his misfortune, in one of his poems, does not countenance that supposition ; nor was the licentiousness of his writings, as some have imagined, likely to give offence to Augustus, who expresses his own affection for Horace in terms of the most gross obscenity.

Led from his boyhood through the Cyprian school,
 In love's soft mysteries he instructs by rule;
 Master of wiles that lure the amorous heart, 2580
 Nature's first impulse feels the chains of art.
 Avoid the dangerous teacher, maids, avoid!
 Pleasing too much, you please to be destroy'd:
 But, melting virgins, most decline the song,
 Lest she who reads should be no virgin long: 2585
 Timely forewarn'd, from the smooth verse refrain!
 'Tis honied poison, 'tis delicious bane.
 The lover's eye, your breasts when passions swell,
 The unprompted secret of themselves will tell.
 Fair nymphs, whom truth, and genuine blushes arm,
 Disdain a taught sophisticating charm! 2591
 In adamantine links THIS charm will bind,—
 A graceful outside, with a cultur'd mind;
 And half your care, the former to improve,
 Turn'd to the heart, secures the soul of love. 2595
 Rapture's a hasty transient flame at best,
 But warm esteem an ever-biding guest:

* Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
 Me legat; et lecto carmine doctus amet. OVID. de Art. Amator.

Rapture, a meteor, at its birth expires,
Esteem new vigour with its age acquires:
She who the first prefers, prefers amiss; 2600
A moment's transport, to a life of bliss.
Why rolls in vain, the ever-rolling eye?
Why fails the smile rehears'd, the obedient sigh?
Think you, can flaming cinnaber outspoke
The true suffusion of th' ingenuous cheek? 2605
Or could the wise CREATING POWER intend
His daintiest work for minerals to mend?
A mien, compos'd with all an artist's care,
Invites not, but exclaims aloud, BEWARE!
Behold the fruitless preparation lost: 2610
She least inspires a flame, who feigns it most.
Beauty's false friends, avaunt! or scorn'd, repair
Where riot roars, and orgied torches glare!
Mark, how the flowery tribes preserve unmix'd
The tints, wise nature on their birth has fix'd: 2615
No garish die the blue-vein'd violet shews,
Nor vies the bashful snow-drop with the rose.

To

To no one colour various beauty's bound;
What different charms in different hues are found!
Fire to the eye let ruddy cheeks impart; 2620
But pale mild languor melts into the heart.

Enough to charm, the modest ear may choose,
In the chaste labours of gay Ovid's muse.
When themes sublime more lofty strains demand,
The swelling chords confess a statelier hand: 2625
In floods of day, see Sol's bright palace rise;
See his rash son hurl'd flaming down the skies:
How Pindus, Athos, hot Olympus glow!
How hisses Rhodope through piles of snow!¹
See, the great sire of gods and men alarm'd, 2630
And 'gainst combustion, with combustion arm'd.³—
His sounding pinion holds a temperate flight,
Skims not the ground, nor soars beyond the sight;
More skill'd to paint the passions, than to move,
Youth will admire him, wiser age approve. 2635

¹ Et tandem Rhodope nivibus caritura,—METAMORPH. l. ii.

³ — et sævis compescuit ignibus ignes. Ibid.

THE AUGUSTAN AGE.

Rivals to these, in more instructive prose,
 Historians, orators, and criticks rose;
 With fancy's rays the power of truth combin'd,
 Pour'd rich effulgence on the enlighten'd mind.

Why teem'd the Augustan age beyond the rest,
 With prodigality of genius bless'd? 2641
 Was man a different compound from before?
 No;—war, and civil discord, were no more;
 The iron gates of double Janus clos'd,*
 The mind grew active, and the arm repos'd; 2645
 Long-

* *Immane bellicæ civitatis argumentum, quod semel sub regibus, iterum Tito Manlio consule, tertio, Augusto Principe, certæ pacis argumentum Janus Geminus clausus dedit. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 38.*

That the Roman legions should have been the best disciplined and the most irresistible troops in the world, will not seem extraordinary, when we consider that from the building of the city to the reign of Augustus, a period of above seven hundred years, the gates of the temple of Janus were but three times closed: once by Numa, the second king; again, after the first Punick war, A. U. C. 529; and lastly by Augustus, A. U. C. 725. One would imagine that the Romans in time of

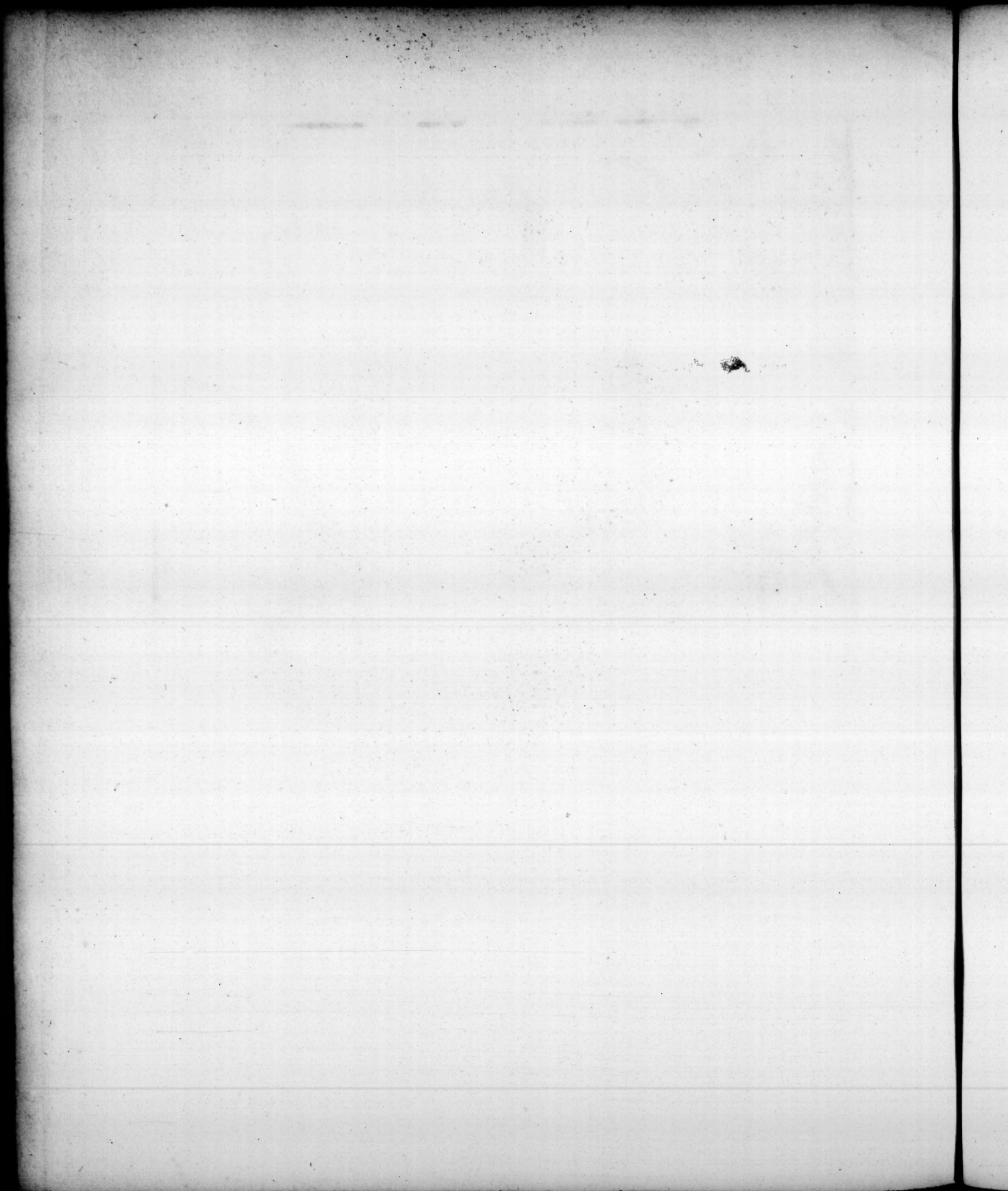


Fragmentum picturae veteris in pariete factae, Romae anno MDCCXXXVII inter palatii Caesaris Augusti rudera, ubi nunc sunt horti Farnesiani, in monte Palatino repertum, in quo sex figurae arte exquisita et nitidis coloribus sunt expressae: quarum una exhibetur Augustus ipse sedens, et coronam alicui, cujus imago est abripta, pretendens; Phraati, ut quidam non vane augurant, flexis genibus, de quo Horatius:

— huc imperiumque Phraates
Caesaris accepit genibus minor.)

ceteris aulici adstantes, inter quos Mecenas toga caerulea indutus; et pone eum M. Agrippa humero ejus dextram imponens: prout hanc imaginem cum nummis eorum, gemmisque similitudo ostendit. Quo quidem argumento, et sua ipsius descriptione ducti, nonnulli Horatium inter sui patronos et amicos clarissimos exhiberi volunt, extrema nempe illa, corporis exigui, figurae Mecenate latius claudente.

Ex museo viri illustris R. Mead, M.D.



Long-banish'd peace, and all her gentle train,
 Return'd to tranquil Italy again :
 Then, all was verse, felicity, and love,
 Sportive each vale, and vocal every grove.
 The useless veteran, sour, and unemploy'd, 2650
 Curs'd the fair paradise he ne'er enjoy'd ;
 Or told in accents hoarse to suburb swains,
 Of martial Julius, and the Gaul campaigns;
 And lost the memory of his scars and crimes,
 In stern revision of more warlike times. 2655
 The Nile, Euphrates, Rhene, and Danaw, own
 On Tyber's banks the world's great master's throne ;
 There the rich produce of their regions meet,
 To pour their tribute at the Roman's feet ;
 Choice stuffs, strange beasts, rare gems, barbarick
 gold, 2660
 Their wonders to admiring eyes unfold :

peace must have felt like foxhunters in frost, listless and uncomfortable
 for want of their usual exercise.—Aususque tandem Cæsar Augustus
 septingentesimo [vicesimo quinto] ab urbe condita anno, Janum Gemi-
 num cludere, bis ante se clusum, sub Numa rege, et victâ primum
 Carthagine. FLOR. l. iv. c. 12.

But

But admiration, most THIS wonder craves,
Thy sons, Quirinus, sycophants and slaves.

Lest in grave talk too deeply might be weigh'd,
Why one man rul'd, and all the rest obey'd, 2665
The crafty prince, in human passions wise,
Bids new delight from harmless sources rise:
Invited poets to his feasts' resort,
And verse becomes the fashion of the court;
Where liberal wit, from jaundic'd envy free, 2670
Felt emulation without jealousy.

No dangerous topick wak'd dissention there,
Of factious tribunes for the approaching year;
What Prætor next should plunder Syria's land;
Who from broad Ister drive the Dacian band; 2675
But for mild converse, milder themes they choose,
The sculptor's art, the pencil, and the muse:

“ Why polish'd Rome so long in vain has sought
“ To emulate the wonders Glycon wrought;
“ Why her rough chissel scarce a form can give,
“ While Corinth's models almost breathe and live ;
“ Why

“ Why feasts the eye on bold Apelles’ line,
 “ And, warm Parrhasius, owns thy touch divine :—
 “ Bless’d art, that bids the vanish’d features rise,
 “ To feed the dear delusion of the eyes ! 2685
 “ By thee, the garb, shape, smile, and look, remain,
 “ While absence baffled loses half its pain :
 “ Thy magick aid by lovers most is sought,
 “ Who lend the passive image words and thought;
 “ Who sometimes prompt the tablet, and suggest
 “ Wishes more fond than warm’d the breathing
 breast ; 2691
 “ And for the unreal rapture would resign
 “ Treasures less priz’d, which gem the unfathom’d
 mine :
 “ Thus the whole maid, no longer mourn’d, maylive;
 “ Part picture’s boon, the rest can fancy give.—
 “ Rome learn’d, mature, in opulence and ease,
 “ Buys, not produces, miracles like these :⁵

“ How

⁵ Though the opulent Romans were great admirers of the works of the Grecian artists, and purchased them at immense prices, the contempla-

" How savage, on destruction only bent,
 " Least to excel in what's most excellent!—
 " If best the tuneful Mantuan's matchless strain
 " Adorns the hero, or describes the swain; 2701
 " If Terence with Menander can compare;
 " What youth's most constant, or which nymph most
 fair;⁶

" What

tion of such admirable models did not raise any native rival school in Italy. Poetry had no sister art among the Romans.

Innumerable volumes in different languages are extant upon sculpture and painting; like many others I have much relish for both these enchanting arts, yet cannot pretend to the least degree of science in either; but nothing I have ever read upon the latter, captivated my mind so much, as an excellent dialogue by Mr. Daniel Webb, a gentleman whose birth does honour to Ireland. The style and colouring glow with all the warmth and genius of the productions which he celebrates.—It is difficult to say, whether the Publick has most to lament in losing the pencil or the pen of the late accomplished President of the Royal Academy. As I knew and admired him, it would give me pleasure to expatiate upon his character as a scholar, an artist, and a companion; but I am restrained by recollecting that the care of his memory and writings is reserved for a friend every way qualified to do them entire justice.

⁶ ——— Dicat Opuntia
 Frater Megilla, quo beatus
 Vulnere, qua pereat sagitta. HOR. l. i. ode 27.

"What sums 'twould ask to gild Apollo's fane;
 "To cut that Isthmus, or yon lake to drain:"— 2705
 Then, all for sports and lengthen'd shows prepare,
 And bloodless battles were the emperor's care;
 The tale of ancient 'Troy, besieg'd again,
 By Latian boys was acted on the plain: 2709
 The sight of war's grim picture all would share,
 But death, war's grimmest feature, was not there;
 Parental eyes with joy the youth beheld,
 Bright in safe arms, and glitt'ring o'er the field.

The ancients had a custom of drinking a glass for every letter in the name of the lady they toasted. Unless their glasses were very small, it was well that they reposed on a triclinium.

Nævia sex cyathis, septem Justina bibatur. MARTIAL.

It is fortunate for some jovial heads and amorous hearts among us, that the rigour of this custom does not prevail where some ladies have three or four Christian names, with not less than six or seven letters in each of them.

7 ————— hinc maxima porro

Accepit Roma, et patrium servavit honorem;

Trojaque nunc, pueri, Trojanum dicitur agmen.

ÆN. V. 600.

Sed et Trojæ ludum edidit frequentissime, majorum minorumve puerorum delectu; prisci decorique moris existimans claræ stirpis indolem sic notescere. *SUET. in Aug. 43.*

G g 2

Meantime

Meantime the brick-built city disappears,
And a new front in polish'd marble rears ; 2715
Rome's deities forsake their mean abodes,
To rest in splendid shrines, and fit for gods.
Intent, he varied every art to please,
And lure the soften'd mind from toil to ease :
Thus, by degrees, perturbed thought subsides, 2720
The torrent foams not, but the current glides ;
Passion's tempestuous gusts forget to rise,
Till in the calm at last ambition dies.
The plummy rover caught, with idle rage
First pines or flutters round his wiry cage ; 2725
The ruffled feathers, the desponding wing,
Proclaim his soul too sorrowful to sing ;
Sullen and sad the astonish'd mourner sits,
Or shrills a captive's fretful note by fits ; 2729
His faithful mate, the well-known downy nest,
Impress their fond remembrance on his breast :
But soon the thralldom he forgets to feel,
Contented sips, and pecks his little meal ;

Musick

Musick and joy inspire his gurgling throat,
 Till the dome echoes with his rapturous note ; 2735
 Familiariz'd at length, the abode he loves,
 Nor, freed again, would seek his native groves.
 E'en the fierce falcon, and Jove's royal bird,
 From their high cliffs by rustick cunning lur'd,
 Though in the blaze of ether once they soar'd,
 And dauntless the sun's quenching eye explor'd,
 Hood-wink'd, or gyv'd, forego their trackless flight,
 To perch, and cow'r, in their proud master's sight :
 Lions in bonds will crouch, the tiger fawn,
 Tame as the fleecy nibbler of the lawn : 2745
 So second nature, habitude, we find,
 Asserts like empire o'er the human mind.

The wise too own'd, revolving each event,
 (Rome's manners chang'd,) which chang'd her go-
 vernment,⁷

" That sad experience taught them to expect 2750
 " From fatal causes like, a like effect.

⁷ For a general revision of the Roman history and government, see
 note (F) at the end of this volume.

" What

“ What for the publick weal, alas, was gain’d,
“ While some new tyrant in succession reign’d?
“ Good Cato, Tully, Brutus, liv’d no more ;
“ Their names, like wrecks, bestrew’d th’ ill-omen’d
 “ shore : 2755
“ No Palinurus waking, sure, would court
“ A stormy sea, with certain death the port ;
“ Coop’d in a crazy bark, where nought was found
“ But faithless mariners, and planks unsound.
“ Bondage to shun, and civil war endure, 2760
“ Less dire the evil, than the desperate cure ;
“ The hapless land to that sad refuge driv’n,
“ Feels the last vengeful scourge of angry heaven.
“ Stern Marius drain’d the nobles’ vital flood ;
“ Proud Sylla waded through Plebeian blood ; 2765
“ Pompey by arms maintain’d his dangerous sway,
“ Wav’d his bright blade, and trembling law gave
 way ;
“ All-conqu’ring Julius, more audacious grown,
“ Bade his grim veterans frown the senate down ;
 “ The

" The fell Triumvirs the same track explor'd, 2770
 " While their fierce eagles o'er the rostrum soar'd :
 " Freedom, the stale pretence, for ever fail'd,
 " And freedom's deadliest foe, the sword, prevail'd.
 " Where such examples wanted power to strike,
 " The infant and the sage were wise alike."— 2775
 Rome, by repeated scenes of horror cloy'd,
 Sought gentler arts, to fill the mental void.
 The genial sky, a soft luxuriant soil,
 Kind to the poet's vein, and tiller's toil ; 2779
 Stupendous Alps, to raise the soaring thought,
 And hills and vales in gay confusion wrought ;
 Seas, on whose margin busy towns were built,⁸
 With towers ennobled, and by sunbeams gilt ;
 Lakes, with these seas in vastness to compare,
 The foamy Benacus, and copious Lar ;⁹ 2785
 And thou, mol'd Lucrine, where tall ships might brave
 The harmless roaring of the Tuscan wave ;

⁸ An mare quod supra memorem ; quodque alluit infra ? VIRG. Geor. ii.
 The Adriatick and the Tyrrhene or Tuscan sea.

⁹ Anne lacus tantos ? te Lari maxime, teque
 Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino ? VIRG. ut supr.

Rivers, roll'd down with deep majestick tide,
 While argent streams in gentler murmurs glide ;
 Tumultuous Nar, and smooth Clitumnus' course,¹
 Gay with the spurning steer, and snow-white horse ;
 Eridanus, whose floods like ocean rise,
 To spout his lofty urn through half the skies ;
 Slumbers supine beneath umbrageous trees,
 Alive with warbling birds, and fan'd by Maia's breeze ;
 No chilling fear, those slumbers to prolong, 2796
 Of forky death from the coil'd serpent's tongue ;
 (From man's approach the noxious reptile glides,
 And close in brakes his swelter'd venom hides ;
 Not here beheld, as where of monstrous birth
 His spires amaze the sky, and hiss consumes the
 earth:²

2801

Such

¹ Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
 Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro, —. VIRG. Geor. ii. 146.

Qua formosa suo Clitumnus flumina luco
 Integit, et niveos abluit unda boves. PROPERT. l. ii. el. xix. 25.

² Nec rapit immensos orbis per humum, neque tanto
 Squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.

VIRG. Geor. ii. 153.

Virgil

Such as on Bagrada's polluted banks³
 Fought for the stream, and thinn'd a consul's ranks;
 With rams and warlike enginery oblig'd
 To assail the Python, like a town besieg'd: 2805
 Brazen his scales, as comets flam'd his eyes,
 And huge like Ossa the unmeasur'd size :)
 Nor dread of poison's vegetable powers,
 Fallacious hid in cups of dew-dropp'd flowers;

Virgil seems particularly to delight in painting the serpent kind. In the Georgicks and Æneid he has many descriptions of them, all highly finished, and with considerable diversity.

³ A serpent of the enormous length of one hundred and twenty feet is said to have disputed the use of the river Bagrada in Africa with the whole Roman army under the command of the consul Regulus. The account is given, from Tubero, by Aulus Gellius:

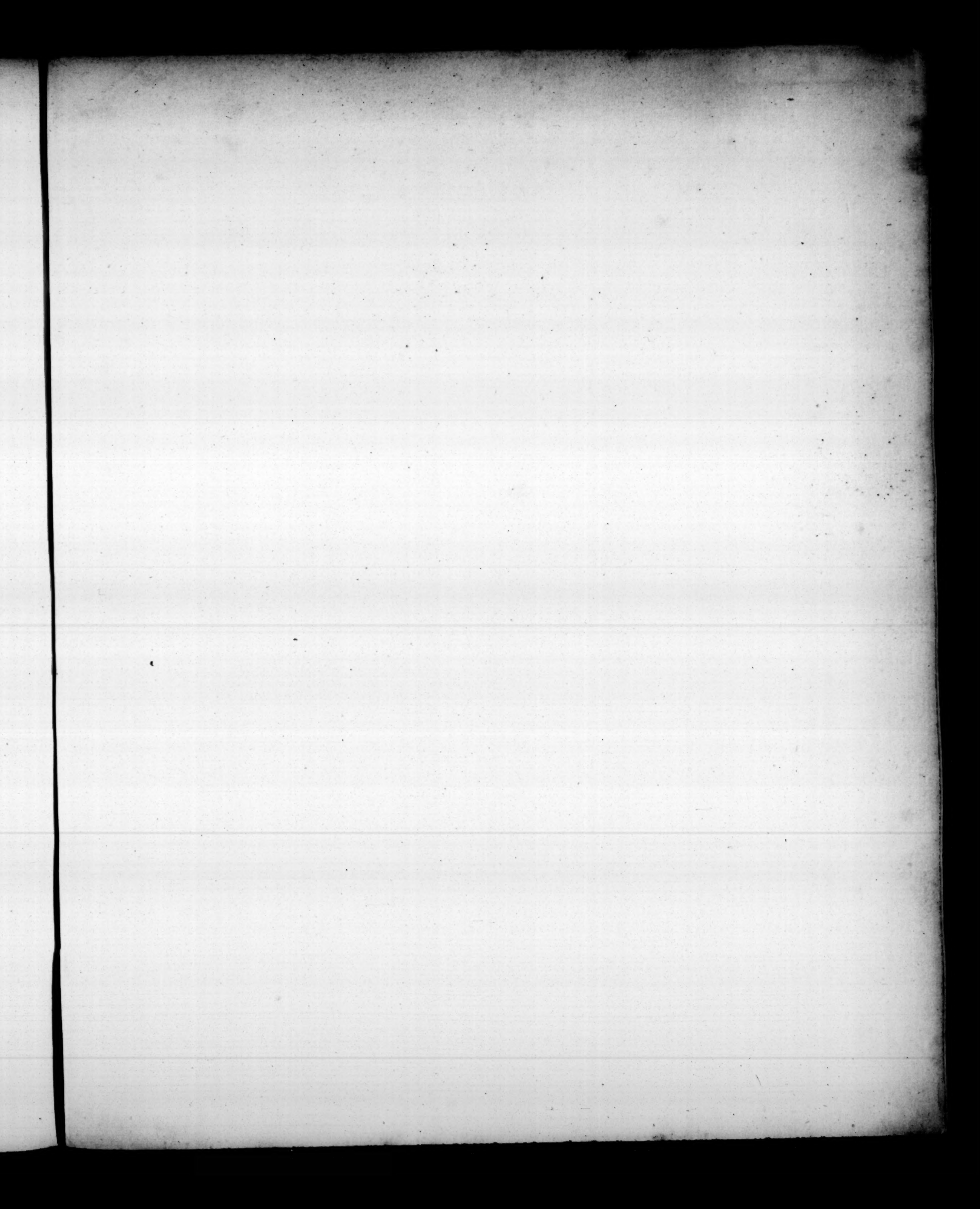
"Tubero in historiis scriptum reliquit, bello primo Punico Attilium Regulum consulem in Africa, castris apud Bagradam flumen positus, prælium grande atque acre fecisse adversus unum serpentem illic stabulantem, inusitatæ immanitatis; eumque, magna totius exercitus conflictione, ballistis atque catapultis diu oppugnatum: ejusque interfecti corium longum pedes centum ac viginti Romam misisse." Noct. ATT. l. vi. c. 3. This monstrous creature was at length killed by a huge stone cast from an engine, which broke the spine of his back. Pliny says, (Hist. Nat. viii. 14.) that his skin was to be seen at Rome, usque ad bellum Numantinum. A. U. C. 620.

H h

No

No pard, or darting tiger, to invade 2810
 The safe retirement of the guileless shade,
 Where Damon and his Thestylis repair,
 To breathe Arcadian vows in cooler air;
 Temples, arcs, theatres, huge works of art,
 Their dumb majestick influence to impart; 2815
 Piles, that with awe the astonish'd eye pursues,
 The soul expanding, as the gazer views;
 No field, no stream, but in its precinct bears
 Some glorious record of departed years; 2819
 Themes prompting still the simple rustick's tongue,
 Sung by some bard, or worthy to be sung;
 A year twice fruitful, all Pomona's store,⁴
 Spread in profusion o'er the fragrant shore;
 Flowers of all hues, and nymphs as kind as fair,
 With Hybla humming through the vocal air;
 Pan, with the dancing Graces in his train, 2826
 And fabled gods believ'd on every plain;—

⁴ Bis gravidæ pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbor. VIRG. Geo. ii. 150.





MÆCENAS.

SCENES SUCH AS THESE to rapture fire the mind,
 And ALL, bless'd Italy! in thee combin'd.
 O redolence of joy, enough to raise 2830
 Each shepherd's reed to rival Maro's lays!
 Thence fanes innumerable, such large bounties given,
 Proclaim'd, they thought, a multifarious heaven:
 So, from devotion, each new blessing sent,
 Impair'd the worship of the Omnipotent; 2839
 For then the glimm'ring heathen's twilight soul
 Saw not ONE CAUSE, great author of the whole.

But chief, to wise Mæcenas should belong^s
 Mankind's just tribute for the poet's song. 2840
 His soul could feel the muse, and lov'd the bard,
 Liberal the love, and boundless the reward;

^s Habuit enim ingenium et grande et virile, nisi illud secum discinxisset.

Maxima laus illi tribuitur mansuetudinis: pepercit gladio, sanguine abstinuit. SENEC. Epis. 92. 114.

Urbis custodiis præpositus Caius Mæcenas, equestri sed splendido genere natus, vir, ubi res vigiliam exigeret, sane exsomnia, providens, atque agendi sciens. VEL. PAT. l. ii. c. 88.

He knew the immortal stamp which letters give;
 (For unrecorded deeds but once can live ;)⁶
 That Peleus son had slept in dust unknown,⁷
 Till Homer made the future world his own. 2845
 " Heroes (he cries) thus brave the power of death,
 " Nor dies fair virtue with the expiring breath ;
 " Posterity's joint-heirs to endless time,
 " They still endure, and every zone's their clime:
 " The patriot's tomb may moulder into dust, 2850
 " The picture fade, or lightning strike the bust;
 " But not his acts, and wide-expanded name,
 " Borne on the wings of incorporeal fame."

⁶ Εκ Μοισαν αγαθον κλεος ερχεται ανθρωποισι. THEOC. Idyl. xvi. 58.

⁷ Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
 Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
 Urgentur, ignotique longâ

Nocte, carent quia vate sacro. HOR. l. iv. ode ix.

Quam multos scriptores rerum suarum magnus ille Alexander secum
 habuisse dicitur ! Atque is tamen cum in Sigæo ad Achillis tumulum
 adstitisset, O fortunate, inquit, adolescens, qui tuæ virtutis Homerum
 præconem inveneris ! Et vere ; nam nisi ILIAS illa exstitisset, idem
 tumulus qui corpus ejus contexerat, nomen etiam obruisset.

CIC. pro Archia Poeta.

Mark,

Mark, by his kindling breath how taught to aspire,
 Shines bright reveal'd the intellectual fire! 2855
 No more to shades the inglorious muses fly,
 But all Parnassus fills the publick eye;
 A wreath to him the grateful sisters give,
 Virent so long, and blooming still to live.
 Like a full river, whose exhaustless source 2860
 Through flowery meadows winds its sinuous course,
 His bounty's stream still fertilizing flow'd,
 Nor shrunk at all the abundance it bestow'd.

Such once was Wri'thesly⁸, dear distinguish'd name!
 Congenial studies, and their souls the same: 2865
 Britain's great bard his kindred taste ador'd,
 And Essex honour'd his unvenal sword.

⁸ For an account of Henry Wriothesly, earl of Southampton, see Memoirs of that nobleman, prefixed to the tenth volume of Shakspeare's Works, published by Mr. Malone; whose name cannot be mentioned without great respect by every friend to English literature. His indefatigable industry has left nothing discoverable unexplored, his sagacity nothing unnoticed, which can contribute to gratify the numerous admirers of our greatest poet.

The family name of lord Southampton, as he observes to me, was formerly pronounced *Wresely*, the first vowel being sounded like the French *i*. See Strype's ANNALS, vol. ii. App. L.

First from his eyry near tame Avon's side,
His wing our intellectual eagle tried ; 2869
Unmark'd the tow'ring flight by vulgar eyes,—
But keen Southampton saw it cleave the skies ;
Bade him soar on, with trackless pinions bold,
And imp'd the wide-spread vans with strength'ning
gold.

By emulation of his generous fire,
Let Albion's lords to fame like his aspire ; 2875
The drooping muse a monarch's care engage,
And bid revive a new Augustan age :
Then may new Congreves, Garths, and Swifts, be
known ;

Another Pope perhaps, and Addison.
In kindly climes as glowing suns produce 2880
From mellow fruits their rich nectareous juice,
So may the beams of royal grace dispense
O'er genius their benignant influence ;
To every art, be every honour shewn, 2884
And wit adorn, as virtue guards, the throne !

But

But what avails the humble poet's prayer,
 A monarch's virtues, or the senate's care,
 If fell Erinnys, from a neighbouring shore,
 Drown reason's sober voice in frenzy's roar?
 (A shore devouring Lestrygons would shun, 2890
 Where furies' torches blaze beyond the sun;)
 If ruin, ghastly death, and rapine's rage,
 Britain's mild sons in their fierce strife engage?
 Avert them, all that's wise and just in men! 2894
 Confine them, Heaven, to their own Gallick den!
 If such detested days indeed must rise,
 Giver of light, O, close thy suppliant's eyes!⁹

O'er

⁹ Hesiod, as Mr. Malone suggests to me, has expressed the same wish in his introductory verses to the description of the IRON AGE. The whole passage, though written near three thousand years ago, is so perfectly applicable to the present barbarous state of France, that the classical reader will, I am confident, not be displeased at its being brought to his remembrance:

Μηκέτ' ἐπεὶτ' ὠφείλου ἐγὼ πεμπτοῖσι μστεῖναι
 Ἀνδράσιν, ἀλλ' ἢ προσθε θανείν, ἢ ἐπεὶτα γενεσθαι.
 Νυν γὰρ δὴ γένος ἐστὶ σιδηρεὺς· οὐδὲ ποτ' ἡμᾶρ
 Πάυσονται καμάτου καὶ οἴζους, οὐδὲ τι νυκτὶ
 Φθειρομένοι· χαλεπὰς δὲ θεοὶ δώσουσι μερίμνας.---

Οὐδέ

O'er him, and all he loves, kind darkness, come,
To hide them in the accelerated tomb!—

See o'er pale Java's desolated plains

2900

In solitary state dread Upas reigns ;¹

No

Ουδε πατηρ παιδεσσιν ομοιος, ουδε τι παιδες,
Ουδε ξεινος ξεινοδοκω, και εταιρος εταιρω,
Ουδε κασιγνητος φιλος εσσεται, ως το παρος περ' . . .
ΣΧΕΤΑΙΟΙ, ουδε ΘΕΩΝ ΟΠΙΝ ΕΙΔΟΤΕΣ·---
ΧΕΙΡΟΔΙΚΑΙ· ετερος δ'ετερου πολιν εξαλαπαξει·
Ουδε τις ευορκου χαρις εσσεται, ουτε δικαιου,
Ουτ' αγαθου· μαλλον δε κακων ρεκτηρα και υβριν·
Ανερα τιμησουσι· δικη δ'εν χερσι και αιδως
Ουκ εσ·αι· βλαψει δ'ο κακος του αρειουνα φωτα,
Μυθοισι σχολιοις ευεπων, επι δ'ορκου ομειται·
Και τοτε δη προς Ολυμπου απο χθονος ευρυοδειης,
Λευκοισιν φαρεσσι καλυψαμενω χροα καλον,
Αθανατων μετα Φυλ' ιτην, προλιποντ' ανθρωπους,
ΑΙΔΩΣ ΚΑΙ ΝΕΜΕΣΙΣ· τα δε λειψεται αλγεα λυγρα
Θνητοις ανθρωποισι· κακου δ'ουκ εσσεται αλχη.

¹ In the last note to Dr. Darwin's *LOVES OF THE PLANTS*, or second volume of *THE BOTANICK GARDEN*, see a description of the Upas or Poison Tree, transcribed from the account of N. P. Foersch, a Dutch surgeon; published in the London Magazine for 1784. This tremendous and astonishing tree of Java stands in a stony waste covered with the bones of animals; and to the distance of three or four leagues round it desolates all life and vegetation. Birds caught by its effluvia fall down dead in their passage over it. Criminals sent

No pulmonary valves can bear her breath,
 Shooting in pois'nous mists convulsive death;
 To her, as to the lion's murd'rous den*, 2905
 The foot may go, but ne'er return again:
 High o'er her top the full-wing'd eagle's sped,
 And white with bleaching bones her flinty bed;
 Carnage alone in hideous piles rests there,
 While hissing hydras blast the lurid air: 2910
 Where the least gasp of Orcus' spouse pervades,
 Wide spreads the abortive waste, creation fades;

sent to collect the poison, notwithstanding many preparations against it, perish in vast numbers. The points of warlike instruments are dipped in it, and it is said to produce some revenue to the emperor. The account is almost as wonderful, and little less incredible than any invention in the Arabian Nights; yet it is authenticated sufficiently. I know but one way to account for its being a fiction; by supposing that the Dutch devised it for better securing the monopoly of their spices. Some persons perhaps may think a Dutch flight of invention little less wonderful than the properties of this extraordinary tree.

Dr. Darwin in the third canto of his second volume has painted the Upas tree in bolder figures than I could venture to use, or perhaps could command for the same purpose.

* ——— me vestigia terrent

Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

HOR. Epist. l. i. ep. 1.

I i

Whole

Whole leagues remote the human form is driven,
 Far from this foe to man, and scourge of heaven:
 So, the fell dæmon of Lutetia lowers, 2915
 Shrieking from dungeons drear, and gore-drench'd
 towers.—

Britons by France instructed to esteem
 Their precious birth-right! madness how extreme!
 'Tis Borgia's sword,³ to humble papal pride;
 'Tis Nero, preaching against parricide. 2920
 Counts the deep inborn enmity for nought?
 Are the repeated perfidies forgot?
 Unlike their genius, manners, forms, are seen,
 While surging rolls a roaring sea between; 2924

³ Cæsar Borgia, natural son of the well-known Pontifical Monster Alexander the sixth, and the worthy offspring of such a father. He murdered his brother the Duke of Gandia, and every other person within his reach, whom he supposed likely to obstruct the views of his ambition. He had a mind of such comprehensive wickedness, not without great boldness, and some capacity, that had he been reserved to be a Frenchman of the present age, he would probably have been the rival of the late Danton, in the favour of the Convention at Paris.

Coast frowns on coast, by nature's hand disjoin'd ;
Gods, fates, oppos'd, but more the adverse mind.
No,—rather sink your islands in the main,
Or, let primæval darkness reign again ;
With binding incantations charm the shade, 2929
Where Edward sleeps, and Monmouth's dust is laid ;
Lest, with burst cearments, their pale ghosts appear,
To shake at England the destroying spear :
Drive the sharp plough-share o'er each charter'd spot,
Where kings acceded, and stern barons fought ;
Of your wise laws disjoint the social frame, 2935
Clear from your rolls expunge great Nassau's name ;
All that experience, learning, wisdom gave,
Be plung'd at once in blank oblivion's grave !

Shall sacred liberty, so long enjoy'd, 2939
By her own champions blindly be destroy'd ?
For her, now number'd with th'illustrious dead,
A Somers pleaded, and a Hamden bled ;
Fir'd by her flame, more dear than vital breath,
Sons brav'd their sires in marshall'd fields of death ;

In sea-girt Albion, goddess, was thy throne, 2945
Where every generous virtue was thine own ;
Thine, hard-earn'd rights no tyrant could debase ;
Thine, the glad smile on every honest face :
And still some ancient worth our isle can boast,—
Shade of great Chatham, in thy offspring most :
Full of his sire the vigorous counsels flow, 2951
Scorning alike the faction and the foe ;
Whose false pretence, insidiously to save,
Would turn the womb of freedom to her grave ;
Nor shall she recreant fly her native plains, 2955
For he can guard them, and a Brunswick reigns.

While hoary ocean, o'er his caverns spread,
Heaves the deep gulph of his capacious bed,
While glitt'ring planets circle in their sphere,
And spring renews, and winter chills the year,
May the hot brand of unextinguish'd shame 2961
Sear, ruthless Gauls, with infamy your name !
By no one virtue from despair redeem'd,
Your sovereign's murder'd, and your God blas-
phem'd. O, for

O, for a hotter Ætna, to roll down 2965
 His fiery deluge on the Stygian town !
 Where twice the fiends of France exulting stood,
 To view the scaffold, smear'd with royal blood ;⁴
 Rich,

⁴ This poem had long been out of the author's hands, and considerably advanced at the press, before accounts arrived of the horrible murder of the late unfortunate queen of France ; exhibiting such a scene of complicated and deliberate barbarity, as makes us almost impatient, as she seemed to be herself, for the last fatal stroke which alone could deliver her from the fangs of those merciless hell-hounds by whom she had been persecuted.

Here follows the simple and unexaggerated detail of her sufferings after the butchery of the king her husband.

A considerable time before the sixteenth of October 1793, the day of her murder, she was torn from her children and sister-in-law in the Temple, her former prison, and committed to the Conciergerie, one of the most filthy dungeons in Paris.

Behold this daughter of an empress, this sister of emperors, the wife of the once most powerful sovereign on the continent of Europe, in the very flower of her age, beautiful, calumniated, and innocent, plunged into a narrow cavern, four feet under ground, aired and lighted towards the top by one small iron-grated window, fetid, damp, and loathsome ; four ruffians all day and night pent up with her in the same abyss, to witness every shocking humiliation of female delicacy : fed with the worse sustenance doled out to the vilest criminals, her bed a miserable pallet, with scanty bed-clothes not sufficient to cover her, foul and tattered ; hurried
 from

Rich, guileless, sacred blood ; whose steams shall rise
To pull the avenging thunder from the skies. 2970

from this gulph of desolation to a mock trial before savages predetermined on her condemnation ; accused of impossible crimes, at the very name of which human nature shudders ; a nominal advocate assigned to her, not to defend, but to inveigle and betray her : sentence of ignominious death, in defiance of evidence and conviction, pronounced upon her. In a few hours afterwards her hair cut off, her hands tied behind her back, to prevent her holding a book of prayer or a crucifix ; (an indignity offered only to her;) dragged in this manner with her back to the horses' tails upon a dungcart to the scaffold ; attended by an impious miscreant dressed up like a constitutional priest, not to console her last moments, but to insult and embitter them ; her head severed from her body, and her poor remains thrown into a hole to be consumed with quick-lime before the eyes of her inhuman subjects, who stood round wallowing in delight at the bloody spectacle : without a bosom on which she could drop a tear ; no ear to which she could impart a dying wish ; no hand to which she could confide a lock of hair, or one last pledge of affection for her wretched children and sister-in-law.—She sustained it all to the last with heroick fortitude.

Thus perished the beautiful, the generous, the benevolent queen of France, furnishing the most singular example in human records of a life so dignified by birth, rank, and splendour, closed by such a flood of unmerited and overwhelming calamity. She indeed drained the chalice of affliction to its last and foulest dregs.

Whatever boundless conceptions good men may form of heavenly mercy, they will hardly imagine it can be extended to such inconceivable wickedness !

Deeds which might blot the sun,—their horror lost,
By alchymy of hell become your boast.

Go, true Lycaons! execrable race!

Remain no more humanity's disgrace;

But, howling in your forests, bide the storm, 2975

And, with the hearts of wolves, assume the form!⁵

O thou SUPREME, whose majesty unseen

Directs the movements of this vast machine,

By thee, man, heaven, and earth, and air, and sea,

Form'd and sustain'd alone, all bend to thee; 2980

Let flaming comets in the skies appear,

Let earthquakes rock the globe, or tempests tear;

Each loosen'd orb forget its station'd seat;

All nature's germins in confusion meet;

But O this pity to our sons afford, 2985

Preserve their reverence for thy sacred word!

Parent of life and sense, ETERNAL POWER,

Ruling the final, as the natal hour,

⁵ Fit lupus, et veteris servat vestigia formæ;

Canities eadem est, eadem violentia vultu;

Idem oculi lucent; eadem feritatis imago. OVID. METAMOR. l. i.

In the last terrors of thine awful day,
Peace to the just, who walk'd thy righteous way!
But for the audacious progeny of pride, 2991
What pines can cover them, what mountains hide?
Since frantick Gauls thy holy law despise,
And hideous crimes with specious names disguise;
Call human rights, each fiend's demoniack will,
And liberty, the unpunish'd power to kill; 2996
Waving aloft a parricidal sword,
Red in the art'ries of their saint-like lord;
If force, not justice, must prevail with man,
And arms conclude what anarchy began,— 3000
Though on themselves they turn their scorpion
sting,
And while they curse, revenge their murder'd king,—
Hurl all thy bolts on the Titanian brood,
Confound the impious, but protect the good!
In virtue's cause, though righteous drops be spilt,
Avert the worse pollution of their guilt! 3306

Great

Great LORD of all, keep worthy of thy smiles,
The pure devotion of these menaced isles!⁶

⁶ In this sketch of the time of Augustus, I have omitted to mention the most interesting and awful of all events to the universe; the birth of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST; not from irreverence, but from absolute despair of being able to satisfy my own mind, or the reader's, by announcing it with any suitable elevation of diction and sentiment. It is a theme too great for rhymes. The powers of the human mind sink under it. Even the mighty genius of Milton seems at times to be depressed by its grandeur and simplicity. A God of peace, propitiation, and mercy, may be contemplated with silent devotion and gratitude; or the ways and end of his Providence may be inculcated in pious discourses; but to be a proper subject for poetry, the Messiah must be represented in wrath and in action, with the attributes of Homer's Jupiter, "grasping ten thousand thunders," and hurling from the battlements of heaven the prince of darkness, and his host of perverted angels.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

NOTE [A.] p. 96.

Middleton's Life of Cicero is supposed after its appearance to have disappointed the previous expectations of the reverend author's admirers. As it is impossible to fix limits to expectation, it is equally so to determine whether the fault be in the work itself, or in the unreasonableness of those who profess to have been disappointed. Some without doubt would rather concur in this sort of indistinct censure, than take the trouble of examining into the grounds of it, and to such I imagine the following remarks may not be unacceptable.

It is certainly a very useful and learned work. The author shews great knowledge of ancient historians, and of Roman antiquities; and is perfectly acquainted with all the different writings of Cicero, of which his account is always distinct, candid, and satisfactory. They contain in themselves no inconsiderable body of Pagan erudition. About a third part of the work consists of quotations and translations from Cicero himself; which last (he says in his Preface) he found not the least troublesome part of his undertaking. He acknowledges that the History of Fabricius, prefixed to several editions of Cicero's works, (which is no more than a bare detail of his acts and writings, digested into exact chronological order,) together with the Annals of Pighius, which he always consulted, saved him much unentertaining investigation, which otherwise would have been necessary. The very curious work of Bellendenus *de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, (as Dr. Warton has observed) was also probably of much use to him, though he has not mentioned it.

He makes an observation, well worth remembering, upon several sentiments and opinions, which have been erroneously imputed to Tully; accounting for the mistake in this manner:—Many of Tully's treatises are thrown into the form of dialogues, and different parts in them assigned to different speakers, often with no other intention than that they should advance certain notions, in order to have them discussed and refuted. Careless readers, finding such opinions contained in writings under the name of Cicero, are apt to look no further, but to consider them as his; whereas they are produced for a purpose exactly opposite. Tully's sentiments are too wise not to make us wish to have them genuine.

Middleton's defect is his too great partiality for, and indiscriminate approbation of, Cicero; not of his genius and capacity, for it is impossible to estimate these too highly, but he hardly admits that his favourite had any human frailties or foibles; and in general he admires his conduct as much as his talents. It would be no less trite to expatiate on Tully's vanity, than fruitless to endeavour to acquit him of it. It is not easy to find any page where Cicero mentions himself, without being obliged to agree with Lord Bolingbroke, that his own eulogium is the topick upon which he always dwells with the greatest complacency. But though he was fond of receiving praise, we must allow, at the same time, that he was always ready to confer it as liberally. His copiousness of panegyrick and invective seems to be equally inexhaustible.

He certainly loved virtue; and was a true friend to the Aristocracy of Rome, or the government of the Senate. He shewed great attachment to them, when with a strong persuasion in his mind that Cæsar would be successful, he went over to the camp of Pompey. In daring to undertake the defence of Roscius against the interest of Sylla, the most implacable and cruel of all tyrants, he displayed the genuine spirit of an advocate and a Roman. How vigorous was his conduct in his consulship, and how dignified in all his transactions with Antony! He met his death too from the executioner of that butcher with magnanimity.

But

But he was not always clear from imputation in pecuniary matters : he often flatters the man he hates, and vilifies him at one time with no less acrimony, than at another he had extravagantly extolled him. His nature seems to have been formed only for prosperity : the waves of adversity overwhelmed his spirit as much as his fortune. He bore his banishment with most piteous dejection of mind ; and he sinks so under every domestick calamity, that in the condolance of his friends even a kind of disdain for his unmanly want of fortitude is discernible. His extreme sensibility induced him to think that his misfortunes were peculiarly distinguished from those of other men ; and that neither himself nor the world could deplore them sufficiently. He was, notwithstanding, the most learned person of all antiquity, whose works have reached us ; and had, perhaps, the most enlightened mind, the most versatile and universal capacity, that any Roman (if Julius Cæsar is not to be excepted) was ever endowed with. His most elegant translator is his most rigid censor ; and I should think him most likely to form a correct judgement of Cicero, who tempers the severity of Melmoth with the panegyrick of Middleton.

NOTE [B.] p. 144.

No character of antiquity having been more canvassed, and represented under colours more opposite, than Julius Cæsar, while some of the best masters have exhibited him in the darkest, I hope to be pardoned for employing a few lines to vindicate the rather favourable delineation which I have attempted of him in the verses under his title.

Most unworthy would be the endeavour to recommend his example as a pattern for the imitation of any subject who has the happiness to live under a free government ; nor should he be suspected of harbouring such an intention, who declares it to be clearly his opinion that Cæsar was highly criminal, not only for conceiving the design of enslaving his country,

country, but still more for the means he employed to accomplish his pernicious project.

Rome, it is true, gained nothing but increase of calamities by his death, or by the resolution of that great patriot and truly virtuous Roman who conspired against him, and who was constrained by the fatality of the times to resort to a mode of removing him, most adverse to his humane and generous disposition. This action of Brutus has been almost as variously represented as Cæsar's character.

His eloquence, the gracefulness of his person, his genius and taste for letters, the engaging manners, placability of disposition, dauntless courage unmixed with rashness, and consummate capacity for affairs of every kind, particularly for war, so conspicuous on all occasions in this daring usurper, have been universally acknowledged.

His contemporary Tully always *addresses* him in the most elaborate strain of elegant encomium, and *writes* of him with inveterate malignity. Sallust, being his creature, describes him accordingly. In Florus, (a very beautiful writer,) we find a brief recital of some of his great achievements, but with little comment upon them. The courtly Paternulus varnishes like a Cæsarean. Wherever Cæsar is concerned, the fiery Lucan (a perfect party-writer in verse, as has been remarked in a former note) observes no moderation. Suetonius, whose tendency seems to be vituperative, admits all his great qualifications and endowments, and rather unwillingly allows him to have possessed some good dispositions. We find in the ingenious Plutarch, removed from any personal interest in the subject, the good and the bad, as they had been transmitted to him. Dion Cassius and Appian are branded for the effrontery of their misrepresentations; and all that can be picked up from ancient miscellaneous fragments relating to this extraordinary man, is so evidently tinctured with the gall of prejudice, that it serves rather to shew how the writers contradict each other, than to assist our judgment.

Among

Among the French, Montesquieu, who thinks with most depth, and writes with most solidity, upon Roman policy, from the nature of his plan has not many opportunities of detailing Cæsar's actions, or entering much into his personal character; but from what may be gathered, he imputes the subversion of the Republick to several other causes beside the dictator's ambition; and, as may be seen in a former quotation, (p. 135, n. 9.) he is of opinion, that from the superiority of his genius, let Julius have appeared when and where it might be, he must have been the ruler.

In our own language we have many Roman Histories, Essays, &c. Four Dissertations, in the form of lectures, by the learned Dr. Michael Kearney, formerly senior fellow of Dublin College, are deservedly in high estimation; but nothing I have yet seen appears to me comparable to the northern Blackwell's MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF AUGUSTUS. With the fire of Lucan, however, this able Author seems to inherit his partiality to Pompey, and inveteracy against his rival. He frankly puts him down as ready for every intended massacre; the fomentor of every sedition; and as being fully convicted of taking the lead in every plot and conspiracy against his country; where the proofs are suspicious, or at most only presumptive.—It is not necessary to go beyond notoriety to convict Cæsar of gross immorality.

Though my notions of the Roman government, of their early republican virtues, and of the unexampled depravity of Cæsar, happen not to coincide exactly with the opinions of this discerning writer, yet my respect for his learning and talents is in nowise abated by that selfish consideration; for I think his volumes a most animated and interesting performance, abounding with information as to the matter, full of nerve and ardour in the diction, and placing every period he treats of before the reader's view, with a masterly command of his subject. The Scotticisms, as they are called, which may be found now and then in the style, and which have given offence, real or affected, to some of our Priscians,

cians, are in my eyes *maculae* too small to obscure the lustre of so bright a production. Yet determined as he is to find nothing but purity and excellence among the early Romans, the fratricide of Remus and the rape of the Sabine women give him no umbrage in the character of Romulus; he is not startled at the first Brutus, or the more unnatural Manlius, ordering and superintending the execution of their own children; nor at the cruelty of money-lenders to their insolvent debtors; their barbarity to their slaves, the bloody pastimes in the theatre, and other enormities, from which I flatter myself it is no affectation of singularity in me to turn with disgust and abhorrence. A general taken from the plough-tail to conquer his country's enemies, and returning to it after his triumph,—a statesman planting his own turnips, and feeding upon them as his favourite fare,—presents no very flattering picture of society and manners. This is what Shakspeare calls emphatically, “to make man's life as cheap as beasts.”

In the early Romans we see a very fierce and warlike people, frugal in poverty, and cased round with some stony virtues, while they had no access to the means of corruption or luxury; but when these were within their reach, indulging in them to excess. When there was temptation, they were tempted. They were sanguine, inconstant, and cruel; frequently persecuting their best citizens and benefactors; under false names and specious pretences subjugating mankind, and trying to extend their unjust dominion to the utmost boundaries of the universe. The dugs of the wolf were not confined to the suckling of Romulus and Remus. With all this we find among them prodigies of valour, of public spirit, and of private virtue.

After many pages of violent invective, Dr. Blackwell calls Julius Cæsar “the most ambitious profligate” the nativities of Rome ever registered, and this at a time when with his usual animation he is depicting the proscriptions of the last bloody Triumvirs; when surely he had before his eyes THREE Romans not less ambitious, and much more profligate;

fligate; the whole transaction conducted with iniquity so deliberate and radical, with such a spirit of inexorable cruelty, as, like the adjudications of the present French tribunals, almost benumbs the hearers' faculties into incredulous astonishment.

In the second Punick war, Roman virtue was at its meridian; from which, though the ascent to it had been tardy, the decline was rapid. Cæsar found his countrymen soaked and sodden in corruption, but he did not introduce it. The worst part of his conduct was during his consulship. Here he laid the foundation of that wicked greatness, the superstructure of which he hardly lived to finish. Even the execrable Sylla shewed some regard to the prosperity of his country, by four excellent regulations: first, as the constitution stood originally, that no reference should be made to the people, and no matter debated in their assembly, which had not been first canvassed and decreed by the Senate: secondly, by prohibiting the division and voting by tribes; next by the abolition of the tribune's negative, his power of convening the Senate, or entering into any business which did not relate to a Plebeian; and lastly, by the disqualification of all but Patricians from being eligible as judges in any cause publick or private. But though the wisdom of these measures is unquestionable, yet we are justified by our knowledge of Sylla's character in ascribing them to a much less laudable motive than regard for his country's welfare. The edicts by which he abolished the turbulent tribunitial power, were dictated chiefly by his enmity to Marius, and abhorrence of his faction. Every body of men, every principle, which had been favourable to the rival whom he detested, were naturally the objects of his persecution. While he was indulging his revengeful spirit, which otherwise than by the ruin of his enemy's partisans he could not indulge, he made many regulations beneficial to patricians; but these could have no confirmed operation till after he chose to abdicate; for during his dictatorship he never suffered his will to be disputed. His principal mental gratification was the devising of new

modes of afflicting and tormenting the unhappy people who could be supposed to retain any attachment to the interest of Marius. This is a more consistent way of accounting for Sylla's acts as a statesman, than the *esprit republicain* to which Montesquieu is pleased to ascribe them.

With keen alacrity Cæsar exerted himself to overturn these salutary ordinances. All his proceedings having the same seditious tendency, Q. Catulus, the Prince of the Senate, declared aloud not long afterwards, "that Cæsar was not undermining the constitution, but storming it with a battering ram."

But indefensible as is all this, how can we forget that he was at this time in strict junction with Pompey, who, if he did not suggest the measures, certainly connived at, nay sometimes openly abetted, them? To support an Agrarian law, and alienate the publick revenue, this *moral* citizen threatened to bring his sword as well as buckler, if necessary. To say he was deceived or managed by his associate, is at best a poor palliative for his principles, at the expence of his understanding; an apology with which, above all others, that great, but vain, man would have been least satisfied. Pompey had many obligations to Cicero, Cæsar had none; but they both let loose at him that monster Clodius, who seems to have lapped the blood of the Centaur, Nessus. To make this Roman Danton a more fatal implement of mischief, they agreed to metamorphose him into a Plebeian. In devising this expedient, or consenting to it, the infamy of Pompey exceeds Cæsar's; the latter only intended to worry an enemy, Pompey was base and ungrateful to a friend and benefactor. Had Tully been without any other claim to his protection, the oration for the Manilian law deserved a different requital.

It is perhaps no great credit to think erroneously of Cæsar with some of his admirers, with Dion Cassius, Paterculus, or St. Evremond; but if he was the worst man in the world, some of the best have taken pains to mislead our judgment; for who can rise from the perusal of Tully's orations

orations for Ligarius, for Marcellus, nay from the Philippicks, with an impression on his mind that all this incense was offered at the shrine of virtue existing only in the imagination of the orator? Had the heart of Julius been impenetrable to mercy, Cicero would not have chosen that quality which "droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven," as the subject of so much beautiful panegyrick.

He had great vices, and great virtues. He was intrepid and humane, considerate, friendly, and bountiful; "*naturâ ulciscendo lenissimus*," says the severe Suetonius; and he never remembered an offence or an injury when an overture was made towards a reconciliation. Before he ordered the pirates to be crucified, a fate with which he had often threatened them while their prisoner, he took care to have them first dispatched expeditiously; and perhaps he was the only gentleman of Rome, who would have listened to any dictate of humanity in the punishment of such villains.

For his own preservation he was in some measure forced into the civil war; and he was certainly ill-treated by the senate, which was rash enough to exasperate, without having strength enough to resist him.

It is not true that he exulted in shedding the blood of his countrymen. Lucan, who says it often in very fine verse, is no authority, though Blackwell seems to have repeated it from him: at Pharsalia, he ordered his veterans to fall upon the allies, and spare the Romans; and "*miles, faciem feri!*" which Florus calls "*vox ad victoriam efficax*," was perfectly allowable. The slaughter of his victory filled his bosom with deep regret: "They would have it thus," was an expression wrung from the sincere anguish of his heart, and will admit of no perversion.

Had Cæsar never lived, Rome would have lost her liberty. Manners were so utterly changed, her dominions so extended, that the unwieldy empire could not have continued much longer under the form of a republick.

When his incomparable abilities, the lenity of his disposition, his temperance, and conciliating manners, come to be fairly estimated, it is reasonable to conclude that had he lived at a later era, had the diadem descended to him by succession, he would probably have been the most wise and excellent sovereign that ever governed the empire. He was too sagacious to be perplexed by suspicion, and too intrepid to admit fear, that mean infirmity, that *nidus* in the bosom of despots, where so many base vices are for ever hatching, to crawl out for the plague and persecution of the subject.

The populace, and the army, were the stilts upon which Julius raised himself above the laws of his country. How cruelly they tyrannise in a neighbouring kingdom, the seat of injustice, rapine, desolation, and carnage, every day furnishes us with fresh examples. From the modification and noble spirit of the British troops, were their numbers trebled, nothing is to be apprehended, but by the enemy. The dregs of mankind, or the mob, are pretty much the same in all nations, ignorant, precipitate, venal, and sanguinary; and any appearance of their aiming at, or obtaining the supremacy, should be jealously watched, and vigourously put down, by every friend to good order and the existence of civil society. Every historical page of ancient Greece and Rome holds out a warning, every murderous record of modern France speaks to us on this subject, with "most miraculous organ."

There is no danger from a Cæsar, for who has his means, his boldness, and capacity? nor from such instruments as he employed, for we have a wise and vigilant government; but it is always a valuable occupation of leisure to examine the first seeds of revolutions, and to prevent the growth of those noxious weeds which seldom fail to spring up from them.

Such are the notions which I have been able to form of Cæsar's character: if they are entirely ill founded, I know not where to discover fresh materials for better information.

NOTE

NOTE [C.] P. 146.

Prodigy is a fanciful province, from which the descriptive Muse does not wish to retire speedily. The portents which are said to have been observed about the time of Cæsar's assassination offered a favourable occasion to the poetical courtiers of Augustus, to indulge their vein, and flatter the Emperor. Virgil and Ovid have accordingly described them with great force and majesty. When they both write on the same subject, it is not necessary to say which is most excellent. Some persons of acknowledged taste have been known to prefer Virgil to Homer, but I believe Ovid was never preferred to Virgil. Yet admirable as are the verses towards the conclusion of the first Georgick, they are perhaps surpassed by Shakspeare's sublimity on the same topick in the tragedy of Hamlet.

The lines are in the part of Horatio, which being seldom filled by an eminent actor, I have never happened to hear them recited on the stage; and as they may possibly have escaped general notice, no apology is necessary for transcribing them. Mr. Malone (doubtless for the best reasons) does not exhibit the fifth line as it is found in other modern editions; but though I think there can be no appeal from his authority, rather than produce the passage imperfectly, I will give it as it stands in the copy which happens to be next to me:

“ In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 “ A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 “ The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 “ Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 “ Stars shone with trains of fire, dews of blood fell;
 “ Disasters dimm'd the sun; and the moist star,
 “ Upon whose influence Neptune's empire hangs,
 “ Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.”

There

There is something wonderfully striking in the awful but obscure imagery here raised up to the imagination. Such beauties cannot be reached by the pencil.

As to Cæsar's death being the cause of these phenomena, I think like Hotspur, "so would they have been, if his mother's cat had kitted." Some of the Cæsarean writers wish to impress a persuasion that divine justice pursued the conspirators against Julius; most of them having fallen by violent deaths, and some by the very daggers which they had plunged into his body. That Providence should interpose in punishing the death of an usurper, and upon men, some of whom were of much better morals undoubtedly than he whom they destroyed, will not be easily reconciled to the faith of Christians; who can account better for the fate of these conspirators, by observing, that the leaders in bold and perilous enterprises are of course exposed in dangerous situations.

We cannot however affect the same incredulity with respect to a recent and striking example in the fate which has attended so many of the murderers of the late innocent and excellent King of France. Maxims, principles, and practices, of their own introducing, and a tribunal erected in iniquity and blood, have turned the edge of destruction upon its inventors. Such of them as have not fallen by their own weapons, (one regicide, and the deified assassin, Marat, excepted,) have left their heads upon their own revolutionary scaffold, after a trial, which, like that of their sovereign, exhibits the most shameless violation of every principle of justice, reason, and equity. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord."—From what we have already seen, and see daily, it would hardly be a rash prediction, that in the same miserable manner every man of them will perish.

The state of Rome under Tiberius bears so precise a similitude to the present wretched condition of France, that the following words of Tacitus seem like a prophetick anticipation of what exists at this moment: "Nos sæva jussa, continuas accusationes, fallaces amicitias, perniciem
"innocentium,

“innocentium, et easdem exitu causas conjungimus obviâ rerum similitudine et satietate.” “We have nothing before us but acts of despotism, continual accusations, the treachery of friends, the ruin of innocence, and trial after trial ending always in the same tragick catastrophe.”—Of this single passage I have transcribed the translation from Mr. Murphy’s excellent work, lately published. These volumes deserve the attentive perusal of every English reader, as he will there find the true meaning and spirit of the Roman historian, without the affected quaintness of expression, and distorted position of sentence, which disfigure former versions; and still more, because he may discover, in almost every section, the surprising resemblance between the most hideous despotism avowed, and the present chaotick French Republick, which with a throat of brass dares to call all the sovereigns of Europe, TYRANTS, the king of Great Britain being included in the number.

NOTE [D.] p. 172.

Of all vices incident to human nature Cruelty is the worst, and at the same time the most unaccountable: envy, revenge, avarice, and other bad passions, rise in the mind from objects proper to excite them, and a certain degree of instinctive sense impells men to seek their gratification; but how is it consistent with the least shadow of reflection, with the elements of a frame endued with sensibility and feeling, to find delight in devising, inflicting, and superintending the infliction of the most exquisite and ingenious torments? Yet this was the abomination to which the Romans were most addicted. It did not begin with, nor was it confined to, the Emperors, but long before had contaminated the lives of too many of their most illustrious citizens. A propensity so general must have had some cause as general.

We must consider that the Romans were more constantly than any other nation engaged in wars either foreign or domestick. Battles were

not

not decided then, as since the discovery of gunpowder, by weapons which sent destruction at a distance ; but every Roman *saw* the wounds and death which he inflicted on every enemy. The carnage to which they were accustomed lost its horror, and indifference to bloodshed soon grew to be interwoven with their nature. To this must be added the savage cast of their recreations. Their pleasure resulted from seeing hundreds of the most furious wild beasts tearing one another to pieces, and devouring before their eyes human bodies thrown to them alive in the *arena* ; and from the combats of Gladiators, who were instructed to give and receive wounds with grace and agility, and to expire before them in attitudes proper for the imitation of the statuary and painter. The Romans in short, after spilling human blood in the field as their profession, went to the theatre to see it shed for their amusement. Forgiveness of injuries, besides, made no part of their religion ; that benevolent precept was reserved for a divine founder. In this manner they were trained up and enticed to be wicked, and they became as cruel as butchers, from similar habits, and for the same reason. Had equal care been employed to cultivate in their breasts the seeds of benignity and compassion, it would have been equally efficacious. The state pretence for indulging the people in these barbarous exhibitions was, that by thus familiarizing them with the sight of pain and death they became more fearless, and braver soldiers ; but it only served to make them more inhuman. The emperors most infamous for cruelty, and a passion for these bloody spectacles, were at the same time not less notorious for cowardice.—Though boxing is not a science with the French as with the English, the French are certainly a more cruel people ; and perhaps it may be ascribed to the frequency of the tortures inflicted on criminals at their publick executions, which were always more numerously attended in proportion to their severity and duration. Considerable sums were given by French ladies to secure a commodious seat to see the horrible execution of Damien. The abolition of the rack,
mitigation

mitigation of the penal code, and a more equitable mode of proceeding in criminal prosecutions, were the only substantial advantages held out to France by the promoters of her boasted revolution : of these the first is the only one which she has actually obtained ; and it is well known that this humane abolition originated with his late Majesty.

NOTE [E.] p. 187.

The government of Athens was democratical, and she stands out in the history of mankind stained with the foulest injustice and iniquity ; inconstant, weak, suspicious, ungrateful, and sanguinary, perpetually defiled with the blood of her deliverers and most deserving citizens. See them enumerated by Lucian in his dialogue against giving too hasty an assent to calumny. Socrates, Phocion, Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Cimon, Timotheus, Alcibiades, and other illustrious characters, whose very names excite reverence and admiration, as a reward for their virtues and glorious achievements, were condemned by their inhuman countrymen to fines, imprisonment, exile, or death ; so that every Athenian who distinguished himself in the service of his country, seemed to be warned by the catastrophe of his predecessors, that he was but accelerating his own perdition. When the excellent Phocion was led to an ignominious death, to which he had been unjustly doomed by the people of Athens, he declared that he expected no better, for such had been the fate of almost every illustrious Athenian.

The great exploits of the Athenians furnish no proof of the energy of a democrattick constitution, for these were always performed when the people were led and governed by some eminent person, upon whom at the time were devolved the whole powers of the state ; so that in fact the democracy was then suspended. It signifies little what a government may be called, when it acts on principles in nowise analogous to its denomination. At Athens it was easily known when the people took the

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helm again into their own hands ; for weakness, confusion, and cruelty, immediately succeeded. The first display of their power was commonly the disgrace or death of those very persons to whom they owed their renown and security. The treatment of Hannibal by the people of Carthage, of Coriolanus, Camillus, the Scipios, Tully, and other great men, by the demagogues of Rome, and the consequences, are well known. Repentance makes but poor atonement for ruin. During the vigorous usurpation of Cromwell, England was called a Commonwealth, and was much respected ; but what sovereign was ever more absolute, or acted under less control, than the Protector ? A nation entirely governed by one man is an absolute monarchy, not a republick. The common people, who are afraid of tyrants, mistake ; they are in no danger from them ; indigence and obscurity excite neither their apprehensions nor their envy : the wise, the virtuous, and the opulent, are as naturally the defenders of the people, as they are the terror and the prey of the tyrant.

The insolence of Mark Antony, and the excesses of which he was so often guilty, made Tully wish that Brutus had not killed Cæsar ; in like manner, the friends of liberty in France, consider the Bastile as comparatively a less evil than the capricious and bloody tyranny of the people who destroyed it. Whoever expresses his disapprobation of a democracy is exposed to the calumny of furious zealots, who immediately hold him out as an indirect advocate for despotism : but, the good subjects of Great-Britain glory in its constitution, because they know it enjoys the most perfect rational freedom that ever existed since the first institution of civil society. If every kingdom in the world were to struggle for such a constitution as the English, nay, to encounter for it the worst of all calamities, a civil war, it would not be surprising ; but, that men should be found in the very bosom of that enviable country, absurd or desperate enough to disseminate notions which tend to its subversion ; that societies should be formed, to hold up the bloody tablature of
France,

France, under the false title of Liberty and Equality, as an object to excite the emulation of rational creatures, is a manifestation of human effrontery unexampled before, and hardly to be credited even by those who witness it. Could all the injustice, cruelty, and oppression of French despotism, since the reign of that obdurate bigot, Louis XI. with his hangman, Tristan, be collected together, and put into one scale of iniquity; and the atrocities of a single day in France, since the rabble have been rulers, thrown into the other, they would preponderate against it. It is, in short, a species of government which is always exerted to do wrong, and which can be operative only for mischief.

Men may as well go out of the world as they came into it, without observation or memory, as when the same effects are constantly produced by the same causes, to discern the last, and not to prevent the former.

The necessity the Romans were under of creating a dictator, or a magistrate without control, on every great exigency of affairs, either domestick or foreign, shews their consciousness of the defect in a divided executive: they detested the name of King, but they could not exist without his functions. It is computed that there are now in the city of Paris above ten thousand dictators, without parts, property, principles, or experience; and by these the publick business is conducted. Events are in the hands of God, and the sagacity of mortals is always fallible; but if ever the grounds were laid which threatened the duration of calamity in any state, when it was easy to foresee and not presumptuous to prophecy, the actual condition of ill-fated France seems to invite the most melancholy predictions.

NOTE [F.] p. 229.

Upon a general revision of the Roman history to the time of Augustus, it will be found to contain a series of obstinate and bloody wars, either foreign or civil, with a few short intervals of peace, and these constantly

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disturbed by seditions, feuds, and tumults; insomuch that the common expedient for securing the publick tranquillity was, to direct the fierce passions of the people against some unfortunate country, the conquest and plunder of which might for a time at least appease their restless ambition and insatiable avarice.

The internal commotions which commonly originated at Rome in some pretence for the people's advantage, though they produced nominal extension of their privileges, seldom ended in any material improvement of their condition; nor had the revolutions in the state much other effect than to aggrandize the leaders, and give additional authority to the few.

By the abolition of Royalty they gained nothing; a power over their lives beyond what had ever been claimed by Kings, undefined and without limitation, passed into the hands of dictators, consuls, and other magistrates, who exercised it always with rigour, and often wantonly. That short but frequent formula—*NE QUID RESPUBLICA DETREMENTI CAPERET*, delivered over at once the lives and liberties of the citizens to the magistrate's disposal.

Whoever will take the trouble to examine the Roman annals from the first institution of the consulship to the entire subversion of the republick, will perhaps be surprised to find how frequently during that period the government was under different dictators, that is, under the dominion of a single chief magistrate, invested by the law, the constitution, and usage, with uncontrollable authority, and after the expiration of his despotick office, not accountable to the people, or to any tribunal, for the manner in which he had exercised it. Who had the nomination of this arbitrary magistrate? Not the people, but another magistrate. The object always was to keep down the people. In the second Punick war, Livy says, they named Q. Fabius Maximus prodictator, the consul being absent; but he takes care to have it known, that it was the single instance,—*quod nunquam ante eum diem factum erat*; nor probably

probably would this innovation have been thought of or permitted, but at such a calamitous season as the invasion of Hannibal.

There were, I think, about sixteen dictators at different times in less than two centuries; so that the Roman republick was sixteen times suspended, and under a domination not less arbitrary than that of Louis the Fourteenth over France, or of the emperor of Morocco over his barbarians. Had we no other information more direct upon the subject to evince the aristocracy of the Roman government, its policy profound and invariable as it was unjust and oppressive, especially with respect to foreign states, sufficiently demonstrates, that such a system could not have been devised and prosecuted by the multitude; but that it was the work of enlightened statesmen, who discerned its effects by their experience, and transmitted it to their successors in a clear collection of principles and maxims, which could never be departed from without hazarding the whole by any partial relaxation. At the intervals when the people presumed to take the reins into their own hands, the machine either stood still or went backwards; and when the chiefs of the senate resumed their functions, their vigour and wisdom were doubly exerted to restore it again to its original capacity of progression.

The TRIBUNE, that great popular officer who hung like a dead weight upon the neck of the law, was chiefly formidable by factious opposition to the Senate. When he put forth his power to do mischief, democracy, that is, confusion, was triumphant; but many tribunes being intelligent and temperate, their wisdom was shewn in acquiescence; not in thwarting the measures of their country's most respectable assembly. Besides, it must be remembered, that these disturbers had no jurisdiction beyond the walls of the city; and as the dissent of one of them rendered the proceedings of the rest a nullity, it was no very difficult matter for the senate to secure that one in their interest, so to re-act upon them all, and to impede the impeters. The first measure of these demagogues was to instigate the many-headed monster to banish Rome's bravest commander,

mander, the patrician Coriolanus : which drove him to take refuge with the enemy, to march back in the van of a Volscian army, laying all waste before him with sword and fire to the very walls of the city ; which, but for the intercession of his noble mother, he would have depopulated and reduced to ashes. No defence is here implied of his vindictive resentment.

Tully the warmest and most eloquent advocate for the senatorial bench, at last declares himself of opinion, that the institution of the tribune, supposed for a time to be so fatal to good government, preserved Rome from unutterable confusion and anarchy ; because, the extravagant views and jarring disposition of the multitude being in some measure compressed and rendered intelligible through the organ of their officer, it became practicable either to defeat their opposition or to reconcile them, by the management of him in whom they confided as their orator and representative.

Spurius Cassius Viscellinus, the first propounder of an Agrarian law, which he expiated from the Tarpeian rock, Spurius Mælius, who fell by the sword of Ahala, Manlius, (another Cassius in his ambition, and his catastrophe,) the Gracchi, Marius, Clodius, Cæsar, all were tyrants, or attempted to be so, not by undue influence in the senate, but by corrupting and inflaming the most numerous, the most despicable, and most dangerous part of the community. No man can love the rabble for themselves ; he may indeed value them as the engineer does gunpowder, for the destructive use which may be made of it.

The simplicity of names imposed much upon the generality of Romans, as it seems to have done upon too many modern writers. Though there was the greatest difference as to power, there was little distinction of titles. Caius Cæsar, and Cneius Pompey, at the time Rome was completely under their subjection, were the appellations by which those great men were best known. Republican pride was not wounded on the surface, and the ear at least was little accustomed to humiliation.

To the king of Great Britain, as the palladium of British liberty, the law has taken care to give every decoration which epithets can add for his personal inviolability and magisterial honour; yet titles which flow from him (those annexed to professional peerages excepted) are sometimes veils for insignificance, mere gilded pent-houses for inefficient vanity. When they are ancient and hereditary, unless disgraced by the possessors, we pay to them an involuntary respect, because they are always accompanied with some idea of superiority. A person of mean endowments, ennobled even in the most modern times, is commonly possessed at least of considerable property; and the world seems to acknowledge, that wealth gives *one* sufficient claim to importance. But this man of importance, with his title and his riches, can infringe no law of England with impunity, while the ancient Roman republican, like the modern French anarchist without either, we see violating all the natural and municipal rights of his fellow-citizens with the most undisguised effrontery.

There is no subject upon which more erroneous notions have been formed, or more ill-considered dissertations published, than the Roman Constitution while under the name of a republic; but especial care must be taken not to confound two terms, *Populus Romanus*, and *Plebes*, as if they were of the same import. The former comprises the senators, patricians, knights, and gentry; the latter means, the idle, the indigent, and worthless; or what we understand by the monosyllabical denomination, MOB.

The real government was in the senate, or rather in a few chiefs of the senate. Whoever was observed to court the favour of the populace, and to neglect the conscript fathers, was immediately suspected of harbouring designs subversive of the constitution. The criterion was infallible. It instantly produced unanimity in the senate; they knew that the *faeces populi Romani* could be cajoled or stimulated only to create confusion, and to make the demagogue their tyrant.

With respect to the interference of the lowest order in the business of legislation, the sentiments of Cato, (that self-devoted martyr to Roman liberty,)

liberty,) though he was sometimes reluctantly compelled to submit to it, were little different from those of Coriolanus, or of the proudest patrician who reprobated the idea with disdain and indignation. They were often employed as instruments to disturb, but seldom to regulate, and their consequence terminated with the close of an election, or the suppression of a tumult, unless a succession of shameless tribunes chose to keep them in a state of permanent insurrection. The senate were averse to, and afraid of, monarchy, not the populace. The latter loved even the emperors; the former flattered them, knowing their danger, and trying to shelter themselves from it: the herd were safe, and therefore indifferent. Nero was not unpopular at Rome, till after he had set it on fire; nor was Henry the Eighth in England. But even military despotism is less intolerable than anarchy, because some subordination may be expected in the one, and caprice and cruelty are for ever to be apprehended in the other.

I would not be understood to assert, that the people at Rome had not regularly considerable power; where many great offices were elective, and the people electors, it could not be otherwise; nay where their general sense could be collected in favour of any measure not utterly unreasonable, it was generally prevalent: but they did not constitute the preponderating weight in the government; and at all times, when they got more than their proper share of subordinate influence, they as constantly made a very bad use of it. In England, where the government is nominally monarchical, in what instance has not the sense of the majority been respected? but the clamour of a multitude is not to be mistaken for the sense of a nation.

Were I to fix upon the period of Roman history in which the lowest class had legitimately the most power, I should not hesitate to pronounce (however singular it may appear) that it was for not much less than one hundred and forty years, from the time of Romulus to the collecting the suffrages by centuries under the sixth king Servius Tullius. The young Horatius condemned to death by the Duumviri for killing his sister, *auſtore Tullo* (REGE) was absolved in consequence of an appeal to the

the people. The king declined trying the cause, and referred it to two judges, to avoid the censure of too much severity on one side, and the inconvenience of unpopularity on the other; and so suggested an appeal from the judicial sentence: which shews the consideration in which the people were then held. Servius, the sixth king, certainly thought they were likely to prevail too much, and depressed them by changing the mode of collecting the suffrages. As to acts of violence by hired mobs, composed at Rome as every where else of the dregs of mankind, it only proves, that they were *not* the government. Not only the chief power of the state, but all real freedom of action seemed to reside in the Senate, and in the persons of a few magistrates during their continuance in office. Did the statute-books or the common law of Great Britain secure liberty only to members of parliament, to the board of treasury, the lord mayor, and a few other magistrates, what reasonable man would affirm that REFORM was, at present, a speculation idle, unnecessary, or factious?

The consuls were ANNUAL KINGS, invested under another name with more authority than is allowed to limited royalty. Why the democrattick ascendancy has been sometimes asserted, may perhaps be thus easily accounted for. Writers have taken up the subject by parts, without a fair examination of the whole. Having some favourite system to support, or theory to illustrate, (at once flattering to ingenuity, and irreconcilable to experience,) they find a particular occurrence, or some detached passages of an ancient author, which may be accommodated to their purpose; and they build upon them some crude and hasty dogma, which afterwards is not to be relinquished. Their partiality will not allow them to discern their error at the time, nor will their want of candour upon better information suffer the retraction. To every passage which can be found countenancing the supremacy of the populace at large, it is not too much to affirm, that at least half a dozen may be opposed of a contrary tendency. Exaggeration and high colouring must be expected in orations; they constitute the grace, not the substance

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of history, and often are the work of the historian's invention; but we see the speeches of Demagogues abounding in general with complaints of the degradation and abject state of Plebeians, and with bitter reprehensions of the overweening ambition and jealous tyranny of the Nobles.

But allowing this point to remain undecided, we may turn our view to another, where there is no room for misrepresentation, theory, or the fertility of conjectural inference. Behold then—"This nurse of heroes, this delight of gods," under a dictator, as described already, with a numerous army by sea and land, scourged or cudged by the centurion, and decimated by the general; wives exposed to divorce from the avarice, disgust, or capricious inconstancy of their husbands; usurious creditors permitted by the law to imprison, lash, and torture the persons of their insolvent debtors; the whole youth of Rome holding their lives at the pleasure of their fathers, who might have cast them out at their birth to perish by cold or famine; with slaves abounding in every family, less in estimation than the cattle of their owners; and where can be found a picture of more complete subjection and inequality? for equality beyond that of protection from just laws, is but a word which knaves utter, and their dupes swallow. Yet the commonwealth of Rome, and Roman liberty, are sounds for ever in the mouth of hypocrites or visionaries.

For the preposterous doctrine of equality in its most preposterous latitude, the example of Rome has been produced repeatedly, whether for the sake of mischief or from ignorance, I know not: but the contest there was for the partition of distinctions, not for their abolition; not that there should be no offices of great power and emolument, but that all orders should have a right of admission to them. That plebeians should be eligible to the consulship, that they should have lictors and fasces, was the demand of the people; not that there should be no consulship, and no insignia.

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But we cannot be deceived ; the veil of imposition is too transparent not to be seen through. Declaimers among us mean to divert the attention of their hearers from the blessings which they enjoy, to contemplate imaginary and impracticable perfection which never existed, and to transfer the worship of freedom's true divinity at home, to the grim and deformed idol in ancient Rome, or modern France, which assumes her name, but has not one of her attributes.

After we have looked to antiquity, or to the nations which surround us, after we have examined the states which have been, and are extinguished, after we have scrutinized unreal republics, sketched in the lucubrations of a Grecian philosopher or a British theorist, the judgment returns homeward to repose on the unrivalled constitution of our own country ; where a long succession of mature experiments has ended in the establishment of a system, in which the best faculties have been directed to two great objects, the ascertaining human rights, and securing social felicity.

When we contemplate the means of happiness which Providence has been pleased to distribute so abundantly over the universe, we must acknowledge that the grandeur and superiority of the Romans were very dearly purchased. To be engaged in war, or in civil commotions, for a period of above seven hundred years, and to sink into the most abject slavery afterwards, was the fate of this extolled and envied people. What a state for social creatures ! as if men were sent into the world for no better purpose than to worry and drive others out of it.

Were glory the most desirable end of human pursuits and actions, Rome must certainly be considered as the first country in the universe ; but if virtue and contentment are preferable, perhaps it was the last.

THE END.

